# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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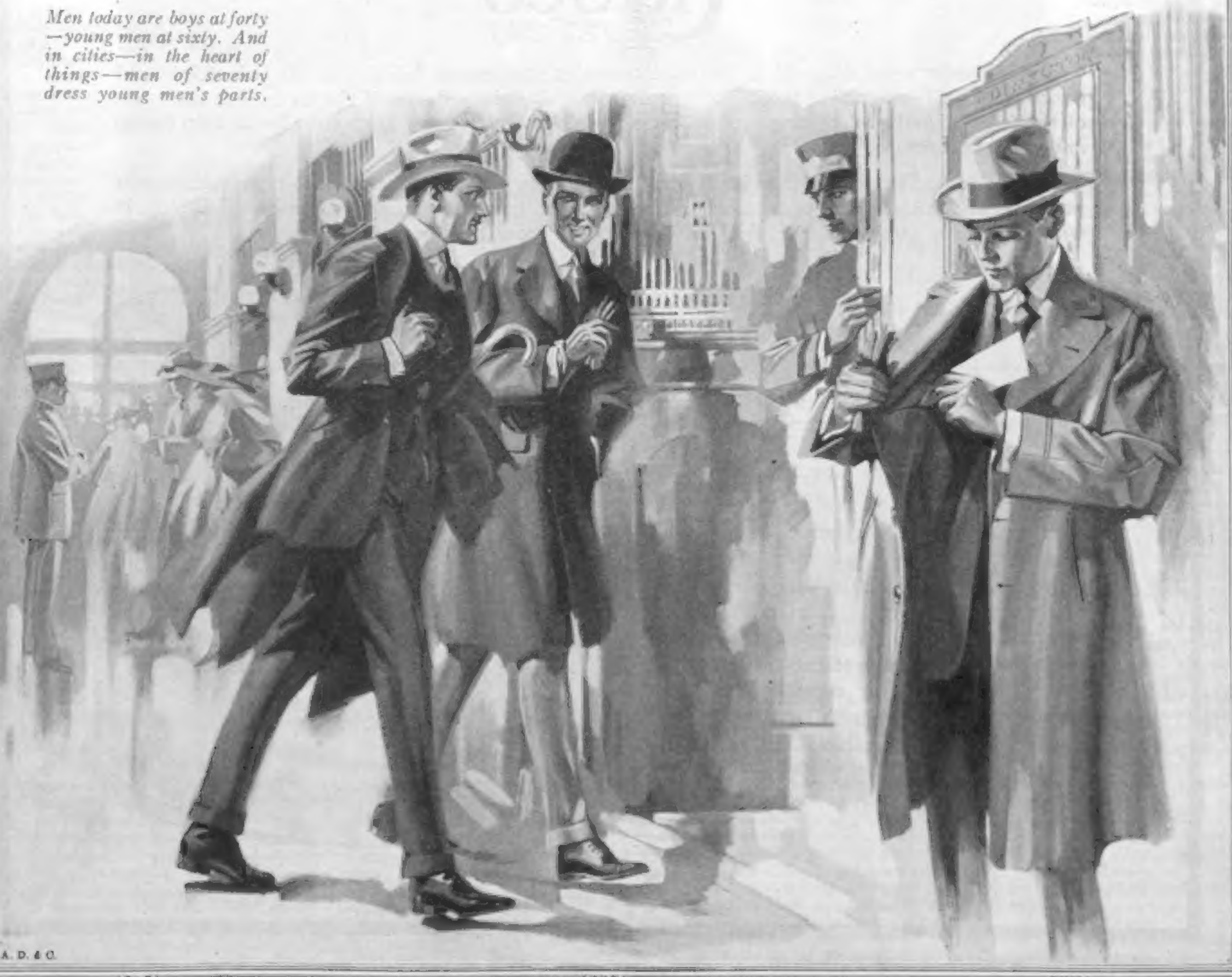

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# THE AMAZING INTERLUDE

## By Mary Roberts Rinehart

*ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH*

THE stage on which we play our little dramas of life and love has for most of us but one setting. It is furnished out with approximately the same things.

Characters come, move about and make their final exits through long-familiar doors. And the rear drop remains approximately the same from beginning to end. Palace or hovel, forest or sea, it is the background for the moving figures of the play.

So Sara Lee Kennedy had a background that had every appearance of permanency. The great Scene Painter apparently intended that there should be no change of set for her. Sara Lee herself certainly expected none.

But now and then amazing things are done on this great stage of ours: lights go down; the back drop, which had given the illusion of solidity, reveals itself transparent. A sort of fairyland transformation takes place. Beyond the once solid wall strange figures move on—a new *mise en scène*, with the old blotted out in darkness. The lady, whom we left knitting by the fire, becomes a fairy—Sara Lee became a fairy, of a sort—and meets the prince. Adventure, too; and love, of course. And then the lights go out, and it is the same old back drop again, and the lady is back by the fire—but with a memory.

*"To-Night the Germans Commence a Blockade of This Coast. No Vessels, If They Can Prevent Them, Will Leave the Harbors"*

This is the story of Sara Lee Kennedy's memory—and of something more.

The early days of the great war saw Sara Lee playing her part in the setting of a city in Ohio. An ugly city, but a wealthy one. It is only fair to Sara Lee to say that she shared in neither quality. She was far from ugly; and very, very far from rich. She had started her part with a full stage, to carry on the figure, but one by one they had gone away into the wings and had not come back. At nineteen she was almost alone, knitting by the fire, with no idea whatever that the back drop was of painted net, and that beyond it, waiting for its moment, was the forest of adventure. A strange forest, too—one that Sara Lee would not have recognized as a forest. And a prince, of course—but a prince as strange and mysterious as the forest.

The end of December, 1914, found Sara Lee quite contented. If it was resignation rather than content, no one but Sara Lee knew the difference. Knitting, too; but not for soldiers. She was, to be candid, knitting an afghan against an interesting event which involved a friend of hers.

Sara Lee rather deplored the event—in her own mind, of course, for in her small circle young unmarried women accepted the major events of life without question, and certainly without conversation. She never, for instance, allowed her Uncle James, with whom she lived, to see her working at the afghan; and even her Aunt Harriet had supposed it to be a sweater until it assumed compromising proportions.

Sara Lee's days, up to the twentieth of December, 1914, had been much alike. In the mornings she straightened up her room, which she had copied from one in a woman's magazine, with the result that it gave somehow the impression of a baby's bassinet, being largely dotted Swiss and ribbon. Yet in a way it was a perfect setting for Sara Lee herself. It was fresh and virginal, and very, very neat and white. A resigned little room, like Sara Lee, resigned to being tucked away in a corner and to having no particular outlook.

Sometimes in the morning between straightening her room and going to the market for Aunt Harriet, Sara Lee looked at a newspaper. So she knew there was a war. She read the headings, and when the matter came up for mention at the little afternoon bridge club, as it did now and then after the prizes were distributed, she always said "Isn't it horrible!" and changed the subject.

On the night of the nineteenth of December Sara Lee had read her chapter in the Bible—she read it through once each year—and had braided down her hair, which was as smooth and shining and lovely as Sara Lee herself, and had raised her window for the night, when Aunt Harriet came in. Sara Lee did not know, at first, that she had a visitor. She stood looking out toward the east, until Aunt Harriet touched her on the arm.

"What in the world!" said Aunt Harriet. "A body would suppose it was August."

"I was just thinking," said Sara Lee.

"You'd better do your thinking in bed. Jump in and I'll put out your light."

So Sara Lee got into her white bed with the dotted Swiss valance, and drew the covers to her chin, and looked a scant sixteen. Aunt Harriet, who was an unsentimental woman, childless and diffident, found her suddenly very appealing there in her smooth bed, and did an unexpected thing. She kissed her. Then feeling extremely uncomfortable she put out the light and went to the door. There she paused.

"Thinking!" she said. "What about, Sara Lee?"

Perhaps it was because the light was out that Sara Lee became articulate. Perhaps it was because things that had been forming in her young mind for weeks had at last crystallized into words. Perhaps it was because of a picture she had happened on that day, of a boy lying wounded somewhere on a battle field and calling "Mother!"

"About—over there," she said rather hesitatingly. "And about Anna."

"Over there?"

"The war," said Sara Lee. "I was just thinking about all those women over there—like Anna, you know. They—they had babies, and got everything ready for them. And then the babies grew up, and—they're all getting killed."

"It's horrible," said Aunt Harriet. "Do you want another blanket? It's cold to-night."

Sara Lee did not wish another blanket.

"I'm a little worried about your Uncle James," said Aunt Harriet, at the door. "He's got indigestion. I think I'll make him a mustard plaster."

She prepared to go out then, but Sara Lee spoke from her white bed.

"Aunt Harriet," she said, "I don't think I'll ever get married."

"I said that too, once," said Aunt Harriet. "What's got into your head now?"

"I don't know," Sara Lee replied vaguely. "I just —— What's the use?"

*Henri Sat on His Sofa and Watched Sara Lee. Also He Shamelessly Listened to the Conversation*

Aunt Harriet was conscious of a hazy impression of indelicacy. Coming from Sara Lee it was startling and revolutionary. In Aunt Harriet's world young women did not question their duty, which was to marry, preferably someone in the neighborhood, and to bear children, who would be wheeled about that same neighborhood in perambulators and who would ultimately grow up and look after themselves.

"The use?" she asked tartly.

"Of having babies, and getting to care about them, and then—— There will always be wars, won't there?"

"You turn over and go to sleep," counseled Aunt Harriet. "And stop looking twenty years or more ahead." She hesitated. "You haven't quarreled with Harvey, have you?"

Sara Lee turned over obediently.

"No. It's not that," she said. And the door closed.

Perhaps, had she ever had time during the crowded months that followed, Sara Lee would have dated certain things from that cold frosty night in December when she began to question things. For after all that was what it came to. She did not revolt. She questioned.

She lay in her white bed and looked at things for the first time. The sky had seemed low that night. The horizon was close. And beyond that peaceful horizon, to the east, something was going on that could not be ignored. Men were dying. Killing and dying. Men who had been waited for as Anna watched for her child.

Downstairs she could hear Aunt Harriet moving about. The street was quiet, until a crowd of young people—she knew them by their voices—went by, laughing.

"It's horrible," said Sara Lee to herself. There was a change in her, but she was still inarticulate. Somewhere in her mind, but not formulated, was the feeling that she was too comfortable. Her peace was a cheap peace, bought at no price. Her last waking determination was to finish the afghan quickly and to begin to knit for the men at the war.

Uncle James was ill the next morning. Sara Lee went for the doctor, but Anna's hour had come and he was with her. Late in the afternoon he arrived, however, looking a bit gray round the mouth with fatigue, but triumphant. He had on these occasions always a sense of victory; even, in a way, a feeling of being part of a great purpose. He talked at such times of the race, as one may who is doing his best by it.

"Well," he said when Sara Lee opened the door, "it's a boy. Eight pounds. Going to be red-headed too." He chuckled.

"A boy!" said Sara Lee. "I—— Don't you bring any girl babies any more?"

The doctor put down his hat and glanced at her.

"Wanted a girl, to be named for you?"

"No. It's not that. It's only ——" She checked herself. He wouldn't understand. The race required girl babies. "I've put a blue bow on my afghan. Pink is for boys," she said, and led the way upstairs.

Very simple and orderly was the small house, as simple and orderly as Sara Lee's days in it. Time was to come when Sara Lee ached for it with every fiber of her body and her soul—for its bright curtains and fresh paint, its regularity, its shining brasses and growing plants, its very kitchen pans and green-and-white oilcloth. She was to ache, too, for her friends—their small engrossing cares, their kindly interest, their familiar faces.

And then at last she came back—not to the little house, it is true, but to her friends, to Anna and the others. But they had not grown and Sara Lee had. And that is the story.

Uncle James died the next day. One moment he was there, an uneasy figure under the tulip quilt, and the next he had gone away entirely, leaving a terrible quiet behind him. He had been the center of the little house, a big and cheery and not over-orderly center. Followed his going not only quiet, but a wretched tidiness. There was nothing for Sara Lee to do but to think.

And, in the way of mourning women, things that Uncle James had said which had passed unheeded came back to her. One of them was when he had proposed to adopt a Belgian child, and Aunt Harriet had offered horrified protest. "All right," he had said. "Of course if you feel that way about it. But I feel kind of mean sometimes, sitting here doing nothing when there's such a lot to be done."

Then he had gone for a walk, and had come back cheerful enough but rather quiet.

There was that other time, too, when the German Army was hurling itself, wave after wave, across the Yser—only of course Sara Lee knew nothing of the Yser then—and when it seemed as though the attenuated Allied line must surely crack and give. He had said then that if he were only twenty years younger he would go across and help.

"And what about me?" Aunt Harriet had asked. "But I suppose I wouldn't matter."

"You could go to Jennie's, couldn't you?"

There had followed one of those absurd wrangles as to whether or not Aunt Harriet would go to Jennie's in the rather remote contingency of Uncle James' becoming twenty years younger and going away.

And now Uncle James had taken on the wings of the morning and was indeed gone away. And again it became a question of Jennie's. Aunt Harriet, rather dazed at first, took to arguing it pro and con.

"Of course she has room for me," she would say in her thin voice. "There's that little room that was Edgar's. There's nobody in it now. But there's only room for a single bed, Sara Lee."

Sara Lee was knitting socks now. "I know," she would say. "I'll get along. Don't you worry about me."

Always these talks ended on a note of exasperation for Aunt Harriet. For Sara Lee's statement that she could manage would draw forth a plaintive burst from the older woman.

"If only you'd marry Harvey," she would say. "I don't know what's come over you. You used to like him well enough."

"I still like him."

"I've seen you jump when the telephone bell rang. Your Uncle James often spoke about it. He noticed more than most people thought." She followed Sara Lee's eyes down the street to where Anna was wheeling her baby slowly up and down. Even from that distance Sara Lee could see the bit of pink which was the bow on her afghan. "I believe you're afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Of having children," accused Aunt Harriet fretfully. Sara Lee colored. "Perhaps I am," she said; "but not the sort of thing you think. I just don't see the use of it, that's all. Aunt Harriet, how long does it take to become a hospital nurse?"

"Mabel Andrews was three years. It spoiled her looks too. She used to be a right pretty girl."

"Three years," Sara Lee reflected. "By that time——"

The house was very quiet and still those days. There was an interlude of emptiness and order, of long days during which Aunt Harriet alternately grieved and planned, and Sara Lee thought of many things. At the Red Cross meetings all sorts of stories were circulated; the Belgian atrocity tales had just reached the country, and were spreading like wildfire. There were arguments and disagreements. A girl named Schmidt was militant against them and soon found herself a small island of defiance entirely surrounded by disapproval. Mabel Andrews came once to a meeting and in businesslike fashion explained the Red Cross dressings and gave a lesson in bandaging. Forerunner of the first-aid classes to come was that hour of Mabel's, and made memorable by one thing she said.

"You might as well all get busy and learn to do such things," she said in her brisk voice. "One of our internes is over there, and he says we'll be in it before spring."

After the meeting Sara Lee went up to Mabel and put a hand on her arm.

"Are you going?" she asked.

"Leaving day after to-morrow. Why?"

"I—— Couldn't I be useful over there?"

Mabel smiled rather grimly.

"What can you do?"

"I can cook."

"Only men cooks, my dear. What else?"

"I could clean up, couldn't I? There must be something. I'd do anything I could. Don't they have people to wash dishes and—all that?"

Mabel was on doubtful ground there. She knew of a woman who had been permitted to take over her own automobile, paying all her expenses and buying her own tires and gasoline.

"She carries supplies to small hospitals in out-of-the-way places," she said. "But I don't suppose you can do that, Sara Lee, can you?"

However, she gave Sara Lee a New York address, and Sara Lee wrote and offered herself. She said nothing to Aunt Harriet, who had by that time elected to take Edgar's room at Cousin Jennie's and was putting Uncle James' clothes in tearful order to send to Belgium. After a time she received a reply.

"We have put your name on our list of volunteers," said the letter, "but of course you understand that only trained workers are needed now.

"France and England are full of untrained women who are eager to help."

It was that night that Sara Lee became engaged to Harvey.

Sara Lee's attitude toward Harvey was one that she never tried to analyze. When he was not with her she thought of him tenderly, romantically. This was perhaps due to the photograph of him on her mantel. There was a dash about the picture rather lacking in the original, for it was a profile, and in it the young man's longish hair, worn pompadour, the slight thrust forward of the head, the arch of the nostrils, gave him a sort of tense eagerness, a look of running against the wind. From the photograph Harvey might have been a gladiator; as a matter of fact he was a bond salesman.

So during the daytime Sara Lee looked—at intervals—at the photograph, and got that feel of drive and force. And in the evenings Harvey came, and she lost it. For, outside of a frame, he became a rather sturdy figure, of no romance, but of a comforting solidity. A kindly young man, with a rather wide face and hands disfigured as to fingers by much early baseball. He had heavy shoulders, the sort a girl might rely on to shoulder many burdens. A younger and tidier Uncle James, indeed—the same cheery manner, the same robust integrity, and the same small ambition.

To earn enough to keep those dependent on him, and to do it fairly; to tell the truth and wear clean linen and not run into debt; and to marry Sara Lee and love and cherish her all his life—this was Harvey. A plain and likable man, a lover and husband to be sure of. But ——

He came that night to see Sara Lee. There was nothing unusual about that. He came every night. But he came that night full of determination. That was not unusual, either, but it had not carried him far. He had no idea that his picture was romantic. He would have demanded it back had he so much as suspected it. He wore his hair in a pompadour because of the prosaic fact that he had

*"But I'm Not Going to Marry Him Just Yet," Said Sara Lee*

a cowlick. He was very humble about himself, and Sara Lee was to him as wonderful as his picture was to her.

Sara Lee was in the parlor, waiting for him. The one electric lamp was lighted, so that the phonograph in one corner became only a bit of reflected light. There was a gas fire going, and in front of it was a white fur rug. In Aunt Harriet's circle there were few orientals. A new encyclopædia, not yet entirely paid for, stood against the wall, and a leather chair, hollowed by Uncle James' solid body, was by the fire. It was just such a tidy, rather vulgar and homelike room as no doubt Harvey would picture for his own home. He had of course never seen the white simplicity of Sara Lee's bedroom.

Sara Lee, in a black dress, admitted him. When he had taken off his ulster and his overshoes—he had been raised by women—and came in she was standing by the fire.

"Raining," he said. "It's getting colder. May be snow before morning."

Then he stopped. Sometimes the wonder of Sara Lee got him in the throat. She had so much the look of being poised for flight. Even in her quietest moments there was that about her—a sort of repressed eagerness, a look of seeing things far away. Aunt Harriet said that there were times when she had a "flighty" look.

And that night it was that impression of elusiveness that stopped Harvey's amiable prattle about the weather and took him to her with his arms out.

"Sara Lee!" he said. "Don't look like that!"

"Like what?" said Sara Lee prosaically.

"I don't know," he muttered. "You—sometimes you look as though ——" Then he put his arms round her. "I love you," he said. "I'll be good to you, Sara Lee, if you'll have me." He bent down and put his cheek against hers. "If you'll only marry me, dear."

A woman has a way of thinking most clearly and lucidly when the man has stopped thinking. With his arms about her Harvey could only feel. He was trembling. As for Sara Lee, instantly two pictures flashed through her mind, each distinct, each clear, almost photographic. One was of Anna, in her tiny house down the street, dragged with a nursing baby. The other was that one from a magazine of a boy dying on a battlefield and crying "Mother!"

Two sorts of maternity—one quiet, peaceful, unbeautiful perhaps, but the thing by which and to which she had been reared; the other vicarious, of all the world.

"Don't you love me—that way?" he said, his cheek still against hers.

"I don't know."

"You don't know!"

It was then that he straightened away from her and looked without seeing at the blur of light which was the phonograph. Sara Lee, glancing up, saw him then as he was in the photograph, face set and head thrust forward, and that clean-cut drive of jaw and backward flow of heavy hair that marked him all man, and virile man.

She slipped her hand into his.

"I do love you, Harvey," she said, and went into his arms with the complete surrender of a child.

He was outrageously happy. He sat on the arm of Uncle James' chair, where she was almost swallowed up, and with his face against hers he made his simple plans. Now and then he kissed the little hollow under her ear, and because he knew nothing of the abandon of a woman in a great passion he missed nothing in her attitude. Into her silence and passivity he read the reflection of his own adoring love and thought it hers.

To be fair to Sara Lee, she imagined that her content in Harvey's devotion was something more, as much more as was necessary. For in Sara Lee's experience marriage was a thing compounded of affection, habit, small differences and a home. Of passion, that passion which later she was to meet and suffer from, the terrible love that hurts and agonizes, she had never even dreamed.

Great days were before Sara Lee. She sat by the fire and knitted, and behind the back drop on the great stage of the world was preparing, unsuspected, the *mise en scène*.

II

ABOUT the middle of January Mabel Andrews wrote to Sara Lee from France, where she was already installed in a hospital at Calais.

The evening before the letter came Harvey had brought round the engagement ring. He had made a little money in war stocks, and into the ring he had put every dollar of his profits—and a great love, and gentleness, and hopes which he did not formulate even to himself.

It was a solitaire diamond, conventionally set, and larger, far larger, than the modest little stone on which Harvey had been casting anxious glances for months.

"Do you like it, honey?" he asked anxiously.

Sara Lee looked at it on her finger.

"It is lovely! It—it's terrible!" said poor Sara Lee, and cried on his shoulder.

Harvey was not subtle. He had never even heard of Mabel Andrews, and he had a tendency to restrict his war reading to the quarter column in the morning paper entitled "Salient Points of the Day's War News."

What could he know, for instance, of wounded men who were hungry? Which is what Mabel wrote about.

"You said you could cook," she had written. "Well, we need cooks, and something to cook. Sometime they'll have it all fixed, no doubt, but just now it's awful, Sara Lee. The British have money and food, plenty of it. But here—yesterday, I cut the clothes off a wounded Belgian boy. He had been forty-eight hours on a railway siding, without even soup or coffee."

It was early in the war then, and between Ypres and the sea stretched a long thin line of Belgian trenches. A frantic Belgian Government, thrust out of its own land, was facing the problem, with scant funds, with no *matériel* of any sort, of feeding that desolate little army. France had her own problems—her army, nonproductive industrially; and the great and constantly growing British forces quartered there, paying for what they got, but requiring much. The world knows now of the starvation of Belgium. What it does not know and may never know is that early struggle to feed the heroic Belgian Army in their wet and almost untenable trenches.

Hospital trains they could improvise out of what rolling stock remained to them. Money could be borrowed, and was. But food? Clothing? Ammunition? In his little villa on the seacoast the Belgian King knew that his soldiers were hungry, and paced the floor of his tiny living room; and over in an American city whose skyline was as pointed with furnace turrets as Constantinople's is with mosques, over there Sara Lee heard that call of hunger, and—put on her engagement ring.

Later on that evening, with Harvey's wide cheerful face turned adoringly to her, Sara Lee formulated a question:

"Don't you sometimes feel as though you'd like to go to France and fight?"

"What for?"

"Well, they need men, don't they?"

"I guess they don't need me, honey. I'd be the dickens of a lot of use! Never fired a gun in my life."

"You could learn. It isn't hard."

Harvey sat upright and stared at her.

"Oh, if you want me to go ——" he said, and waited.

Sara Lee twisted her ring on her finger.

"Nobody wants anybody to go," she said, not very elegantly. "I just—— I'd rather like to think you wanted to go."

That was almost too subtle for Harvey. Something about him was rather reminiscent of Uncle James on mornings when he was determined not to go to church.

"It's not our fight," he said. "And as far as that goes, I'm not so sure there isn't right on both sides. Or wrong. Most likely wrong. I'd look fine going over there to help the Allies, and then making up my mind it was the British who'd spilled the beans. Now let's talk about something interesting—for instance, how much we love each other."

It was always "we" with Harvey. In his simple creed if a girl accepted a man and let him kiss her and wore his ring it was a reciprocal love affair. It never occurred to him that sometimes as the evening dragged toward a close Sara Lee was just a bit weary

(Continued on Page 65)

*That is How Henri, of No Other Name That May be Given, Met Sara Lee Kennedy, of Ohio—Under a London Motor Bus*

# GREAT EXPECTATIONS

## By GEORGE PATTULLO

IT HAPPENED in the barber shop of a small French town. The world over, a barber shop is a clearing house for local news and gossip. You can always get a line on the inhabitants of a community by listening to the talk in the principal tonsorial parlor.

On the sidewalk in front of this shop, recently arrived soldiers from Massachusetts and Maine were milling up and down; a group of poilus loafed near a sentry post directly across the street. Along came an imposing gray touring car. The sentry presented arms. On the back seat sat a company cook, brazenly bumming a ride from a green driver. However, sentries salute anybody nowadays who comes along in a big automobile, for they cannot afford to take a chance on letting a major general sweep past with no other recognition than a stare or a grin.

Every chair in the shop was filled, and waiting customers lined the wall.

The conversation drifted between the Italian reverses and the conduct of the Russians—for the past eight months the French have taken a lot of comfort out of abusing the Russians.

All I could see of the face of the gentleman who was lopping my hair with a razor and a comb was a little red knob of nose, for he was completely hidden behind a camouflage of glossy whiskers; but presently a soothing murmur came from the foliage:

"It's bad—yes—quite. But it will not matter in the long run. For you Americans will have fifteen hundred thousand men here in the spring. Yes?"

"The Americans? Là, là! Boy Scouts!" ejaculated a knock-kneed person in uniform, who was disappointed because the Americans had not yet got into the fighting.

But the majority of his fellow countrymen agreed with the barber, and nodded assent. It was plain that their expectations tallied with his estimate, and that the prospect of American succor heartened them through these gloomy days. So I let them have their own way. Who wants to be a wet blanket?

### *Some Military Arithmetic*

HOWEVER, the barber's figures set me to wondering what the general idea of the French people might be, and during the next few weeks I tried to ascertain. Of course the authorities and military command know precisely what we have in France and what we can reasonably hope to do in 1918; but the man in the street entertains the wildest notions. In little country villages, in manufacturing cities, in Paris itself, it was the same. The estimates varied; but the average Frenchman was firmly persuaded that American aid would be forthcoming to the number of a million or a million and a half of men by March. Even the poilus, who ought to have a glimmering of the difficulties of army building, never guessed under a million; they seemed to be banking on that figure.

So much for the French; what did our own people in America expect? Letters from home furnished a clew. Each told of the great things being accomplished throughout the country and spoke with supreme confidence of what the boys would do to Old Man Hindenburg's line in the spring. In every one I caught the same note of high-pitched hopes met with among the French. All of them greatly overestimated our overseas strength; their sights were a mile too high.

Perhaps that is natural. They have been necessarily kept in the dark as to what was transpiring here. Once a regiment sailed from America it was as though a huge curtain was dropped behind it, shutting off sight and sound of the men. Ship after ship left port and vanished into the impenetrable fog of Somewhere in France. The people at home have had nothing but unconnected news items of daily training and camp incidents, or word pictures of special features, such as the trenches, ports, depots or lines of communication. They could not be told the strength of the Expeditionary Force, or how it was growing, and so they have had to rely on rumor and conjecture; and both rumor and conjecture are treacherous hussies.

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PHOTO FROM PICTORIAL PRESS

*General Pershing at an Aviation Camp in France*
*Above—Sentinels on Duty at an American Cantonment*

Probably not one American in a thousand has ever taken the trouble to sit down and figure out for himself in cold blood the practical possibilities, but has accepted current gossip as a basis for his expectations. And most of the gossip consists of idle imaginings or impressionistic pictures achieved by piecing together scattered press items.

Fifteen hundred thousand men in the spring? Whew! Or a million? Another whew! Five hundred thousand? Even that would be a terrific job to have achieved against the submarine, starting from next to nothing and building with an eye to ultimate requirements.

And do you realize what the transportation of 1,500,000 soldiers overseas means, in shipment of men only? We declared war in April. To put them in France by the end of February would have necessitated sending about 5000 men every day of the week from May first. And at the start we didn't have the men. We would have had to ship 3300 daily in order to reach a million. Even half a million would have entailed shipments of 1650 men every twenty-four hours for the ten months.

With troops must come ordnance, clothing, fuel, food and supplies of all kinds, railroad materials and rolling stock, gasoline, motor trucks—but I'll begin at the beginning. I will try to give you an idea of the immensity of the difficulties that have had to be overcome in building up an army from nothing and in making it self-sustaining three thousand miles across the seas. Perhaps when you know the facts you will lower your sights a bit; you will not expect so much, and so you will not be disappointed if we don't smash straight through to Berlin without any further delay.

First and foremost is the shipping problem. It is the crux of the whole business. In seven cases out of ten when the army runs up against an obstacle—when howls are raised to the skies about a shortage of any kind—they find shipping at the bottom of the trouble. It is the Alpha and Omega of our problem.

The army in France has not had its fair share of available shipping. To make that more emphatic—the Expeditionary Force has not been allotted fifty per cent of its needs in shipping, though the necessary tonnage could have been supplied if business and civilian demands had been held down to rock-bottom necessity.

Here we are, out to win against the most formidable military power in history, yet the demands of business on tonnage continue to be heavy. Should the Central Powers triumph, eagerly built export and import business won't amount to a plugged nickel; if we win they will have all the business in the world. Why should immediate profits be given right of way over necessities for our fighting men?

### *Charity Begins at Home*

WE ARE heroically trying to feed the civilian populations of every country in Europe except those of the Central Empires; we play Big Brother Bountiful to the whole wide world—yet the army here in France has been short of everything an army needs, because we could not get ships. The work of preparation was thereby retarded. They may pay for it with their lifeblood.

Speaking of the demands of trade on our shipping, the Army and Navy have first claim on every resource the nation possesses. Weighed against their needs the urgency of other claims does not exist, for the only business that matters to us just now is to win the war. Failing in that we fail in everything.

Which moves me to observe also that a people may easily overdo its humanitarian activities. It's queer how worked up Americans can get over the sufferings of every nation's poor but our own. I must be hopelessly provincial, for America's needs are first with me, now and always.

By all means let us help our afflicted Allies to the limit of our power; but were I in charge of shipping and food, and it came to a question of whether the men who fight for us should be endangered through lack of supplies or the civilian populations of certain areas should go hungry—well, those unfortunate war sufferers would have to take another reef in their belts until our own boys got what they needed.

And right here I want to go on record with a statement that will inevitably call down on my knobby head the anathemas of every warm-hearted supporter of our multifarious givings to the needy of other lands. The statement is this: They aren't so hungry as you think. They are below their peacetime ration, but the starvation we read so much about is comparative.

In the conquered areas occupied by the boches there must be untold suffering; but so far as the populations of territory remaining in Allied possession are concerned, about ninety per cent of reports of their starving condition are sheer nonsense. A flood of rubbish has been written and talked about their famine-stricken plight by hysterical male and female sob artists. The truth is that the great bulk of the peasantry and labor classes in European countries get as much to eat, despite war and devastation and every attendant horror, as scores of thousands of poor white tenant farmers in the Cotton States of the South and Southwest. And as for Mexico, right at your doors, the most wretched of European refugees fares like a lord compared with its floating and homeless hordes. But there's darned little romance in helping a Mexican.

Succor the inhabitants of the occupied areas all you may—give to the refugees of your plenty—but don't let your generosity run away with you. Don't let the warmth

of your heart start sap in your head. For unless the American people propose to hand over the United States to Europe, lock, stock and barrel, a time is rapidly approaching when they will have to take thought to this outpouring. The day may come when it will be a question of who needs it most, we or they.

Should an early peace be patched up we lose the war and must arm for a death grapple in the future; but dismissing that unthinkable and ignominious contingency we are faced with a long job. The war looks as if it would run into 1919 and possibly into 1920. How about a discreet peep into the larder? How about taking count of the family stocking just to ascertain the prospects? The exercise of a little foresight never hurt anybody.

It is not permitted to reveal the tonnage at our disposal, but I understand that less than fifty per cent of the shipping under the American flag is devoted to the needs of the army in France and the naval fleets which help guard the way. Half as much more is required between this writing and the first of March; and from then until June the needs will be further increased.

Some immediate relief has been promised in the form of new ships. Probably the proposed program will not be fully realized; if not, diversion of shipping from other employment is imperative to meet the deficit.

Let us take a glance at the general situation which the Expeditionary Force found in France. They came to a land drained by three years of war. All Allied Europe was in the same plight. It was absolutely necessary that they should be self-sustaining in every sense of the word; yet they had to operate three thousand miles from their base of supplies and over seas infested with assassins.

America had mighty little shipping under her flag. Of Allied tonnage she possessed about nine per cent. Great Britain was the principal carrier for the world, more than seventy per cent of Allied shipping flying the Union Jack. Even to-day the British tonnage engaged in business other than military equals the total tonnage America controls. But she has to feed her people and "keep the home fires burning" in her industries by transportation of raw materials. Also, others of her Allies make constant and pressing demands for ships.

Where, then, do we come in? The answer is simple—we must rely entirely on ourselves. We must have ships, ships, ships—and then some more.

### *Shipping Difficulties*

IN AN article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of October thirteenth I gave in figures a picture of what the army in France had to do before spring, so I shall not go over that ground again. But a brief review of the principal problems is necessary to an appreciation of the magnitude of the task.

All the Channel ports were taxed to their capacity by the French and British when we came sailing o'er the seas. There remained some ports on the south coast that could be made available, but vast improvements were required. For one thing, the depth of the harbors was not adapted to the needs of our ships, and that meant a Herculean job of dredging. Then docks and storehouses had to be built that would be capable of handling twenty-five large ships a day. Terminals and railroad facilities had to be put in; all this merely to construct the neck of the bottle.

Then the ships can't get return cargoes for America, and a vessel cannot go to sea without a certain load; so they are obliged to carry ballast on the trip to the United States. Now ballast happens to be scarce. The ports over here are not equipped to furnish it; they don't begin to have it in the quantities needed. For instance, our largest port can provide such a limited quantity of sand ballast that it is a mere drop in the bucket. A couple of tramp freighters would use it all—and a couple of tramps a week will not keep us going.

This difficulty has resulted in an amazing expedient: Sometimes ships have had to carry back portions of the cargo they brought over. Ship after ship has sailed away home with some of her cargo intact below. It seems sinful, but it has been unavoidable. They could not get enough ballast and they actually saved time by this method. The above fact probably explains many of the rumors going round that large quantities of stuff have had to be returned to the United States because it had spoiled.

However, they are planning to overcome the difficulty by converting the ships to water ballast. In that way precious time would be saved; and water ballast likewise offers advantages against submarine attack, for a ship can go light through the danger zone, thereby exposing a few feet less of hull to torpedoes, and then take in all she needs when far out.

Before an adequate tonnage will do them any good, however, the evacuation capacity of the ports must be largely increased. What is the use of unloading 35,000 tons a day if the port can evacuate only 7000 tons? It would only clutter up the port and cause endless confusion and loss. That is still another job, and they are tackling it manfully, but neither labor nor material can be secured fast enough.

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*Men of the United States Expeditionary Force*

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*The French and American Soldiers Work Together in the Life of the Training Camps*

### *Various Handicaps*

LACK of storage facilities has handicapped them, too, not only in the ports of entry but in the places selected as supply depots and in all the towns occupied by our troops. They don't have warehouses over here as we do in America. You could hardly go into an American town without finding a suitable place for storage of supplies, but that is not the case in our army zone in France. Consequently new construction has been necessary. But there were no stocks of lumber. All the lumber for construction purposes has had to be cut by our own forces of lumbermen and doughboys detailed for the purpose; and that has necessarily slowed down building operations.

The same situation is responsible for the curtailment of hospital construction. We should like to put up huge, well-planned hospital buildings such as the British have in their zone, but the plan has been found impracticable. Some creditable ones we shall have, but in many places selected for hospital sites we shall have to utilize summer hotels and existing buildings; and in some cases we shall have to be content with makeshifts.

Next, take motor trucks, which are the feeders of an army nowadays—as indispensable as railroad transportation to national business. The Expeditionary Force was short of them on December fifteenth.

Two divisions arrived in France without transportation of any kind—without wagons, trucks or animals. They had no means of moving their necessities and their subsistence. Trucks had to be diverted from the hard-pressed first contingent. In one instance, I am told, five trucks were striving to supply the needs of 15,000 men.

Something had to be done, and done quick. The quartermaster went out after trucks into the highways and byways and hedges. It was a case of taking anything he could buy that would run. His department grabbed old French trucks that the French themselves had given up in despair and were glad to unload at a price; they also managed to secure some American assembled trucks.

I ran across one of these acquired relics of the Pleistocene Age, stalled on a country road. The driver and another man were tinkering with the engine and talking to it.

"Where do we get these trucks anyway?" I inquired, gazing at the machine with the veneration that antiquity always inspires in me.

The driver raised a haggard face and stared a moment to see whether I was in earnest.

"Everywhere on earth," he replied; "but most of 'em in hell. Gimme the wrench, Bill!"

They got better ones from England and in a shipment of American trucks originally intended for Russia but

(Concluded on Page 54)

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*The Boys in France are Their Own Dishwashers*

# PATRIOTEERS

By WALLACE IRWIN

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

## FIFTY-SHIFTY

DEAR Mrs. Constantleigh Camouflage Jones—
Whom the papers already in reverent tones
Were billing,
Quite willing
To publish her exploits in tame-lion killing—
Was grasping an uppermost rung of the ladder,
When an incident happened to render her madder
Than any puff adder;
For the socially eminent Mrs. van Sleek
Bruited it forth with the brazenest cheek
That she looked on a Jones very much as a Greek
Or a high priestess Pythian
Might have looked on a barbarous cannibal Scythian.
In other words, Mrs. van Sleek aired the view
That a Constantleigh Camouflage Jones wouldn't do!

This brought Mrs. Camouflage awfully low.
The house she had builded seemed fragile as snow.
She wearied of dinners and dances and teas—
The stuff that E. Glynn calls luxurious ease.
As she said to her nephew, J. Goldenrodd Twill:
"I must get me a purpose to strengthen my will.
Since the world is at war—
As I know it to be—
I ought to abhor
That frivolous me.
I mustn't be posted as a slacker or shirk;
Let my life be devoted to serious work."

"My aunt," said J. Goldie, "are y' sure you aren't hossing?
Ever since war you've been busily bossing
Submarine chasing and jolly Red Crossing."

"Indeed," she agreed,
"But I feel that I need
Something to keep me from going to seed.
The Red Cross no more is to effort conducive—
Its membership renders it quite inexclusive.
And truly one groans,"
Said good Mrs. Jones,
"To think of the rabble whom one quite disowns,
Yet have gone in for raising more Liberty Loans."

"I have it!" cried Goldie, whose air was enthusing.
"The Wartime Bazaar
Is now up to par—
They're awfully voguey and rather amusing."

"Amusing," she owned; "but what under the sun
Hasn't been done?
Fairs and bazaars and elaborate benefits,
Everywhere, anywhere, throwing Kilkenny fits,
Boost worthy causes wherever a penny fits.
I'll try it again, if it's
Possible still to do anything new."

"Fine!" cackled Goldie. "I'll get one for you.
There's a bright young promoter named Chester McShifty,
Honest, though thrifty,
Skillfully nifty,
A shark at promoting bazaars, fifty-fifty."

So on went the gloves of young Goldenrodd Twill;
And the depths of Manhattan he searched with a will
Till he came to the door, lettered vivid as fate:
Chester McShifty; Bazaars While You Wait.

*II*

CHESTER McSHIFTY, a baby-eyed blond
Who smoked good Havanas, of which he was fond,
Had gained long experience, ranging, I know,
From selling hot dog at a Luna Park show
To running a rest cure for millionaire rakes
And auctioning genuine Barbizon fakes.

When war was declared it was Ches on the job,
With the Red, White and Blue set in gems on his fob;
For Chester observed in the world cataclysm
Something new to promote:
Bright signs to denote
An upgoing market in patriotism.

And thus, when he gazed on J. Goldenrodd Twill,
He pumped his pale glove with a righteous good will;
For here was a client, he felt in his bones,
Related to Constantleigh Camouflage Jones.

"My aunt," explained Goldie—"she's such an old dear—
She's gone in for patriotism this year.
She's seeking some method of doing her bit,
Which isn't bad form. She thought you might hit
On a plan for a Something-or-Other Bazaar.
And so there you are!"

McShifty devoted a moment to thought
And then from his file a blue index card brought
Labeled Z-7-q.
"This is one of a few
Brilliant ideas, untried, strictly new.
Most worthy causes have now been selected
By fairs that are past;
But I find, at the last,
That the Chinese Girl Scouts have been grossly neglected.
Here's a chance for publicity, juicy and rare—
A Chinese Girl Scouts' International Fair!"

"It sounds rather fanciful," argued young Twill.
"Most novelties do," announced Chester; "but still
I never have swerved from my purpose, nor shall I,
To aid every Ally.
Oh, gladly I'd tender my services free,
But my fix is pathetic, as you will agree—
A poor widowed mother,
An idiot brother,
I solely support by one job or another.
Yet strong will I be
To help win the war on the basis, you see,"
Lectured McShifty—
"Strict fifty-fifty—
Fifty for Liberty; fifty for me."

*III*

IN A WEEK through the city, both up town and down,
The papers proclaimed Mrs. Jones' renown.
They showed her in pictures, removing all doubts,
Surrounded by uniformed Chinese Girl Scouts.
McShifty was here and McShifty was there,
Hiring a hall and announcing the fair;
While dear Mrs. Constantleigh Camouflage Jones
Marshaled society,
Any variety,
Lectured on China in serious tones,
Settled old feuds with the manner that soothes,
And pledged social leaders to manage her booths.

Appeared in the press many articles bland,
Signed C. C. Jones—in McShifty's best hand—
Essays that dealt with The Manchus in Flower
And Chinese Democracy's Balance of Power.

(Continued on Page 57)

# FIDDLER'S GREEN

## By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

*He Was Going to Hurt Them—Not on Their Bodies, Where Bruises Heal, But in Their Pockets, Where the Hurt Lasts*

*Prologue*

IT MUST have been the Norsemen brought it to Ireland—that old legend of Fiddler's Green. There is nothing Christian to it; and it lacks the subtle, spiritual twilight of Gaelic paganism. They must have left it behind them when Boru, the King, drove them into the sea in Dublin—as they left behind them the secret of the heather ale, and the red-headed people of the hills.

"I had it off my father a long time syne, in the year that Bonaparte died," I was told by Padraic Dall O'Conor, who is the oldest man I know. "There is a race of dark people in the world, and they step from the right road of life, and they go all their way in a bypath. And down and down they travel, through whins and briers and big stones, and great terrors on the way, and shapes about them, and Death stalking them in a red cloak and with a black ax, until they come to the open doors of hell.

"And the dark people go in through the doors of hell, and they travel along the burning roads, and they climb the fiery gates and the flaming hedges. And many of them lie down there, and an end comes on them. But there's others go through the whole ways of it until they come to the other side of it. And on the other side of hell there's Fiddler's Green.

"And a great peace comes on them, and great contentment; and the dark people become like the white people, like Your Honor's self, and like me, that never did a day's harm in my life. A great place it is, Fiddler's Green, with the fiddlers fiddling and the pipers piping, and a power of hounds tracking the hare through the furze. Great happiness from the dawning of the day until the moon rises; drinking with due sobriety; fine women to marry and little childer on the floor. A great place surely!

"It mayn't be right now, as I'm giving it to you. It mayn't be right; but I'm telling it as I had it of my father, and him an ancient man. . . ."

*I*

HE FINISHED the last drop of his coffee and polished the last morsel off his plate with a sort of fierce ravenousness. He bit the end from a cigar and put it in his mouth. There was something clumsy and uncertain in his manner of lighting it, as in the manner of a novice. He gave a short grunt. "Good to be out!"

He shook his head. There was a great muscularity in his tones. They suggested, somehow, the muted throbbing of drums. The buxom, handsome amazon opposite him nodded. There was a mist of tears in her hard, bright eyes.

Slowly circling, savoring every little detail, the eyes of the giant Swede swept over the garish apartment. The hideous red-plush rocking-chairs and divan, and the violent brazen glitter of the electric chandelier, impressed him as a child might be impressed by the lavish trappings of a king's palace. The garish reproductions on the wall—Daniel in the Lions' Den, and Cherry Ripe, and an atrocity of Rossetti's—all these he gazed on open-mouthed and awe-stricken, as an amateur of art might stand stunned in the Borghese Palace. The air shaft of the apartment house, with the March sunshine whipping down it like a searchlight, hard and brilliant; even the garbage can on the fire escape opposite—all these he examined lengthily, unbelievingly. These were the evidences of liberty.

His ear gulped greedily at the sounds without. The rhythmic thud of the overhead down Sixth Avenue and the grinding of its brakes as it slowed up at Fourteenth Street; the savage clanging of street cars as they pounded their way through the traffic; the languid notes of a singing bird imprisoned in a cage; the impertinent squawking of a parrot near by; the husky notes of a street singer; the susurrus of shoppers all about, live, bubbling, like the fermenting of grapes in a vat—all these were to him what the chirming of birds and the burgeoning of the fig trees, the pleasant vineyards and the blue hills of Dan were to Lazarus, whose dwelling for a time had been where the dead are.

She touched her broad bosom and looked at him.

"I've got your bank book here." Her voice had the crisp slipped note of the New Yorker. "Seventeen thousand and more there was in it; and interest for four and a half years makes it near twenty."

"You didn't use it?" he said with the rising inflection of astonishment. "What did you do?"

"Oh, I lifted at the department stores, and jumped in occasionally with a loft mob. I made out all right."

"Ryan, the yegg, told me, up the river, you were working the badger. I told him he was a liar!"

She looked steadily at Olsen and a snort of contempt came from her fine nostrils.

"Liar was right!"

She moved over to a couch and swung the movable top up.

"Look," she told him; "I've kept all your things—sectional jimmy and brace and all."

He stood up and went over to her, a great hulking giant of a man, six feet and three inches of height to him, and broad as a great door. The huge shoulders seemed muscle-bound; but the hands were big and firm, and bunched with sinew, flossed over from wrist to finger joints with a down of whitish-golden hair. Over the bull neck, which might have been a wrestler's, so massive and firm it was, the broad jaw sprang out firmly, but with no hint of truculence. The mouth was broad, and there was a shadow on it of what four and a half years ago had been a humorous grin. There was a queer elongation at the tip of the long broad nose that suggested in a faint way the snout of a pike. The eyes of him, blue like ice, had something drowsy and good-humored about them. One could imagine him driving a team of Percheron horses; or, clad in overalls, pottering about a great dirigible; or tramping the bridge of a liner in a second mate's watch.

"I'm through with the brace and jimmy"—he shook his head and smiled—"and the dynamite and the glycerin."

She looked at him with a startled sense of astonishment. Tall and, for a woman, built on as heroic lines as he, she seemed an ideal mate for him. Her black hair was drawn straight away from her head; her fine, regular features, a little too rounded perhaps; her black eyes, certainly too hard for a woman of twenty-eight; her full red shapely mouth would have elicited admiration anywhere. A fine woman, one would have said, paying in that one cant phrase tribute to the mold and features of her and the splendid spirit within. He seemed, somehow, like a great broadsword, passive in its scabbard, but terrible in battle; she was a keen rapier blade, always ready, always tense, prepared to feint, parry and thrust home mortally.

"What do you mean?" she whipped at him.

"I mean," he said solemnly, "I blow no more safes."

"What is it, Jörn?" Her tone was casual. "Did you get cold feet?"

"No."

"Did you get religion up the river?"

He shrugged his huge shoulders and laughed a little.

"No; I got no religion up the river"

She dropped the cover of the couch and looked at him squarely.

"What is it, then?"

"It's bad business, Belle," he said. "It's no good. Bad business."

"What are you aiming to do?"

"I think," he answered slowly, "I think I go soon to Long Island and buy a farm."

"And what about me?"

"You come, too, Belle."

She looked away from him for an instant, and then suddenly began a quick, nervous pacing of the room, stopping here and there to pick up some little object and put it down again—an uncontrollable functioning of muscles actuated by anger. She stopped and gazed straight at him, her hands clenched by her sides.

"So I'm to go down to the country, am I? And live on a farm? Was it for this I waited four and a half years? To bury myself in some living cemetery in the country? Look at me, I say!" She tensed her superb presence toward him and her eyes flashed. "Belle Foliott in the country, looking after the pigs and chickens! Jörn Olsen, are you mad?"

"I go to the country," he maintained doggedly.

She was silenced for a few instants. Her tones grew normal.

"You'll be all right in a few days, old boy," she said. "You'll think differently. I was wrong to talk that way. You need a while to pull yourself together."

"I quit it!" Olsen shook his head. "Business is bad."

"You'll be all right, old boy. Morris Sachs, the finder, is round. He'll be in to see you. And O'Flaherty, the back-door man—he's itching to be at the old game again; and you and I at the safe door. You can't get away from it, Jörn. The good old days! Do you remember the time when we broke the safe at Patchogue and you helped the Irish policeman chase the burglars in the automobile—and the stuff underneath the seat? And do you remember how they thanked you?"

He smiled a little at the recollection of that glorious foray; and, encouraged by that, she pleaded again:

"And do you remember how you looted the purser's safe on the Grosser Kurfürst while the officer of the bridge was proposing to me, and the night watchman was ordered below to make coffee for me because the night was cold? And the Porto-Rican planter's at Aguadilla? Do you remember the champagne breakfast we had there and the receipt you left him for the money? Ah, Jörn—and you're quitting it all!"

The smile left his mouth and the fiercely dogged expression came on it again.

"I am!" he told her; and, somehow, she knew it was irrevocable.

She turned away from him, and again she began her round of the room, picking up little objects and setting them down again; but now it was an aimless blind sort of

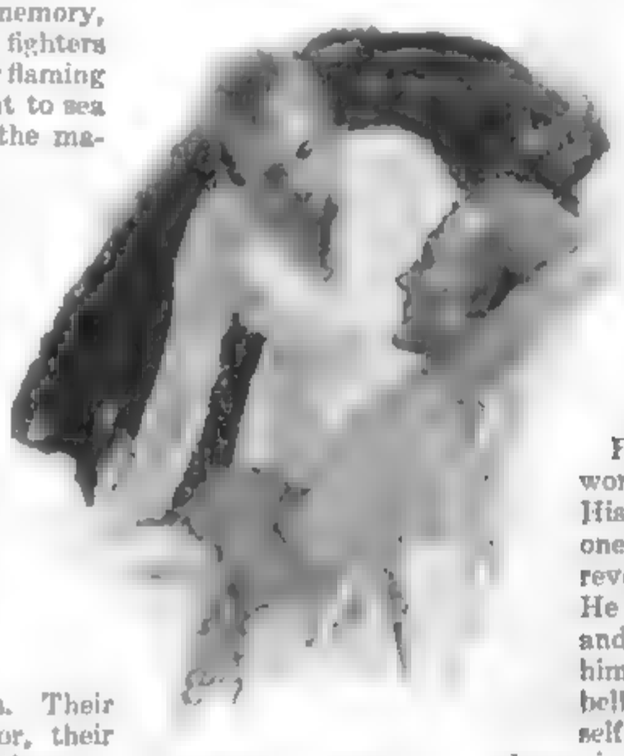
action, as though she did not know what her fingers were doing. There was a convulsive movement at her throat, and in her eyes a dull film of tears. Her head drooped weakly over her broad deep bosom. Presently she turned about, and her head was high.

"Well, old pal"—by some miracle her voice was light and bantering—"it's the straight and thorny for you; but for me it's the crooked way, the primrose. It's in my blood, I guess, and it won't go out. I suppose you'll grow side whiskers and go to church. Good luck to you, old boy!" Her voice broke just the slightest degree, as the voice of a singer might quaver uncertainly in taking a note. "But you won't forget the old moll altogether, will you?"

II

THERE is something in these Norsemen that appalls one. They are big physically and, I feel, big spiritually. I continually get the impression that each of them has, for lack of a better term, an immortal soul; and that particular possession I flat-footedly deny to four-fifths of the population of this planet.

There is the memory of the Vikings, who went down to the sea in their great galleys, and who harried Europe from their own nook-shotten shores to the placid beach of Africa, their helmets flashing, their broadswords swinging, their huge axes whistling through the air like the swish of a whip, their throats belling like a great hound's when the fighting madness came on them. There is the memory, too, of the great dead fighters who were laid on their flaming galleys and wafted out to sea on their journey to the majestic Valhalla of heroes, where there is ever great carousal, and the singing of sagas, and the clang of armor as Thor and Odin move on their gigantic thrones.



"I Guess I be Out of Here in a Few Days." He Told Her After the Doctor Had Set the Leg

There is something, too, about the womenfolk of the Norsemen that is hard to understand. Great-limbed, superb, independent as a strong man, they always give the impression of being more mates than mothers. Their children are cared for, their houses spotless; but they are ever ready to leave house and child and follow the man of their choice to the precipice that is at the end of the world. They are never household drudges, as other women might be, and there is no sense of pawky maternity about them. Great spirits they have, and a great life in them.

In this connection I mention Olga Olsen, mother of Jörn. Of his father I can gather little—a cold, dour man, he told me, whose religion was the peopled twilight of Swedenborg, and whose daily bread was earned as foreman in the Brooklyn shoe factory of a compatriot. He died when Jörn was six years old. His mother, for three years, subsisted on a small restaurant, which the savings of her husband enabled her to buy. When Jörn was nine—she was not thirty then—she met, was wooed by and promptly proceeded to follow the Christiania captain of a Luckenbach freighter. The captain was a decent man; but he had an understandable objection to evidence of a former attachment of his wife's in the person of a husky youngster of nine. To Olga the matter was perfectly simple. She quietly dropped the child and went her romantic way.

"And why not?" Jörn Olsen used to defend her. "I was strong and healthy. She had her own life to live. A young woman yet! Why not?"

There is something about a healthy young child animal of nine that rejoices the heart. There was no lack of women and men to take care of Jörn; but in that none too rich and shrewd-headed community there was no place for reckless benevolence. They housed him and looked after his physical welfare, but they saw to it, also, that he earned his living by various small jobs, such as the carrying of workmen's pails and the running of their errands; and from the small emolument these activities carried they deducted a fair sum for his upkeep.

Passed the years, and in the big ironworks that hedge the dreary Gowanus Canal and the desolate forest of Erie Basin he obtained a job. Passed more, and he became a mechanic's helper. Just a few minutes, it seemed—just a few reels in that whirring kaleidoscope called life—and lo! Jörn Olsen was a full-fledged mechanic, a member of a union, an associate master of the guild, and not yet twenty-three.

Kilgour, the husky Scotch manager from the Clyde, scenting a big contract from afar, and canny as a Scotsman is of discontent among the laborers, was going over with the owner a list of mechanics who ought to be made foremen should the contract realize.

" . . . And there's the young Swede, Olsen," Kilgour suggested. "He's a gey wonder!"

"That kid!" snorted Forde, the owner, a pot-bellied, red-faced, sententious dog from Westmeath. "He's getting too much as it is. What does he want to do—run the place?"

All this, Kilgour, with the tact of a Scotchman, which is none at all, recounted to Jörn Olsen. Olsen only laughed.

"Well, he's the boss!" Olsen laughed; that easy laugh of his which was like relaxed muscles rippling in harmony.

"Oh, aye! He may be the boss, young fellow," was Kilgour's independent criticism; "but, still and all, he's a damned fool."

In that hard practical school in which Jörn Olsen had been reared there had been inculcated into him the healthy practical morality of the workshop. Of religion he had little or none—the cold rhapsodies of the gaunt Svensk pastor to him were unrealities. He knew by intuition—it was born in him—that cheating and lying and thieving were wrong.

They were worse than wrong; they were contemptible. The code of the workmen, a straight and inflexible honesty toward one another, was as clear cut as a Norman's code toward his peers. Blame his training, blame anything you will, but the vast ethic conceptions were unknown to him. The complicated mosaic of the morals of society he was unaware of, and cared less for them than for the ping of a hammer on a bolt.

His attitude toward his fellow mechanics of the works was that of one strong man toward others. His attitude toward Forde, the red-nosed owner, was one of unqualified contempt. His huge sinewed frame revolted before the flabby tissue of the older man. He liked his work—the mastery of iron and steel, and the plotting against skillful mechanism; so in him there was nothing but contempt for the pot-bellied rogue who took his pleasure in fuddling himself with Irish whisky at the Hole in the Wall, or devouring from the front row of the Star the withered charms of burlesque ponies and the adipose limbs of the show girls.

There obtained work at the Gowanus Ironworks, of Brooklyn, one Marco Paroni, a skilled mechanic; and one Morris Sachs, an efficient clerk. The tall, spare Italian, with the bushy brows, the gaunt face, the hairy simian arms and the taciturn disposition, seemed to watch Olsen with the contemplative look of an employer probing a prospective trusted employee.

He noted with satisfaction the deft wizardry of Olsen's touch among the great machines, and the tremendous sinews that drove home a bolt with the force of a trip hammer, or could tear aside a metal section as though it were cardboard. The Italian appeared to like the discussion of social problems.

"That contemptible gin hound"—so he characterized the owner—"what right has he to the money we sweat and make for him? Is it right that we work that he drink and dress his big carcass in diamonds? Son of a dog! I ask you! Is it right?"

"Don't seem so," Olsen would argue; but there was an emphasis in his eyes that belied the casual nature of his words.

The Safe Squad at Headquarters Puzzled Their Brains About Him; Sent Out Their Steel Pigeons in a Humming Swarm

Sachs, the clerk, an undersized, shrewd-eyed Ghetto product, with something about him that suggested a ferret, had always a welcoming smile for the great Swede when he came into the office.

It happened on a fine April morning that Olsen found himself in the office with Paroni; both had come to get some trifling information about a piece of work from Kilgour, the manager. Kilgour happened to be out, and Sachs, the clerk, was the only person in. The Italian was looking at the big green safe, with its gaudy gold letters: Gowanus Ironworks: Michael J. Forde. He smiled as he turned to Olsen.

"Oughtn't to be hard to get that open," he grinned.

"Hell! No!" Olsen laughed contemptuously.

The Italian slued round on him quickly. The smile was no longer on his face. His eyes were leveled at Olsen's, keen and hard.

"Well, what about it?" he asked crisply.

The clerk leaned forward tensely. His mouth was slightly open. His ferret eyes were half closed.

"I don't care," Olsen laughed.

And so that night Jörn Olsen was initiated into the mysteries of safe breaking. He understood the functions of the finder, who was Morris Sachs, whose business it was to get all possible information about the layout of the land, when the proposition was at its safest, and when most money would be kept. He was introduced to Dave Ryan, a red-headed, stocky little scoundrel, whose work was to effect an entrance in the rear, and to open the front door for the cracksmen, and while the work was on to watch for possible interruptions. He was shown the great sectional jimmy, which is hung about the neck, and the brace, which is carried snugly between belt and crotch, and the shining panoply of minor implements which the hip pocket is filled with. And it was made known to him, also, why he was chosen as a member of this marauding company—because he was a skilled mechanic, because he seemed a dependable and fearless man, and because he was unknown as a criminal factor to the police.

"Well, I don't care," was his cheerful, casual acceptance of the whole situation. And he laughed chucklingly, as a boy might do at the prospect of some grotesque prank.

A night or two later they sneaked up to the ironworks, letting themselves in at the main entrance with the keys the wily Sachs had provided. The red-headed Ryan pried open a back window, twisting the bars with his Stillson wrench. The front door clicked open, and Olsen and Paroni slipped in. A neat hole drilled into the upper left-hand corner of the ornate safe; a fierce struggle with the wrenches; Olsen's tremendous shoulders bearing on the sectional jimmy; and in a cloud of dust and mortar the great safe was ripped open like the top of a sardine box.

"By golly!" was Olsen's only comment, accompanied by his light laugh. And again he laughed at the division of the spoil.

Then followed the rigid routine of the cracksman—the steady working in the plant to avert suspicion; the grim control over nerves. But in all that period—and during it he and Paroni, with their finder and attendant scout, managed a few other little jobs with the neatness and dispatch of finished workmen—in all that period a queer

For Six Months Afterward She Lived in a Sort of Romantic Glamour, Aiding This Bandit of a New World

sense of humor made his working a whimsical joke, as though he were enjoying his part in some private theatricals.

It is hard to explain why Jörn Olsen adopted this. He had no need of money. He wasn't inclined to dissipation. There was no tangible reason for his looting safes. But there was one, an intangible one, very satisfactory to me. I see his outbreak as I see the roaming forays of the blond Vikings of old, crashing through the blue seas northward to harry Iceland and on their way southward to ravage the purple Latin hills. I see it as I see the outburst of the Red Danes when they drove through Anglia and fought, for the sheer love of fighting, with the kilted Gaels of Ireland. A queer sort of thing it is—the outbreak of a caged tiger: the freshness of a stalled horse: an itch of muscle and an itch of mind.

There circulated, with that queer wireless of the underworld, the intelligence that a new master cracksman had appeared low on the horizon and light, like a new moon. A great taciturn man, with the sensitive fingers of a violinist and the strength of Yussuf Hussane; daring, rapid, alert, a wizard of mechanism, as the story went. The safe squad at headquarters puzzled their brains about him; sent out their stool pigeons in a humming swarm, and swore softly when they returned without the slightest branch of news in their curved beaks. Your big-safe men are the aristocrats of their profession. Their brains are active, as active as any policeman's. In the false perspective of rumor the tale was romantic; but the cold reality of fact was that, under Paroni's guidance, Jörn Olsen was topping his chosen profession.

Safe after safe was opened deftly, efficiently and silently, without mishap, until the unfortunate affair of Porthwaite & Son, the big installment-furniture people. It was elected to break that safe on the first Saturday night of the month, when the drawers would be bulging with the payments made on Saturday evening by the honeymoon birds of the Bronx. It was three o'clock on a December morning when Ryan opened the front door for them. Paroni and Olsen slipped in. As they moved through the shadows, suddenly, like a ghostly apparition, appeared the gray-uniformed figure of the night watchman. Paroni cowered.

"Sh-ht!" Olsen's warning was like the faint chirrup of a newly hatched robin.

His hand shot out of the shadows like a snake's tongue, flicking. His lean fingers caught the watchman's larynx as deftly as though it were a tossed ball. Firmly they pressed on each side until the man's head went back, with the mouth open and the hands stretched out like rigid sticks. He let go for an instant and had him on his back, gagged with handkerchiefs in an eye's twinkling. He bound and trussed hands and feet, weaving knots as cannily as any sailor. He carried him over and laid him on a pile of carpets.

"You be all right," he said in his slurring, gentle tones. "Afterward I call up the police, and they'll come and let you out. You just be comfortable."

Paroni was wiping the perspiration from his forehead. Already Paroni had twice seen the inside of a prison, and the faintest possibility of his return to one filled him with a fear greater than the fear of death.

They investigated the huge safe, Olsen tapping over it. The Swede turned and shook his head.

"Use the stick," he suggested.

The hole was drilled quickly above the lock and the dynamite inserted. From every quarter mattresses and carpets were brought to pile about the steel treasure box. At the corner of the office Paroni held the electric pocket battery, ready to turn on the current.

"Just a minute!" Olsen said.

He went toward the safe to adjust a mattress. The fear of the prison and the unexpected advent of the watcher had played on Paroni's nerve. He fiddled at the battery. Inadvertently he turned the switch. There was a muffled roar—and Olsen tottered and fell, laughed, tried to get up, failed, laughed again, grew very white in the face.

"By golly!" He managed to grin. "My leg!"

Indecision and nervousness dropped from Paroni like a cloak cast aside. Quicker than I take to write it he was outside, talking to Ryan.

"Get Sachs!" he ordered. "Get a closed car. Get her quicker'n hell! Get me?"

"Put all the stuff together," Olsen told him as he came back.

"Damn the stuff!" Paroni swore. "Your leg's broke."

"You think I break a leg," Olsen laughed wanly, "and not have anything for it? You collect that stuff, Marco!"

Gently they carried him out and put him in the car. A muffled purr and they started southward.

"Can't take him to his place," Ryan puzzled.

"Damn it! We can't take him to a hospital," Paroni answered.

"We'll take him to Belle Foliott's," Sachs, the little finder, broke in. "She's a good sort and she'll take care of him. We'll bring him right down to her."

"Before you bring me anywhere," Olsen insisted, "you stop at a drug store and telephone the police about that poor bum I tied up. I don't want him to be there over Sunday. You do it, Marco."

And here, I must add, ends the career of Marco Paroni, master cracksman and decent misguided soul. While Jörn Olsen was lying abed, his bones knitting slowly together, a thin, quiet man, with spectacles, tapped the Italian on the shoulder. He was sentenced for a nearly forgotten burglary to fifteen years, his third offense. In Sing Sing he died. . . .

*"Oh, I Lifted at the Department Stores, and Jumped In Occasionally With a Left Mob. I Made Out All Right"*

There was not, at the first time she met the Swedish cracksman, that calm dignity about Belle Foliott she had when Jörn Olsen emerged from Sing Sing. Tall, deep-bosomed, broad-hipped, magnificently curvilinear, there was already in her eyes that expression of shrewd and guarded wisdom which distinguishes the mercenary captain from the knight at arms. She had gone through much.

There was that childhood of hers, sordid as sordidness can be. There were those few years in a musical comedy. There was the shooting by her of Jones, the hotel man, and her acquittal. There was her subsequent marriage to Irving Samson, gunman, loft thief and pickpocket, who was sent up for life for a too-ready use of a revolver, actuated by cocaine. Her whole life had been a guerrilla warfare. Her whole atmosphere had been one of moral malaria, in which she had sprung up like some splendid orchid; and now into this atmosphere came Jörn Olsen, sweeping over it like a healthy salt-sea breeze.

"Oh, well; I guess I'll have to," she told Morris Sachs when he put the problem of the wounded cracksman before her. The hospitality of the underworld compelled her to agree to it; but she had little liking to see her pretty apartment, bought and furnished by blackmail and at the risk of dark prison cells, the abode of some whinging, terror-stricken, uncleanly yegg. "Bring him up!" she said petulantly.

So they brought up the tall and mighty bulk of Jörn Olsen to the apartment of Belle Foliott; and there they left him, with relief in their faces. And to the surprise of Belle Foliott, instead of the man she had pictured, she found a cleanly athlete, with the unconscious courtesy of an ambassador, who deplored the trouble to which he was putting her; who, in place of whining with pain, laughed grimly at every twinge; who had the insistence to sit up and shave himself each morning; who seemed to care as little for the police as for a fly that might settle on his hand.

"I guess I be out of here in a few days," he told her after the doctor had set the leg and put the plaster cast on it; there was always in his mind that idea of intrusion.

"You stay where you are, and don't talk," she said with a gruff kindness that was unusual to her. She slapped the pillows into shape. "You'll get out when you're well again, and not before."

It was to some extent the mothering instinct in her, who had no tie in heaven or on earth; it was also the innate delicacy and courtesy of the man toward her—toward her who had known only the lecherous attentions of Jones, whom she had killed, and the scheming, mercenary quality of her husband, who had used her as a decoy for his thieving; and largely it was the great passionate being in her, whipped into flame by the image of the blond Norse giant—that and the queer sense of fair play and a square fighting ring which she possessed coördinating with the selfsame quality in him—all these factors and symbols, united into a potent formula, which awakened in her something that approximated unto love.

I have met Belle Foliott once or twice since her marriage last year. Because of that friendship between Jörn Olsen and myself—that inconspicuous friendship between an Irish squire and an ex-cracksman—she will tell me many things of those first days when they met. I tread delicately on that ground, for it is very sacred to her and to him who is my friend. It is not for me to wrench away the veil from this varicolored diaphanous mystery, which may prevail equally among the submerged of the gutter and the elect of the land. That is sanctuary, and no decent man or gentlewoman would have me place a profane foot within it. . . . He was holding her hand—long, tapering, well-kept in his sinewy fingers. Her head was drooping. In those long black eyelashes of hers were beads of tears, like dew sparkling in the filaments of a spider's web.

"We get married?" he suggested softly.

"But, my dear, we can't get married!" She raised her eyes and looked at him, and her heart in her bosom fluttered like a pigeon's wing. "My husband is still alive."

For six months afterward she lived in a sort of romantic glamour, aiding this bandit of a new world. Sachs, still the finder for the mob, operated in his quick, efficient way. The red-headed Ryan effected his rapid entrance and flung open the front doors with his theatrical air. But in place of Paroni there was by the side of Jörn Olsen, handing him deftly instrument after instrument, or snapping the little pocket battery, the figure of Belle Foliott. At other times she went outside in the automobile, watching for possible interruptions. On one or two parlous nights she saved the situation by quick wit—as on the evening when she held a patrolman flirting with her for a dubious half hour, with Olsen working steadily about the corner. There was too much sound common sense in her, or she might have imagined herself to be a Maid Marian of a newer Robin Hood, or as the gallant light of love to a gentlemanly highwayman, or as the gray-eyed doxie of an Irish rapparee.

But, no matter how she looked at it, she loved Jörn Olsen. There were no feminine wiles about her—that was not her way; no abandoned outbursts of affection; no maudlin sentimentalities. There was something comradely and mannish about her caring for him, and a fine reserve to it.

"You're a great old kid, all right!" she would tell him. And behind that was the admiration and affection of which her bigness was capable. But she couldn't phrase it otherwise. She was that sort of woman.

I don't know how Jörn Olsen felt about it. I doubt that he knew whether he loved her or not. He took her, I incline to believe, as a heaven-sent phenomenon, which one doesn't question—like sunshine or flowers. There was no rhapsody on his part; though, for a glance, for a word, he would have blasted out of this life any man who annoyed her. He was not given to introspection. Sufficient unto him was the occurrence of the day, whether it was Belle's kisses, or the savor of danger, or the problem of complicated locks.

"Belle," would be the only outburst he was capable of, and that delivered in his low bantering tone, "you're the prettiest woman in America!" But she could thrill to that

(Continued on Page 34)

# SAWDUST AND SALT

## By Carl W. Ackerman

ABOUT a year ago when I left Germany the food situation was very bad. To-day, judging by reliable reports from within the enemy lines and by German newspapers received in Switzerland, it is worse. A year ago the army was not seriously affected by food shortages. To-day it is. One year ago there was little prospect that it would improve unless there was peace. To-day there is a possibility that at the expense of the Russian people the German food crisis in 1918 may be passed.

In February, 1917, the newspapers and the people were bitterly denouncing the food administration. To-day the press is bolder; there are more complaints. Twelve months ago there was nothing to do but talk. Now the people have discovered that the rich and the government officials have always obtained what they wanted; that there has been an enormous traffic in hidden food; and the public demands action. Explanations and excuses no longer satisfy. "The debauchery is there," exclaims the Berliner Vorwaerts in a long article on December 18, 1917, under the caption: The Plunderers of the People at Work.

"The debauchery is there, worse than it could have been imagined. The rations for the masses decrease while the profits for the food hoarders increase. This way is leading to a catastrophe. Where is the hand that will save the wagon from the abyss?"

And all the while the number of substitutes increases—more than seven thousand food substitutes are now reported—and the quality decreases. A physician in Upper Silesia, writing in one of the South German newspapers, declares that the bread is being made of 40 per cent wheat and 60 per cent sawdust, powdered straw and wool. Sawdust and straw are not particularly new, but the wool is. The Berliner Tageblatt on December nineteenth announced that a food manufacturer was arrested for making chicken-soup cubes, bouillon cubes and beef-soup cubes out of 96 per cent cooking salt and four per cent coloring matter. The differences between the three were only in the amount of dye used. He was fined three thousand marks, though he had probably made a fortune before his conviction.

So it goes in Germany to-day—day in and day out. Sawdust and salt are sold for bread and soup, and the people pay in marks and in suffering.

In writing about the food situation in the enemy's country one is tempted to apply the description an American negro gave for near beer. He had just entered a wet state when a friend asked him what the difference was between real beer and near beer.

"Waal," said he, "dey looks alike, dey foams alike and dey tastes 'bout de same; but de near beer ain't got de authority."

In Germany the food and the substitutes sometimes look the same and taste somewhat similar; but the substitutes fail to satisfy one's hunger.

### The Civilian Ration in Germany

SINCE I have been in Switzerland I have taken particular pains to learn what the people on the other side of the border are eating; what the 1917 harvest amounted to; what effect the food situation is having upon the army and what the prospects are for the future. My sources of information have been travelers from Germany, the Swiss and German newspapers, and detailed reports by neutrals and belligerents.

The German menu to-day is about as follows:

MEAT: In Berlin, 250 grams—about one-half a pound—per person per week; in Munich, 200 grams; in Saxony, 150 grams.

BREAD: Throughout Germany, 250 grams per day per person, but all persons performing manual labor for the government receive 500 grams daily.

POTATOES: In Berlin, from five to seven pounds per person per week; in Bavaria, usually 10 pounds per person per week.

BUTTER AND FATS: In Berlin, from 50 to 75 grams per person per week; in Leipsic, from 30 to 90 grams; in Bavaria, between 60 and 90 grams.

MILK: Babies and patients in hospitals now receive from one-fourth to one-half a quart per day each. A year ago every child and every sick person received one liter per day.

*A Cartoon Entitled The Steeplechase of the Golden Calf, Published in Simplicissimus, That Most Ruthless of All German Comic Newspapers*

SUGAR: 800 grams per month per person.

VEGETABLES: In season without cards.

FISH: Only at intervals.

JAM or MARMALADE: About one-quarter of a pound per person per month.

No COFFEE, TEA or COCOA, but small quantities of coffee and tea substitutes.

BEER:. No brewery is permitted to make pure beer and no hops or malt can be used. Only beer substitutes are sold.

With such a scarcity of food it is but natural that one should find continuous and critical comment in the newspapers. Even the comic newspapers thrust their shafts into the food barons or picture amusing scenes in the streets. On December sixth the Munich Meggendoerffer-Blaetter pictured a policeman holding up the street traffic while a crowd of children were lying on the pavement eagerly lapping at a golden stream of honey.

"Mister Policeman," shouted the children, "a lady has dropped a pot of honey which we children want to lick up. Can't you blockade the street until we finish?"

And recently the Berliner Tageblatt printed the following:

"A very amusing scene was witnessed to-day in Leipzigerstrasse near Markgrafenstrasse. As thick as snow there lay along the street-car tracks beautiful white potato flour, which had been dashed out of large sacks from a wagon that was leaning sideways. Suddenly men, women and children made baskets out of newspapers and filled them with this costly luxury. Hats and caps flew from heads, and fortunate was he who had something to shovel with. And as it became darker and darker in the evening they were still working—the fortunate ones, who in this easy manner received the light white flour for their Christmas cakes and did not have to pay an exorbitant price."

But there is no humor in the food shortage so far as the people can see, unless it is called to their attention. More often they read in the newspapers long reports about food scandals, which, as the Berliner Tageblatt on December nineteenth said, "shriek to heaven." On that date this newspaper reported the debate in the Schoeneberger—a suburb of Berlin—Council regarding food allowances to men and women employed on the city estates. Councilman Jobel declared that every boss received 5000 pounds of potatoes annually, while the ration was less than 500 pounds per year, and that each boss had to supply only a very few persons. Herr Jobel added that the greatest wrong was in the distribution of milk, that each boss received one liter per day, the administrator two liters, and the *Schweinemeister*—the master of the pigs—three liters per day.

Stadtrat Jacobs, who had to make some kind of reply for the government, explained that the people on the estates who received such large quantities of potatoes "had to sell them"; and he was laughed at. "The meeting was not pacified, either, by the explanations of the magistrate," the Tageblatt reported, "and a committee of investigation was appointed."

That much progress at least has been made in public meetings in Berlin since February, 1917, when the United States broke diplomatic relations. Before that no committees were appointed to investigate, because it was *verboten*. To-day committees can be appointed, but there is no way of telling what they do.

### Exploiting the Poor

STILL there continues throughout the country illicit traffic in food. Bacon and ham, for instance, cannot be purchased at the markets, even with meat cards, because by underhanded means smoked cuts of pork bring from 12 to 15 marks per pound, and the maximum price fixed by the government is about three marks. White bread, containing 75 per cent of wheat flour, sells for three times what it costs to buy the ordinary war bread. Corn bread or rye bread brings twice the price.

On October twenty-eighth the Vorwaerts gave the following food prices:

| | PFENNIGS |
|---|---|
| Morning drink, half a pound—evidently coffee substitute | 35 |
| [In normal times coffee cost from 10 to 15 pfennigs per cup] | |
| Farina soup | 27 |
| Potato soup | 32 |
| Vegetable soup | 43 |
| Oatmeal soup | 22 |
| 1 pea sausage | 36 |
| 1 soup cube | 10 to 15 |

In December there was a public scandal of no mean proportions because of the mismanagement of the food stores and the high prices paid for food sold "under the hand." A letter of protest by the magistrate of Neukoeln, which was approved by 56 other magistrates, was sent to the national food administrator, Herr von Waldow. When he paid no heed to its charges an attempt was made to publish it in the press; but, as Herr Erich Dombrowski said in the Tageblatt, Von Waldow "tried with all the means of the bureaucracy to suppress it." Finally when it was published it showed that hundreds of freight cars loaded with vegetables and flour were being "lost in transit" and then sold for unbelievable prices. It was discovered, even, that government officials had a hand in the business. In Neukoeln alone, so the petition stated, 425 carloads of vegetables were "lost" and sold at high prices. The prices obtained "underhandedly" were in all instances at least twice and in some instances five times the maximum prices established by the government.

The memorial started a fight among the newspapers. The Vorwaerts and the Berliner Tageblatt, the only liberal papers left in the capital, demanded that Von Waldow resign and that the entire system be changed; that this had demonstrated that the agrarians could not be trusted with the administration of the nation's food supplies. The Deutsche Tageszeitung and other conservative and reactionary papers declared that the present system of food control was really socialistic in its nature and that what was needed was a food bureau conducted in a more conservative fashion. And as the debate continued and became more bitter the poor inhabitants of Berlin had no means of knowing what should be done, and had no means of doing anything even if they had been inspired! Such are the blessings of an autocracy.

Ever since Herr von Waldow has been in office, said the Tageblatt on December seventeenth, the war food bureau has been run for the benefit of the landowners. This newspaper complained that the farmers did not keep their contracts with the city authorities; that they withheld food, especially potatoes, for higher prices or else fed them to the cattle. "And now," adds the Tageblatt, "the fat ration is to be reduced from 70 grams per week to 62½ grams!"

*(Continued on Page 77)*

# LIBERTY À LA RUSSE

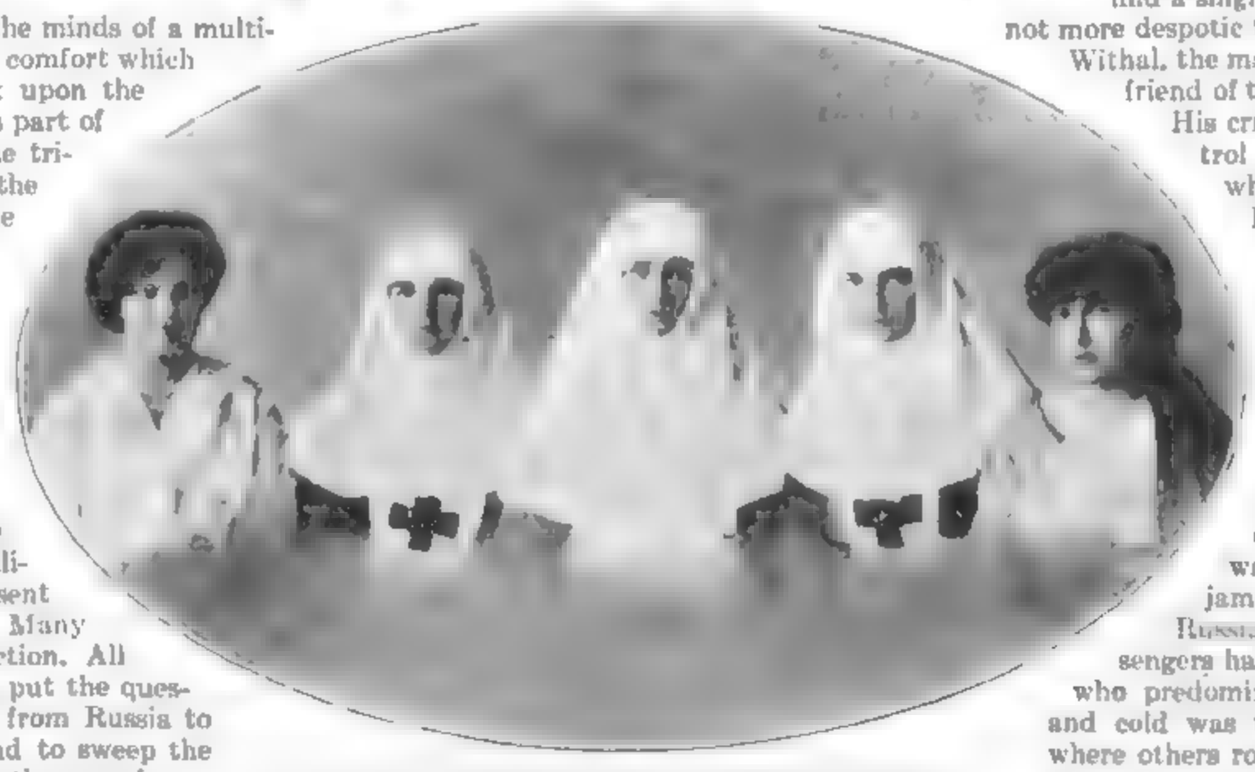
## By William T. Ellis

WILL Fritz catch the Russian fever, and in his delirium abolish the Kaiser and his clique, thus bringing the war to an end?

That question, spoken or hinted, is in the minds of a multitude of Americans. It is, frankly, the one comfort which myriads permit themselves as they look upon the Russian muddle. Bolsheviks avow this as part of their program. The expectation that the triumph of radicalism in Russia will infect the masses of the German people causing the overthrow of Kaiserism by internal revolution, is more widespread than military men would care to admit. Most persons who look for an early peace base their hopes upon this contingency.

More important still, the notion is widely prevalent among workingmen. Socialism is responsible for this propaganda. The idea of a great social revolution, wherein the industrial classes will rise in their might and overthrow at once militarism and capitalism, is one of the present major influences at work in the world. Many sincere men and women cherish this conviction. All must realize that present conditions have put the question to the touch. If revolution spreads from Russia to Germany then extreme socialism is bound to sweep the world. It will be the new force stronger than armies or laws or traditions or patriotism.

Nothing in the entire field of world affairs is, therefore, more important than a clear, frank and dispassionate facing of the real conditions in Russia. Democracy cannot prosper unless it is in possession of the facts. We want to know whether Russian radicalism is a success or not; and whether Fritz, as the Allied troops colloquially call the German soldier, is likely to fall under its spell.



*The Former Czarina of Russia and Her Daughters*

### *A Carnival of Hasty Law-Making*

INSTEAD of reasoning out the subject as an abstract proposition I am going to tell what I saw in Russia, from the capital, through the provinces, clear down to the Caucasus Front; from the bread lines of Petrograd to the loaded wheat barges of the Dnieper. All that I know—and vastly more—is also known to the Germans. Russia is covered with a network of Prussian espionage. The best of the German prisoners in Siberia were provided with bogus passports, to enable them to return, seeing the country en route. A large proportion of the German Jews in Russia are accused of maintaining communication with the Fatherland. Russians, of high and low degree, reactionary and radical, are in the pay of the Kaiser. In Russia it is common report that Germany is footing her bills for the Russian propaganda by made-in-Germany rubles—which is a euphemism for counterfeit money. Everywhere I went in Russia the presence of enemy agents was a more or less open scandal. So Germany has no illusions about the actual state of affairs in the big country on the east.

Another prefatory remark will clear the way for my eye-witness testimony: As this article will make plain, I hold no brief for the old Russian régime. Almost everything that ails Russia now is directly traceable to Czarism. My sympathy with the revolution is real and unshakable. The peasant has a right to ask patient consideration from the world. In the deepest springs of his being he is after liberty and human rights. He needs and deserves tolerance and sympathy. Much that is wrong with him is indisputably the fault of the conditions in which he finds himself. That he has had little or no help from the educated Russians, who are really less effective people than himself, is a fact of large importance. So it is as a proponent of democracy, and as a friend of the Russian peasant, and as one who expects to see a great country one day emerge from this welter of woe, that I write.

If the men of the old Russian order were really strong—which happily they are not—they would long ere this have used the present stage of Russia's affairs as a sufficient reason for restoring themselves to power, a consummation to be neither desired nor expected. It was an American, a famous friend of Russia, who from personal observation on the ground has knowledge of conditions both before and since the revolution, who recently said in my hearing:

"The present Bolshevik régime is worse, point for point, than the old autocracy. It is more tyrannical and unjust. The Fortress of Peter and Paul is fuller of political prisoners to-day than ever before. Enemies of the administration have to hide or flee for their lives, as in the cases of Kerensky and Madame Breshkovsky. Men and women who have spent most of their time in prison or exile because of their devotion to liberty are now hounded by this minority group of irresponsible Bolsheviks as reactionaries. Free speech and a free press have gone, wiped out more summarily than under the autocracy. New laws, of most fundamental and far-reaching character, such as the former Czar would never have dreamed of issuing except after long and careful consultation with his advisers, are lightly scribbled off between breakfast and luncheon by this man Trotzky. Conspiracy is more rife than ever. Oppression is in the very atmosphere. In short, I have thought the whole matter out and I defy anybody to find a single particular wherein this present régime is not more despotic than the old."

Withal, the man who uttered those severe strictures is a friend of the Russian revolution, and no reactionary. His criticisms apply to the present group in control at Petrograd, and not to the nation as a whole.

Honesty compels the admission that Russian radicalism, up to date, is a failure. From the beginning of the revolution to the present hour, conditions throughout the land have gone from bad to worse. At the instant, there flashes before my mind's eye a scene in a railway train in that part of South Russia which now calls itself Ukrainia. The first-class car was crowded as no railway car in America ever was crowded. Every compartment was full and overfull. The corridor was jammed with a cold and smelly company of Russians, rich and poor alike. Many of the passengers had paid only third-class fare; the soldiers, who predominated, had paid no fare at all. Drafty and cold was the corridor; but colder was the roof, where others rode; and likewise the steps and bumpers, where both men and women maintained a precarious hold. Above the jolting of the slow train and the gabble of talk rose the voice of a peasant woman, after the fashion of the impromptu orator, which every traveler in Russia knows well. Fat and sturdy, with a big basket bumping into her neighbor's ribs, was this woman; and her voice was well adapted to calling home the cows across the fields or to making the remotest fringe of a noisy audience listen to her. She was indicting the revolution, and frequently a soldier tried to interrupt or to reply; but in vain, for the sympathy of most of those shaken-up sardines was with their spokeswoman. My interpreter gave me the points, which, condensed, ran about as follows:

### *The Amazon's Speech*

"WHAT is the use of liberty if we cannot have bread or shoes or clothes? Look at this train: Things were never this bad under the Czar. I waited for hours in the station and had to fight like a wolf even to get inside this cold place. Now we have been delayed and delayed, and nobody knows when we shall reach our station. Talk about the blessings of the revolution! Why, the committees give out more new laws than the old officials. A body does not know what will be the law to-morrow; but we do know that we shall have to stand in line for hours for bread or shoes or sugar or cloth, while the children and work of the house are neglected. And the prices! And what is a ruble worth now? It won't buy a tenth of what it used to buy, even if the goods are to be got at all. You may talk all you please about Kerensky and the committees, but I don't see that things are any better for the poor."

That woman's tirade ended in screaming vituperation; yet she would doubtless be one of the first to lead a mob to burn down the home of a nobleman, or to destroy the standing grain to keep the "bourgeois" from getting it. In rather crass public fashion she was indulging the Russian's pet proclivity for self-criticism.

When I got out of that particular train at Rostoff I found a great local interest in the kidnaping of rich men's children by revolutionists, and in the bombing of the houses of the "bourgeois." The arm of authority had here, as elsewhere, become nerveless; committees, subject

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*M. Kerensky With Representatives of the Army, Navy and Church Watching a Revolutionary Procession*

# SAMUEL CREWS' DILEMMA

## A Tale Founded on Fact—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IN WHO'S WHO you will find him described this way:

CREWS, Samuel Stephen—born Banning, Massachusetts, Jan. 14, 1855; son of Stephen and Julia C.; attended public school at Banning until fourteen; worked two years in his father's shoe shop; 1871 employed in a machine shop at Lynn, Massachusetts; foreman of same, 1879–1885; meanwhile married Sally Boyd at Lynn, 1880. Invented improved shoe-stitching machine, 1885; buttonholing machine, 1889; various other mechanical inventions. President Crews Shoe Machines Company; chairman of board Banning Gas, Electric Light and Street Railway. Address, Stony Brook Farm, Banning, Massachusetts.

It follows that on December 31, 1917, he lacked a fortnight of being sixty-three years old, and he looked about that as he sat musing—sometimes aware of the story that Stephen was telling to the group about the fireplace and sometimes quite losing it.

Originally his bulk had been mostly upstairs—across the wide shoulders and through the deep chest; with long, lean legs. He had rather spoiled that of late, for when he stood up and buttoned his coat you noticed a decided rotundity in the abdominal region. But it was still the deep chest and powerful shoulders that struck you first. His head matched their suggestion of a big motor force—a large, rugged head with jutting brows, broad, flattish nose, a wide gash of a mouth and square-hewn chin. He was smooth-shaven and tanned a fine even russet. When his face was settled in repose, as now, there was a deep welt in the tough flesh on either side of his mouth.

*Often It Would Be One o'Clock, Two o'Clock, Three o'Clock in the Morning Before His Wife Could Drag Him Away From the Rude Model in the Shed*

Though a party in celebration of New Year's was going forward in the house he wore a brown business suit, colored shirt and four-in-hand tie. Only strict compulsion could get him to dress up.

The celebration had started at five o'clock. All the window shades were pulled down then to exclude the last glimmers of daylight and the big hall was lighted by a hundred candles, with a ruddier glow from the blazing logs in the fireplace. Nell, at the piano in the music room, struck the chords, and the children came marching in, singing their carol. There were eight of them, from Little Sam, aged eleven, at the head of the line, to Elizabeth, aged eighteen months, at the foot. They sang:

*Clap, clap your hands and sing with glee,*
*For New Year's is here and happy are we.*

As to Elizabeth—whom everybody still called Pudge in spite of her mother's protest that she was quite old enough to be called by a real name—the performance consisted mostly of a loud crowing and a vigorous flapping of fat arms. In the children's dance that followed she regularly fell down every third step—promptly uprearing herself, bear-fashion, and trying it again.

This was Crews' greatest delight in life—to gather all the family, and especially the eight grandchildren, in the big house on Stony Brook Farm a mile out of Banning. The town had grown prodigiously since his boyhood, but from the terrace in front of his house he could look down fairly on the spot where he was born. Up to ten years ago the small frame structure which had housed his father's shoe shop still stood.

The celebration began early because Elizabeth and Billy retired at six. Dinner had been eaten and even comparatively mature Little Sam and Lucy had been in bed an hour, for it was now half past ten. The adult family was gathered in the long living room—seven of them about the fireplace in the west end, and Crews himself a little removed. Only the hooded lights in one sconce were turned on. The logs had burned down to a glowing bed over which sprites of flame danced here and there. So Crews was in the shadow, sometimes musing and sometimes looking over at the group about the fireplace.

He had an odd feeling about them to-night. He thought they were an unusually harmonious and affectionate family; an unusually fortunate family too. His three children had given him cares and anxieties and disappointments. There had been one throat-filling crisis when it seemed that Flora was set upon bringing a tragedy into the house—in the person of Mr. Reginald Keene, divorced. Crews had repeated to his wife, with gloomy doggedness, that a daughter of theirs never could, really. And she hadn't. There had been some heavy-hearted years when he wondered whether Stephen, the youngest, wasn't going to make shipwreck of it. But all that was passed. He could be honestly proud of all his children now. The two daughters who had come in by marriage increased the stock of family joy.

There was Boyd's wife, Nell—sitting on a footstool by Stephen's chair, her hands clasped round her knees. One mightn't call her handsome or brilliant. But of the seven beloved people about the fireplace there was a certain subtle way in which she stood closer to Crews than any other. It couldn't be put exactly into words. He had hardly ever had a gun in his hand even in sport, but pretty essentially he was a fighting man. Somehow Nell always understood.

There was dear little Bessie, curled on the davenport beside her mother-in-law. Of course that long-legged, restless, ruthless, irresponsible Stephen would have chosen gentle little Bessie Woodward for his wife, Stephen himself being mostly unknown quantity at the time. At the wedding ceremony Crews had a gruesome wonder as to whether he wasn't assisting in stretching the sweet bride out on a sacrificial altar where presently her heart would be duly removed. But all that was passed. Certainly now they were a happy and fortunate family.

The odd feeling was that beneath all the affection that bound them together there was a solitary spirit in him which looked out upon them and appraised them—knew well enough their shortcomings and was perfectly aware that in one way or another every one of them had been more or less of a fool. The strange thought was that every one of them possessed also a solitary spirit which looked out upon him and appraised him—knew his shortcomings well enough, the degree and manner in which he also was a fool. Some way he had never thought of that. Undoubtedly every one of them had his or her secret little laugh at the head of the house. Maybe sometimes they all laughed together behind his back.

This wasn't at all a bitter feeling; in fact he chuckled silently over it. Probably he had it because to-night he was obliged to put himself into a new relationship with them. Ever since they had known him—excepting his wife—he had been a sort of beneficent, mundane Providence to them; the bountiful, unfailing source whence all their material wants were supplied. He had been a strong wall for them, the rock on which they built. Well, the wall was toppling now; the rock sliding downhill. He felt it necessary to tell them so. Of course he hated it. In spite of all the assurances he tried to give himself it was humiliating. He had even put it off as long as he could; but the clock was chiming half past ten now.

He rose and stepped forward to a chair at the head of the davenport. They turned to him with a jesting welcome.

"Been sitting off there making your New Year's resolutions, father?" Nell asked, laughing.

"Well, yes," Crews replied gravely. "I've made some New Year's resolutions and I've brought you people some to make too. I've had it on my mind for quite a little while; but I didn't want to jolt you until it came down to the scratch. A year ago to-night I thought I was worth twenty or twenty-five million dollars. To-night I'm broke."

He spoke very soberly, and as they stared at him in startled incredulity an emotion of blank dismay passed through the group almost as though he had announced the imminent death of the family. Deliberately he took a sheaf of papers from his breast pocket and unfolded them. The family looked on, fascinated, fearfully wondering what somber fate could be about to detach itself from the leaves.

"We've simply got to cut down expenditures," Crews went on. Looking over at his oldest child he added, "I'll begin with you, Boyd."

"Certainly, father," Boyd answered with a quiet readiness. That was like him. Physically he much resembled his mother, being rather under medium height and pursy, with a round, good-humored face and red-apple cheeks. He was thirty-six now, with threads of gray in his brown hair. Time was when he had made a sore spot in his ambitious father's heart. But long ago Crews had realized that if a person wasn't born with some dynamic stuff in the top of his head it was as foolish and cruel to blame him for the lack of it as to blame him for being born a blond instead of a brunet. Boyd would set no rivers afire; neither would he ever do a mean, unkind or dishonest thing. Crews had dreamed of a distinguished scientific career for the boy. Under his spur and by endless patience Boyd had managed to win a degree of M.D. His mind would never distinguish him; but he was persevering, sensible, unselfish—good. It would be like him to say "Certainly, father."

"Very well," said Crews, laying his finger on an item in the unfolded sheet. "The hospital has been costing me three hundred thousand dollars a year. We'll shut it up."

"Sam!" cried his startled wife.

Bessie sat up, wide-eyed, as though a monster had burst into the room. There were murmurs of amazement from others about the fireplace. Boyd, dropping his cigar, gaped at his father a moment and exclaimed impatiently, as though an utterly silly thing had been proposed, "You can't do it!"

"Seems I've got to," Crews replied coolly.

A look appeared in Boyd's amiable face such as his father had never seen there before—a flag of anger and rebellion. "I tell you it's out of the question!" he retorted with heat; then strove to subdue his temper and argue it reasonably.

"Why, look at it, father! You founded that hospital sixteen years ago. You put me in charge eight years ago, and you've been extending it ever since—the maternity ward, the day nursery, the free dispensary. That means you've made it more and more useful—got people to depend on it more and more. You've always encouraged me to go ahead. Only last year you told me to engage Duplesse for research. He's working on infantile paralysis now. He'll get results if he can go ahead. Don't you see, people depend on it! It's a public institution. They've got to have it. The wards are full now. Everybody is busy—doing good."

The stream of affliction that flowed through the hospital came up in his mind. He recalled forms and faces—wistful faces of mothers, forms of little children.

"It simply can't be done!" he repeated indignantly. "It would be taking life away from those people. You've taught them to look to you for that help—to depend upon it. You can't take it away. You owe it to them now. What would become of them? They've no place to go. The County Hospital is full to the roof. If the Crews Hospital had never been founded the community would have had to provide something to take its place. But it was founded. You did it voluntarily. You've assumed an obligation. Why, it would take two or three years at best to replace the Crews. It's simply got to be kept running—at least until it can be replaced."

"Keeping it running costs three hundred thousand a year. Can you find the money?" Crews asked.

Boyd looked down a moment because the sight of his father's face was disagreeable to him; then stood up.

"Yes!" he said; "I'll find the money. I've got to. There must be somebody who can keep the hospital going. There's got to be. It simply can't be closed. I'll find the money. But it will take some time, father. You must carry it on for the time being. Surely you can do that. When you talked about retrenching I supposed you meant just my living expenses. You can cut them to the bone. Of course that wouldn't go a great way toward meeting the hospital bills. But surely you can find some money for the time being. Can't you mortgage this place?"

His mother, who had sat listening in extreme astonishment, now spoke up decisively: "Of course we can keep it going until some other way is found. We can sell this place. We can sell the furniture in it. Of course we'll keep it going." She turned to her husband, deeply shocked and unable to understand him: "Why, Sam, you must know it's impossible to close the hospital!"

She had lost a waistline long before. The girlish figure with the pretty plumpness of a pigeon, which stood beside him at the marriage altar, had begun to vanish full thirty years ago. When one stood five-feet-two and tipped the scale at a hundred and seventy, no dressmaking art could conceal the fact that one was stout. There were thick streaks of gray in her hair which she made no attempt to conceal. But her brown eyes were as bright as they ever had been, her cheeks smooth and rosy, even when a fireplace glow did not heighten their color. There would be no lines in her face to match the rough furrows in his. There was no restless dynamic stuff in the top of her head to send her out hunting for tasks to grip and strain at. She would set no rivers afire—a simple, sensible, fond, steadfast woman. He knew it would be as good a New Year's for her if they were living down in the lodge keeper's house, provided her family was about her, well and happy. That was her life.

"Have you lost your money, dear?" she asked gently If he had she was sorry for his sake. She asked the question almost in the same way that only two days before she had asked the grieving Lucy: "Have you lost your Christmas dolly, dear?"

"There is hardly a dollar in sight," Crews replied.

"It would be better to close the institute than to close the hospital, daddy," said Flora; and her husband, looking over at her and nodding, said "Yes, indeed!"

Some of Flora's friends had said she was romantic; some had said she had the artistic temperament. She was tall like her father, and had enough of his brow and chin to indicate heady temper and strong will. Once her parents had debated her with grave faces and foreboding hearts. Once, even, she had brought their hearts into their throats. That was during the brief Reginald Keene episode. Then she had dumfounded them by fixing her impetuous regard upon Arthur Bevans, six years her elder, with a pointed reddish beard and slightly bald—an associate professor of chemistry in Camhurst College, on eighteen hundred a year. Their objection was not that he lacked money, but that he seemed to lack everything else that would make a suitable husband for headstrong, unstable, extravagant Flora. She had married him and gone heroically off to her cottage in Camhurst; and presently her parents discovered that their reserved, introspective, slightly bald son-in-law had both brains and character Now he was as much one of the family as Boyd's wife and Stephen's.

Ideas were what interested Crews—to make a bully, strong stroke off his own bat; to start something going; to branch out and push something along. He had taken up with Bevans' educational ideas. The result was the Banning Institute. The public could go there to look at the pictures, to hear the concerts and lectures. Conservative educators might regard it as a shockingly scrambled, heterodox sort of place. But it was beginning to attract considerable attention from the more open-minded.

Crews glanced down at the sheet in his lap and observed: "The institute cost a hundred and fifty thousand last year. But if I haven't got the hundred and fifty thousand I don't see how that will help the hospital."

Flora spoke up impetuously: "Dad, we can find the money! I'll start out with a subscription list in the morning. It's like the hospital—it really must be kept going. Don't you see, we've got the plant now; we've got the staff. More than that, we've got the pupils and we're getting the public really interested. Why, if we stopped now all the work and thought and money that's been spent on it would simply go into the wastebasket. I suppose the hospital is more important. If women and children are sick there must be some place where they can be cared for. But look at all this mess and bungle of education. Everybody knows we've got to find better ways of managing it. We've got to have more children in school and we've got to give the children who are in school a better return for their time. Public institutions are always conservative. They'll stick pretty close to the old path. There must be ways to strike out on new lines—try out experiments. Men with money must help on the pioneering. What better use can they find for their money? I'll go to New York. I'll go to Boston. I know a lot of rich men. I'll go at them hammer and tongs. We can cut down if we have to—get along with only a hundred thousand. But we must keep it going, because it's proving itself now. It's taken six years; but that's a short time. You know how hard it is to get a thing of that sort organized and started—to begin to show any results. I can show them the situation. I'll make them come across. Why, it would be a great swindle on the pupils we have there now if we shut it up. They've invested their time in it—their hopes in it. We lead a boy round and show him various things; we encourage him to browse round himself until we strike a thing that really grips his interest. Then we say: 'Very well; you want to be an engraver; we'll teach you how.' And after he's worked his head off a couple of years we step in and say: 'Excuse us; we made a miscalculation; you must get out.' That would be rotten! We must keep it going. You know more rich men than I do. You can give me letters if those I know don't give up enough."

Crews smiled over at her and remarked: "The only trouble with that is most of the rich men I happen to know personally are in about the same boat that I am."

Stephen expressed their thought by demanding wonderingly "What's happened?"

Crews took a sheet from the sheaf in his lap, placed it on top of the others and contemplated it a moment, thoughtfully rubbing the side of his nose. It had been many years

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"A Year Ago To-Night I Thought I Was Worth Twenty or Twenty-Five Million Dollars. To-Night I'm Broke"

# LETTERS FROM THE WAR

## By WILL IRWIN

PARIS, November, 1917.

RAILROAD travel, though very uncomfortable in these days, is so interesting that one is tempted to record every little suburban trip. All day, on the second stage of the journey from Rome, we were encountering French and British troops going forward to the defense of the Piave line. From cattle cars along the sidings fresh blond English faces grinned good-humoredly under trench caps and British cheers thanked us as we pitched cigarettes from our car window.

Not putting too fine a point on where and how I saw them, there were Frenchmen also, waving greetings and blowing kisses to the ladies or lilting snatches of song—the Frenchman is always merry when he sings, as the Englishman is lugubrious. Here and there we had a chance to talk with them; and we found a certain Roman rumor to be founded on truth: Both the British and the French are glad, very glad, to be going into Italy.

"You see, monsieur," said a poilu, shifting his pack to get a light from my cigarette, "one grows weary of the same old trenches. Perhaps we can get them in the open, and then—*pouf!*" A gunner of the British Army, his cap festooned with the flowers bestowed by dark-eyed Italian maidens, remarked on the climate. "Puts joy in your 'eart, it does!" he said. "Ypres in winter is 'ell!"

Everything, on the Italian side, wore a holiday air. It is the land of winter flowers, and some of the detachments marched, like the army in Macbeth, under a wood, not of forest green but of floral green and red and white, so handsomely had the ladies done by them. Every building flew pavilions of French, British and Italian flags; every wall bore municipal proclamations welcoming the victors of the Marne and the Somme. Now and then an American flag showed amid the others, and when I investigated I always found that the shop or house belonged to some Italian who had worked in the United States. "When will the United States declare war on Austria?" these citizens of the two countries always asked.

### *Wartime Travel in France*

WE STOPPED for the night at Nice, after an evening run past Monte Carlo, whose lights, seen on a promontory across a dark bay, still rim the terraces with their old brilliance. Nice, be it known, before the war was the largest resort, perhaps the most fashionable, on the Riviera—the winter playground of Europe. The Riviera is a more cultivated and finished version of the Californian coast; and Nice is similarly a more permanent and better-built Atlantic City. Even in peacetime, November is a little out of the Riviera season; as it was, when we came to luncheon next day in the hotel we found only three tables set.

Along the Promenade des Anglais, the magnificent sea road that in peacetime more than matches the boardwalk at Atlantic City for display and for sweep of life, one sees only the old or the very young, the mutilated, the ailing. Here an old Englishman, too feeble for any usefulness in the war, is rolling along in a chair propelled by an antique valet, himself well beyond military age. There sits a woman in widow's weeds, her eye on three well-behaved French children. All along are men in uniform or in civilian clothes, with the ribbon of the War Cross in their buttonholes, lolling or strolling with the weak motion of convalescence.

As for fashion, there isn't any: the people wear old clothes, just barely neat. The town may freshen up a bit in the season, for even last year French people of means were still sometimes giving themselves the luxury of a short holiday; but just now Nice is as dead as an abandoned bird's-nest.

In Rome it was impossible to secure sleeper reservations on the French trains. When I applied at the Nice station I found that one sleeper was going through to Paris every night, but that the berths were engaged for eight days ahead. In the present state of French passenger traffic I could not arrange an all-daylight schedule. It was a case of sitting up all night—a feature of travel to which one grows accustomed in the war countries—or of getting *couchettes* from the conductor. The *couchette* I have explained before. It is a substitute for a berth in these days and circumstances, when there is no energy or labor for washing extra sheets or caring for extra bedding. The two parallel seats of a European first-class compartment made very good couches.

In certain carriages upper couches may be let down from the walls; this gives, all together, accommodation for four—a sleeping compartment without bedding. By energy and diplomacy I secured two *couchette* tickets just as we pulled out for Marseilles, with a train crowded almost to standing capacity. So great was the demand for passage, indeed, that the girl conductor, doing the best she could to accommodate everyone, was obliged to disregard the distinction between first, second and third class passengers; and a group of poilus, going back to the line from their leave, were permitted to grab standing room in the corridor of our carriage.

This line still runs a dining car; and the fare, being cooked by Frenchmen, is good, though simple. However, it was switched on to the rear of our train, some five or six cars away from us; and when the porter announced dinner and we filed out we found that we must fight for our meal. Getting along the corridors was like bucking the line. You edged and crawled about people; you climbed over soldierly bags, packs and kit trunks; you remained stuck for five minutes at a time while the press in front arranged itself to let you through.

Coming back, heavy with food, was even worse. On this return trip I collided with the group of poilus packed into the end of our corridor. They had been dining from their packs. I am not sure but that their relatives, on bidding them good-by, had slipped in something a little stronger than army red wine, for they were still singing, while the officers farther down the corridor regarded them indulgently. One of them, a magnificent, strapping Alpine Chasseur, asked, as he rose to let me through: "English? Ah, the English are our brave allies!"

"No—American!" I replied.

"Ah!" he roared, opening his arms and taking me in. "The Americans are my comrades. Listen! You must sing with us French and Americans together—to beat the dirty boche. Is it not so?" Therefore, I must remain for five minutes, being instructed in the words and music of a song that will never be reprinted in the hymn books.

*Not So Much as a Dog House is Left Intact in the Town of Chaulnes, Which Was Destroyed in March, 1917*

He is a cold and reserved person who, in these days, does not get acquainted at once with everyone in his compartment. Two of our fellow travelers were especially interesting—a slim, neat-stepping clean-cut Scotch engineer, and a big blond French captain. The Scotchman had been down to a Southern port in pursuance of the only trade a Scotchman may have nowadays—beating the Germans. He looked as though he had acquired a new and aggravated case of sunburn. That was caused, he explained to us, by a flame-blast which hit him in the face during some of his experiments. He had recently been working in England with submarines, and he dropped some general observations that help to explain why Germany is having so much trouble getting volunteers for her submarine crews.

### *Monotony That Kills*

"IT'S the monotony which kills in that game," he said. "Nothing to do but sit cooped up in a narrow little hole, with the sea pounding all round you, for hours and hours. You sleep lashed to a shelf and you eat standing up. I used to say to myself: 'I won't look at my watch again until I'm sure an hour has passed.' I'd look finally—and it would be ten minutes."

The captain spoke good English, for until the war broke out he was chief engineer of a French liner running into New York Harbor. He came from a town near Lille, where his family is yet cooped up by the Germans.

"But my mother is dead," he went on; "the news came from some people who were repatriated through Switzerland. So are most of my uncles and aunts. One of my brothers has gone into this war. My home town has been nearly destroyed; the old family house where we have lived for generations is gone. It doesn't much matter now what happens to me."

He might have gone on with his old job, since France needs seafaring men. But six months after the war began he enlisted and worked up from the ranks. For more than a year he has been steadily at Verdun, where really the great battle has never ceased; and he wears on his right sleeve two of the notches that designate wounds. Before the evening was over he had given us a really precious souvenir of the war—a paper knife made from the copper of a German shell band which he had hammered out in a dugout under shell fire—"to keep my mind engaged," he said.

We stretched ourselves out finally, fully dressed and covered

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*The Castle of Plessier de Roye Stood in the First Line of the French Before Lassigny, in the Department of the Somme*

# EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

## By Nina Wilcox Putnam and Norman Jacobsen

II

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"But, My Dear Child!" She Exclaimed. "You Told Me You Had Proper Riding Clothes!"

SINCE the early days of my childhood in Boston, I have ever observed that the pictured terrors of one's imagination are almost inevitably more dreadful than the cold facts found exigent on an impartial examination of the reality—if you know what I mean! And it must be confessed that in the case of our rescue of Miss Esmeralda this assumption held true.

As we—Captain Tugwell and I—came, as I may say, charging in through the window, the captain in the lead, myself following with all due expedition, almost the very first thing we saw was Miss Esmeralda herself, still sitting at the table we others had all quitted in such confusion! I say still, because I have evidence that she had not moved. I believe I mentioned her request for what I take to be a sort of native food with her—ham and eggs and fried potatoes. Well, this crude dish had just been set before her when the excitement started. And at the moment of our reentry she was about halfway through her strange supper! Moreover, she was the only person in the café who was still calmly eating, though a few others were straggling back to their places.

Miss Esmeralda's red hair made a striking note of color as she sat there in this oddly reposeful way, and she was apparently not in the least concerned by our absence. Indeed, at the moment of our return she was gazing earnestly up at the stodgy face of a waiter and practicing her newly acquired linguistic accomplishment.

"*Pourqui n'pas vos a Front?*" she was demanding of the stodgy one earnestly, though, of course, absurdly.

"*Parce que je suis Suisse, ma'm'selle!*"

"*Suis Suisse!*" she repeated, puzzled. Then she hailed Captain Tugwell with a smile. "What's his excuse?" she demanded.

And Captain Tugwell was so surprised and relieved that he answered her question before he inquired for her; not that any inquiring was really necessary—that was obvious.

"He says he's a Swiss!" said the captain. "I say, now; you haven't been here all the time, have you?"

"Why, it wasn't much of a fight," explained Esmeralda. "Just somebody hit a German. I saw they weren't drawing any guns; so I thought I'd better sit tight and finish my supper. I knew you'd all be back."

The relief I experienced was intense; but I felt that this preposterous situation had continued long enough.

"Miss Esmeralda, your aunt is waiting for you outside," said I. "May I help you on with your wraps?"

"Oh, there you are back again, Penny!" said she, turning to me, the little mole on her left eyebrow giving her a more quizzical look than ever. "So there you are again! You went out of that window pretty pronto, didn't you? And you are not a neutral Swiss, either!"

It was fearfully embarrassing. I could hardly explain that I had been impelled by Mrs. DeWynt. And my inadvertent, as I may call it, behavior, on top of her attitude toward my feeling of duty about not enlisting, was distinctly annoying. But she did consent to come along, though she cast a reluctant glance back at the remnants of her supper.

Outside we found the cars had arrived, and that Mrs. DeWynt was fully restored to her usual executive capacity.

"Esmeralda Sprunt, what is this outrageous thing I hear!" she exclaimed. "You are to get right in the back of the car with me! I shan't allow you out of my sight again. Allie, you get in front with the captain."

And so obeying, when the good nights were said, we drove home—a miserably cold, silent drive, during which the captain and I found little to say to each other, and the ladies less. Esmeralda maintained a puzzled silence; she, as usual, could not see what she had done to displease. Take it all in all, Mrs. Langdon's party had been a miserable failure.

The day following was Sunday, and rainy. The senator and Mr. Willy, of the President's Purchasing Board, motored down in the morning expecting to play golf. Captain Tugwell was carried off bodily, before eleven, by Mrs. Langdon, Marjorie and the inevitable St. Johns, and Mrs. DeWynt kept her bed, worn out by the fatigues of the preceding night. When once my menus for the following day were made up, I wandered downstairs, desolated, wondering where Miss Esmeralda was. I had not long to ponder the question, for from the library came roars and bellows of laughter. Looking in through the portières, I beheld a most unwonted sight.

The center of the room was occupied, as you may have supposed, by the object of my search, her bright head gleaming in the place of, as I may say, sunlight, and seeming a very acceptable substitute at that. In her lap was that terrible dog of hers, and on either side sat the senator and Mr. Willy, both convulsed with amusement at some story she had just been telling. I say the sight was unprecedented, because, so far as I am aware, this was the first time Mr. Willy had been known to laugh; and the senator, when the elements interfere with his golf, is not generally approachable—to put it mildly.

"So these two boys, who had been so unjustly run out of town," Esmeralda concluded, "came back early one day and broke into the bank. No one knew they were there, and folks began coming in to deposit money, and what not. As each came in the doorway, Charlie would hold 'em up, frisk 'em and stand 'em in line. By noon all the best citizens were present, standing in a row. But that didn't satisfy the boys. They waited until the time lock opened at two o'clock, emptied the vault, put the best citizens in, locked it up and went quietly away."

When the laughter subsided Mr. Willy put a question.

"You do really seem to know the West!" he exclaimed. "That accounts for your remarkable knowledge of horses the other night, eh?"

"My father raises them," said Esmeralda. "We have about six hundred head."

"Well! Well!" said Willy. "So your father is C. E. Sprunt, eh? Ah! Hum! And this is your first visit East?"

"Yes," said Esmeraldasadly. "I—I came to do war work: but I am apparently good for nothing! I can't knit or sew or cook; and the bandages I rolled were terrible! Somehow, I just haven't the feeling for nursing."

"Ah! Hum!" said Mr. Willy again. "There must be something such a clever girl can do. You'd like to do something?"

"If only I knew how!" Esmeralda exclaimed.

I turned away, not caring to hear more. Somehow, no matter what the conversation, if Miss Esmeralda was in it, it eventually came back to the war, and why somebody or other who had no concern in it wasn't doing some beastly thing like volunteering! Why, I even once caught her talking that way to Hoskins, the butler, a man with a wife! That terribly healthy appetite of hers had evidently driven her to ask him for supplementary food, which she was sharing with her animal, Jeff, and at the same time engaging Hoskins in an argument as to why he should go to France.

"I'm sure Aunt Sally will keep Mrs. Hoskins on as maid," she was assuring him. "That'll make her independent of you. And the khaki is much more becoming than your striped coat."

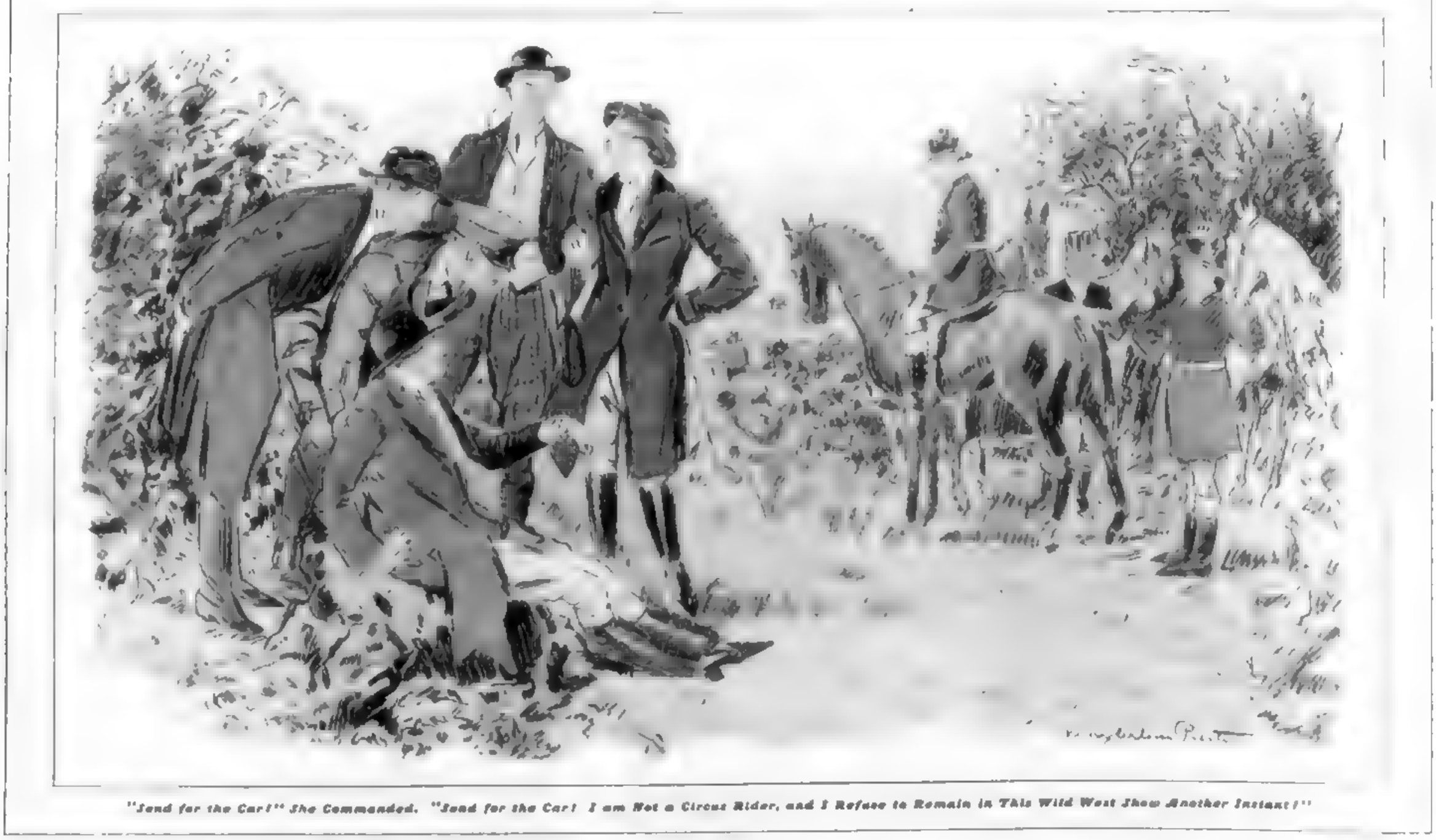
Really, I hardly know what Hoskins would have answered—he seemed totally at a loss—if I had not come to the rescue by carrying her off. So you can see that this type of conversation was beginning to make me distinctly nervous.

At luncheontime Captain Tugwell returned, and with him were Marjorie and Mrs. Langdon, with her attendant dancer as usual. They had failed to keep the captain to luncheon and so had invited themselves over. At the meal the senator made what seemed a perfectly harmless announcement.

"I have had the horses sent down from Lenox," he said. "They came last night. Stood the trip well, Jackson tells me. We'll ride this week."

"Good enough!" exclaimed the captain. "I've been promised a mount. And you'll ride, of course, Miss Sprunt?"

"Marjorie rides beautifully," put in Mrs. DeWynt before Esmeralda could answer. "And I will go with you



"Send for the Car!" She Commanded. "Send for the Car! I am Not a Circus Rider, and I Refuse to Remain in This Wild West Show Another Instant!"

myself. The senator won't be back till Wednesday; we will go to-morrow."

"Oh, I just think horses are ducky!" cried Marjorie.

"May I come, Aunt Sally?" asked Esmeralda.

"Of course you'll come!" exclaimed the captain.

But next morning I was fated to witness a somewhat painful interview between Miss Esmeralda and Mrs. DeWynt. The horses had been ordered at ten, and at a quarter before that hour Miss Esmeralda came downstairs arrayed in one of her quaint Western costumes. She wore a divided skirt of khaki; heavy boots of, I presume, a cow design—I have referred to them before; and a sombrero.

About her waist was a gay sash and on her hands fringed gauntlets. I myself do not indulge in equestrian sports, and so was no real party to the scene; but I was there to see them off, and I can assure you that her costume was in marked contrast to the correct garb which Mrs. DeWynt had donned for the occasion. Mrs. DeWynt, though stout, is always correct. At sight of Esmeralda's costume she held up her hands in horror.

"But, my dear child!" she exclaimed. "You told me you had proper riding clothes!"

"Aren't these all right?" asked Esmeralda wistfully. "I've always worn them."

"But not in Long Hampton!" said her aunt decisively. "They would never do!" Then she had an inspiration. "Besides," she added, "I'm afraid there is no horse for you. Jennifer, the mare you were to have had, is lame, and there is only one which nobody in the family has yet ridden. He's too wild."

"I'll gentle him for you!" said Esmeralda, her face, which had registered chagrin, brightening visibly at the idea.

"I couldn't dream of permitting it!" exclaimed her aunt. "Especially in those clothes! Never, my dear!"

"But please tell me what is wrong with my clothes," begged Esmeralda. "I really would like to suit you, aunt."

"Well, everyone wears breeches here!" Mrs. DeWynt exclaimed. "I'll see that a proper habit is ordered for you. Meantime you must do as I say."

Very, very regretfully Esmeralda submitted, and went upstairs. She could not endure to see them start. I watched them myself, though without envy; in fact, I was rejoiced, for, if opportunity offered, I was determined to see Miss Esmeralda alone and explain my position about not having enlisted. The subject still rankled, in view of the unfortunate coloring Mrs. DeWynt had given to my retreat in that downtown café. And so it was that when, a few moments after the equestrians' departure, I heard her approach my study door, I was filled with most pleasurable sensations. I straightened my tie.

"Come in!" said I before she had fairly knocked.

And Esmeralda came in, that Jeff dog at her heels. She had not changed her clothes; and from her manner I saw at once that I was not the object of her search, but only a medium to some other end.

"Penny!" said she excitedly. "I'm going riding—and you are going to help me to!"

"But—but ——" I began to protest.

"But me no buts!" said Esmeralda, running her fingers through her red hair and twitching that disconcerting eyebrow at me. "But me no buts! I'm going mad for lack of exercise in this funny village that looks like the country and acts like the city."

"But your aunt has said ——" I tried to edge in.

She waved me to silence.

"I know she has said!" cried Esmeralda. "That's why I'm here! Of course I want to please Aunt Sally, if possible; and if she thinks it's proper for me to wear breeches instead of skirts, and won't let me ride without them—why, I'll wear them; that's all. And you'll have to lend me some!"

"I! I!" I gasped. "Never, Miss Esmeralda! Besides, there isn't any horse for you this morning."

"You'll help me saddle the new one," said Esmeralda firmly.

I rose in alarm.

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" I exclaimed. "Your aunt ——"

Esmeralda treated me to a long stare.

"So you won't, eh?" said she coldly. "Very well, I'll have to do without you. Humph! I'm beginning to be glad you are not in the army—a lot of help you'd be if you were!"

And with that she turned on her heel and left the room, the dog creature following; and, thoroughly shaken, I sat down, endeavoring to compose myself.

It was not over twenty minutes later that I heard her descending the stairs. I knew who it was by the little tune she was singing—something about "Ten thousand cattle straying"—a favorite with her. Hearing this, I rushed out to remonstrate with her while there was yet time. But from the moment I entered the hall I realized that it was already too late.

We have an impressive stairway at The Beeches, and many an impressive procession has passed up and down it when we were entertaining. Yet never have I felt as I did on beholding Esmeralda descending on this occasion. Neither, I am sure, did Hoskins, who chanced at the moment to be in the hall, and who, like myself, stood transfixed at the sight.

For Miss Esmeralda had found and donned a pair of breeches—tucked them into the cow boots, and, accompanied by the Jeff dog, was serenely coming down so clad; and the breeches were undeniably and unmistakably Captain Tugwell's!

I think I have mentioned those tweeds of his—they being of a loud and easily recognizable check, and most offensive to my more refined taste. And here they were, blatant, as I may say, upon Miss Esmeralda's shapely person!

What to do about it, though! Naturally I felt a certain overwhelming delicacy about referring to the accouterments of her nether limbs. And neither could I permit her to appear in public in those garments. I was, indeed, in a quandary. Everyone who beheld those trousers would most certainly know to whom they belonged. Yet she could not well be requested to remove them. There was but one thing to do—dissuade her from riding. I determined to try that. Just as I reached this decision Miss Esmeralda espied me; and, breaking off her song, she hailed me as genially as if she had not just left me in anger.

"Hello, Penny!" she said. "Come on out and see me off, you old copper cent!"

"Miss Sprunt," I replied stiffly, "I trust you do not really intend to go out in—to go out on that new horse; you do not seem to be aware of the danger. Why, even Captain Tugwell, an English sportsman, did not care to make the attempt!"

"Didn't he, though?" said she lightly, apparently at ease with the world now that her object seemed likely of attainment. "Didn't he? Well, perhaps we won't try an English saddle; but we can and will try an army saddle, eh? Come along, you rough thing!"

And, catching me by the arm, she compelled me to race the length of the hall and out across the lawn to the stables with her, the Jeff dog running with us, barking and playfully snapping in the most disconcerting manner. Nevertheless, I confess I rather enjoyed it.

At the stable we found Thomas, the fellow who had come down with the horses, and a stable boy. Esmeralda let go my arm and told them what she wanted. As they were new to the place, they could not, I am glad to say, recognise the tweeds; but at the request for the Kaiser they were astonished enough.

"But we haven't even been able to saddle him, miss!" said Thomas. "The only one as can do that is Jackson, miss, and he's out with the party, ridin'; and he do give 'im a heap of trouble."

Esmeralda's eyes gleamed. "Good!" she said. "Then he ought to be a lot of fun. Where is he?"

"This way, please, miss," said Thomas; and we followed him into the stables.

The groom led the way to a box stall where a beautiful gray hunter was moving about in a restless fashion.

"You can't 'ave a 'alter on 'im, miss," said the groom; "so we 'as 'im in the box stall. I 'ave to carry 'is water in to 'im, I do; for we can't well lead 'im out."

"Well, get me a rope and I'll snare him, then," replied Esmeralda, not in the least disconcerted by this alarming news.

The man tried hard not to stare at the order, but obeyed, unsmiling.

Evidently he, even before myself, appreciated the seriousness of her undertaking. Esmeralda took the rope, examined it, and, finding it satisfactory, addressed the attentive groom.

"Hold this for me," she said, giving him an end.

She then made a most curious knot in the thing, so formed that, though it made a noose, the rope was not held by it, but slipped through easily. With this in hand she approached the stall and, over the top, threw her lariat with amazing swiftness and surety; and the next instant, to the equal astonishment of all of us, including the horse, she had the thing about his neck. With a second deft little motion she had twisted the loop about his nose, and turned to Thomas, laughing.

"There you have a halter, eh—what?" she remarked.

Then she started to lead the Kaiser toward the gate; but the horse reared back.

"There goes 'is tricks!" cried the groom. "'E's a narsty one, 'e is! P'raps you'd rather saddle 'im in 'ere!" Evidently he hoped she was getting tired of the job; and he was willing enough, for his part, to give it up.

"No; we'll take him outside," said Esmeralda, considering. "Inside, he might jump up and bump his head."

Then, somehow or other, we got him outside—that is to say, Miss Esmeralda did. And as soon as he was in the yard he made a brave dash for liberty, dragging Miss Esmeralda along with him for several feet, until Thomas and the stable boy sprang to his head and brought him to a tremulous standstill. The creature stood there snorting, and Esmeralda called to the grooms to take hold of the rope above her hold. Wonderingly they did so; and then she, still keeping an end in her hand, went over to a strong post, which formed a corner of the fence, and looped the rope to it.

"Now let go, and shoo him over to me!" she cried.

I do assure you my heart stood still as they obeyed. It was a terrifying sight, the approach of that great gray animal; but as fast as he came Esmeralda calmly looped the slack round the post, until the horse was finally close to the fence. In coming up the loop had slipped from round his nose, but that about his neck held tight as he pulled back on it.

"Isn't he a nice little horsey?" said Esmeralda with a light in her eye that told me this was her first moment of real enjoyment since she had been in our midst.

By this time the animal's eyes had begun to pop out, as his wind was slowly cut off by his own straining. All at once he gave a sudden lunge toward the fence, came up against it hard, and then, almost as abruptly, drew off, perfectly docile, and standing meek and quiet.

Esmeralda gave the rope a slack and drew nearer. I trembled as I saw her little hand go out in a caress of his great flank. Soon she was murmuring to him like a mother to her babe, her hand creeping toward his head in a succession of little love pats.

"Whoa, horsey!" said she, at length patting him on the nose. He snorted, but permitted the caress.

"Bring the saddle now," cried she, without stopping in her attentions to the horse.

Thomas obeyed with alacrity. He approached the animal gingerly and was about to put the saddle on.

"No—no!" said Esmeralda. "Give me the blanket first."

She took it from the man. The horse winced from it; so Miss Esmeralda offered it for his close personal inspection, permitting him to smell it. This seemed to reconcile him somewhat; and he only trembled when she cautiously slipped it upon his shoulder, and then slid it back into place.

She repeated this performance with the saddle. Once it was on she bumped the stirrups gently against his sides, patting him reassuringly meantime. Then with a cautious foot she reached under the creature, caught the girth with her toe, and, with many a precautionary caress, had the thing cinched!

At this point Thomas, who had hitherto kept his distance, actually succeeded in bridling the Kaiser.

"You 'ave a way with 'orses, miss!" said he respectfully.

"So have you," said she with the enthusiasm of success. "You ought to be exercising it in the army. The Allies need your sort!"

At that instant my glasses dropped off, and when I recovered them I trembled indeed, for Miss Esmeralda was in the saddle.

"Which way did they go?" she asked, addressing me for the first time since our arrival at the stables.

"To East Hampton," I responded gloomily.

"Which way is East Hampton?" she cried.

I pointed dumbly. She nodded. The horse described an arc with his forefeet, and she was off, a mere streak of black and white.

I stood limp and shaken against the door frame until she was out of sight, both the stable boy and Thomas watching with me. Then the latter approached me with a grave face.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he; "but I do think perhaps I'd better give notice. What she said about my bein' of more use over in France—I do know 'orses, if I s'y so myself. And when a young lidy like that arsks when is yer goin', it mykes a chap think! So, if you please, sir ——"

"All right, Thomas!" I assented, feeling unable to protest. And, anyway, one couldn't very well protest.

Then, feeling completely defeated, I returned to the house. Her going off like that in the face of dear Mrs. DeWynt's express orders was bad enough, but the resigning of Thomas, so long our faithful undergroom, was rather the last straw! It was my thankless task to engage the servants, and at the rate we were going the household seemed likely to be entirely depleted; for I have forgotten to mention that she had somehow discovered that the senator's valet was of conscription age and had not registered—this before she was with us a week!

But, though the impending servant question was, I admit, a worry, the thought of Esmeralda's tearing off in that mad way was the really depressing thing. Not that I need have troubled except as to what Mrs. DeWynt would and, in point of fact, did say, as I subsequently learned. Of course I was not an eyewitness to what follows; but I have pinned it together from the somewhat emotional and disjointed account my dear patroness gave me, and the picture I herewith submit is, I trust, veracious.

(Continued on Page 60)

*Poor Dear Mrs. DeWynt Is Not Fond of Cows; Indeed, They Fill Her With Profound Distrust—Yet Daisy Ruthlessly Carried Her Into Their Very Midst*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 23, 1918


## Running the War

WE WANT a small board of directors, practically all-powerful under the President, to manage the war. We do not want a body that is thrust into the executive machinery by Congress against the will of the President and not cordially accepted by him.

The Constitution puts the whole executive branch of the Government in his hands. There is no way of taking it out of his hands even if that were desirable. He is the only instrument, under the Constitution, through which the United States can work executively. It is beyond the power of Congress to curtail his powers or supplant him in any material degree. A board or cabinet to which he was hostile, no matter with what paper authority it was endowed, would be nothing but a monkey wrench tossed into the machine.

Whatever is done to effect a better organization of the executive side of the Government must be done with the President's assent and coöperation.

The executive side of the Government unquestionably needs better organizing. It has by no means broken down. There has been, and is, some incompetence and inefficiency; but that is far from being the whole story. The President can point to great achievements; but he should see that there have also been failures in some important particulars.

Mr. Wilson is evidently loath to accept a small, powerful board of strong men who would necessarily take over much of the detailed management. An able, self-confident man naturally likes to retain authority in his own hands. With a proper war board the President would no longer be the court of last resort on all questions; his personal rôle would be somewhat less conspicuous.

But judicious delegation of authority to capable subordinates is pretty nearly the whole secret of executive ability. The President must see that the present situation can be only a more or less successful muddling through. Hitting on three cylinders the machine may get over the road. But it is not the right way. Of his own motion the President should create a real war board. The appointment of Mr. Stettinius is a hopeful sign.

## Efficiency on Paper

SOME little time ago business took us to an office that is of high importance to the United States in this juncture. The first thing we saw on entering was a large wall chart full of little cubes and circles depending one from the other like a sort of geometrical Christmas tree. It showed the organization in balanced and symmetrical perfection. At sight of it our heart sank. Quite as we had expected, the gentleman in charge of that office thought we should apply at Bureau Seventeen; the gentleman in charge of Bureau Seventeen was fairly sure that Bureau Thirty-six was the one for our affair; Bureau Thirty-six sent us to Bureau Forty-two and Bureau Forty-two sent us back to the first one. Such is chart organization.

For a good while we have been hearing that the Food Administration was about the most efficient thing at Washington. The other day we read with much satisfaction that it is one of the things at Washington which does not have a chart of its organization hanging on the wall. From that simple statement we understood its efficiency.

The prevailing notion is to draw a picture of efficiency; make a map of it; plot a nice large chart, with the commissioner in a circle at the top and the three deputy commissioners hanging from him like the three balls of a pawnbroker's sign, and all subordinate functionaries, offices, bureaus, adjutants and lieutenants represented by appropriate squares and circles in balanced harmony; then to tack that on the wall and admire it.

Organization is then perfected and cast in an iron mold. You cannot take the second deputy auditor from this side, where there happens to be nothing for him to do at the moment, and put him over on the other side, where there is much to do, because that would ruin the symmetry of the design; your chart would become lopsided.

For efficient farming draw a chart showing that the farmer is superior to the hired man and the corn land must first be plowed, then harrowed, then seeded, then cultivated and finally harvested. If you do not get a good crop with that, try red ink.

## Future Shipping

CANADA recently announced that the merchant ships now built or building with public money will be retained by the government after the war and operated as a public utility in conjunction with the publicly owned railroads.

At the end of the war the United States Government will own a merchant fleet nearly or quite as large as has ever sailed under any flag except the British. The first intention was to lease our government-owned ships to private operators; but with the great enlargement of the Government's shipbuilding program that intention is by no means conclusive. The German Government has voted a great sum for shipbuilding. The German merchant fleet may be used as an implement of national economic strategy, and if that should involve a loss of direct shipping profits the government would make it up. The presence of many millions of tons of merchant bottoms that are essentially directed by governments may have a decisive influence on the industry.

Broadly speaking, private enterprise cannot compete successfully with government enterprise, because government can ignore direct profits and private enterprise cannot. If government thought it worth while in the interest of national trade as a whole to cut ocean freights to the point of cost of operation or below, it could do so and draw upon the public treasury for the deficit. When private enterprise fails to pay expenses it goes bankrupt.

Government operation of ships once launched on an extensive scale might easily force nearly all shipping into government hands. Then if one government cut freights competing governments would do the same. The net effect would be to remove shipping from the category of industries that pay their own way and make it simply a charge on public treasuries.

Getting into government operation after the war would be much easier than getting out of it.

## Waste and Go Cold

THERE seems hardly to have been a household or a factory of any sort in the United States east of the Mississippi that was not pinched for coal this winter. This was not only in cities; apparently in every village there were houses where the furnace went out and people resorted to stove wood for heat.

The estimated output of coal in 1917 was only seven or eight per cent below the estimated demand; we were short only a matter of fifty million tons. There is not the slightest doubt that we annually waste more than seven or eight per cent of our coal output. There is no doubt that if we habitually used coal with reasonable economy we should have had enough to go round.

The United States has always run with an ample margin. If it was too lazy to get proper drafts in its furnace and to stoke carefully it need not mind much, because it had the coal to waste. It has had food, clothing, timber, metals to waste. In sheer carelessness it has burned up a hundred million dollars or so of buildings every year. It had them to throw away if it felt so inclined.

War has wiped out all the margin. Whatever we waste we shall pinch for. If we throw away coal we shall go cold. We have got to cut our cloth to the economy pattern or run out of cloth. This choice is up to every inhabitant every day.

## The Labor Question

THE United States Employment Service, a branch of the Department of Labor, after reviewing conditions the last of January made this statement of the situation:

Taking the country as a whole there is no apparent shortage of labor. The number of workmen being sought by employers and the number of workmen seeking employment are substantially equal. On the face of the returns, if labor were properly distributed every man would have a job and every job would have a man. "Except for temporary inconveniences," it adds, "the United States Employment Service believes that practically every willing and able worker can be well employed during the current year and that the needs of every industry can in a reasonable time be filled practically up to one hundred per cent."

No doubt there are demands for labor, particularly farm labor, which do not come to the notice of the service. On the other hand, there are great reserves of labor power—for example, labor of women—which the service apparently does not take into account. But the big fact remains that there is no good reason why a wheel or a plow should stand idle for a moment in the United States this year on account of a lack of labor.

The labor is here. It is even here superabundantly. When we see England, France and Germany, with eight to nine times our proportion of hands drawn off from industry into the armies, and still subsisting the civil populations and turning out mountains of munitions, it is absurd to talk about any real labor shortage in the United States. If the United States fails in any degree, on account of lack of labor at any given point, to turn out all the food and goods of every sort that it needs this year, to that extent it will be a bungler.

The only problem is to mobilize the labor force of the country and keep it at work. The labor dispute that develops to a stoppage of work is a betrayal of the nation. To every stiff-necked friction-maker on either side of a labor difference the Kaiser owes a decoration and a pension.

## Work on the Farm

SINCE Adam delved and Eve span no agricultural undertaking has been more important to mankind than this year's American harvest will be. It is lack of food that is beating the Kaiser in Austria and at home. Not military reverses, but plain hunger is raising this insistent cry for peace.

But France and England also are on short—and shortening—rations. When the British food controller cabled Hoover in January that he must have seventy-five million additional bushels of American wheat between then and May he had some formidable figures before him. The French wheat crop has declined steadily for three years. No improvement can be expected this year. England's bread-producing capacity is small. No surplus can be expected from Russia. It is to America that the Allied armies and civil populations must look.

All our amateur schemes of schoolboys' cabbage patches on vacant lots are merely slight palliatives. The real food supply must come from labor applied on farms by or under the direction of experienced farmers.

The labor is here—plenty of it. It must be combed out by canvass and patriotic appeal. It must be attracted, too, by good wages. The Government has already guaranteed a minimum of two dollars a bushel for this year's wheat crop. As to all the food products it should announce a policy of such profits to the producer as will enable him to compete for the floating labor supply.

The Department of Agriculture has divided the country into four farm-labor divisions, in each of which it will set up an organization, coöperating with state and local agencies, for the purpose of getting labor to the farms. Labor with some experience of farming is wanted.

Throughout the country and embracing all the country towns there should be a campaign as energetic as a Liberty-loan drive, to get all workers with farm experience into the field this spring.

## Mr. Wilson

NO PRESIDENT since Washington has had the confidence of the people in a higher degree than the present occupant of the White House. No other President, since Jackson, at least, has enjoyed the hearty confidence and admiration of the American people under his right name.

A friend calls our attention to the momentous fact that this President even conducted a successful campaign for reelection without any considerable body of his fellow citizens feeling it necessary to certify their affection for him by calling him Old Cockeye, or Bully Boy, or Gandershanks; or even Woody.

This is a great fact, marking the culmination of an epoch in the political development of the United States; the opening of a new chapter. It means that we have habituated ourselves to a "biled" shirt. We sit down at the table of the nations with our coats on, and choose a fork in preference to the more expeditious table implement, as though we'd been born to it. Something free and genial—albeit more or less uncouth—has passed away.

Future historians will remark that in the first quarter of the twentieth century the United States definitely took its place as one of the great Powers; and coincidentally its newspapers fell into the way of calling the chief executive "Mr. Wilson." They will point out that spiritually the two phenomena are merely two facets of the same fact, signifying the end of adolescence.

# "TRAWLER, LITTLE TRAWLER"

## By RALPH D. PAINE

*The Daily Drudgery of Mine Sweeping is the Riskiest Game of the War by Land or Sea*



*Out of the Narrow Harbor Entrance the Steam Trawlers File Seaward in Quest of Mines*

THE American destroyer fleet on active service in the war zone was lucky enough to cruise seven months without losing a ship by mine or torpedo; but the price of warfare had to be paid sooner or later, and bitter disaster was only deferred. It came, the first taste of it, with the destruction of the Jacob Jones and the death of two officers and sixty-four fine young seamen, snuffed out with no chance to fight back, drowned or torn to bits by an enemy unseen whom neither skill nor vigilance could thwart. A few days earlier another destroyer had disabled and captured a German submarine; not to mention certain U-boats that had been obliterated with all hands by the explosive depth charges deftly dropped. It is give and take, tit for tat.

When this destroyer failed to return to her haven after a tour of duty with a troop convoy bound to France, it came as a shock, grievous and almost unexpected, for the fleet had come and gone with the certainty and regularity of an express-train schedule. The peril was always there, but one seldom mentioned it, and the edge of anticipation had been dulled. An Englishwoman living in the port, who had endured many sorrows of this kind and to whom there was nothing novel in tragedies of blue water, wrote in the course of a letter to a friend:

"To-day we are very sad over the Jacob Jones, but the war takes its toll of us all. And each time it hits us we must face it and show we are not afraid. It is better to die and win than to live and lose."

It is brave consolation to know that the men of the lost destroyer died and won, true to the traditions of a navy which has many times stood the test of adverse fortune. They had rescued from sinking ships more survivors than any other vessel of their fleet, including three hundred of the crew of a torpedoed British auxiliary cruiser—a splendid feat of seamanship; and they had seen and attacked their share of submarines. But for the most part the Jacob Jones had steamed many thousand miles with no more molestation than if she were on the southern drill grounds at home. When the crisis came, however, those who survived the explosion did what could be done, swiftly, methodically, without panic, without faltering. This is the wonderful thing in the navy spirit and discipline: That it takes the raw boy from the farm or the shop and stamps him with an unflinching manliness that prefers not to live and lose.

### *Game to the Last*

THERE had been no glimpse of a submarine when the watch officers on the bridge of the Jacob Jones saw the torpedo coming at top speed, breaking the water, diving and leaping out again like a frolicsome porpoise. The ship was instantly turned at increased speed, but she could not dodge the blow, which tore her hull like paper and killed the men below decks. The destroyer floated eight minutes, during which those left alive were trying to clear away the smashed boats, or standing at the guns on the chance of a shot at the submarine, or helping the stunned and wounded. Every man for himself was no part of their doctrine. When the steaming wreck plunged under, alone, with no other vessel to lend a hand, some of the crew were swimming, others hanging to rafts or bits of wreckage and to the one boat that still floated. The water was very cold, the winter wind soon chilled them to the bone, and several died of exposure. Night was coming on and there was the slenderest hope of rescue, for the radio had been smashed when the ship blew up. It was in such circumstances as these that Lieut. S. F. Kalk died like a gallant gentleman. His commander reported of him that during the early part of the evening, though already in a weakened condition, he swam from one raft to another in order to equalize the weight on the rafts. The bluejackets who suffered with him paid him the best tribute a man can win, for they agreed that "he was game to the last."

*The German Mine of To-day Explodes With a Prodigious Bang and a Spouting Geyser of Water*

Another instance of this unselfishness in extremity was that of C. Charlesworth, boatswain's mate, first class, who removed some of his own clothing during the night and passed it to comrades who were more thinly clad than he. They were washing about upon an overloaded raft and all hands realized that their lives depended on keeping warm. Of this the boatswain's mate was well aware, but his was the code of share and share alike.

Lieutenant Commander David Bagley, one of those finally picked up, who had made a fine record with the Jacob Jones, is very much such a man as his brother, Worth Bagley, who was killed aboard the torpedo boat Winslow in the Spanish War—both ruddy, intrepid and light-hearted in danger. It was a coincidence that I should have said good-by to them before they sailed on their ill-starred voyages—the one at Key West twenty years ago, the other in a port of the Irish Sea where the British ensign flies.

Such misfortunes as the loss of this destroyer and more than half her company bring the American and British navies into a closer kinship and create a more sympathetic understanding. To the people of the United States the sinking of a ship like this is sensational; to the ports of the British Isles it has become a sad commonplace, to be dismissed by the London newspapers as an item of two or three lines. There are widows and orphans at home to mourn the Jacob Jones, but for one of these there are a hundred wives and kiddies from Plymouth to the Orkneys who mourn because their sailors never came back from the sea. How and why they perished and what the task is for the others to "carry on" may not be wholly understood on the western side of the Atlantic, where the interest has been mostly focused on the deadlocked battle fronts of France and Flanders. But the war must be won no less in the ships than in the trenches, and for this supreme purpose the two navies are united as one.

Much has been heard of the might of the Grand Fleet which waits and watches in the North Sea, but not so much of the thousands of humbler craft that keep the channels clear for traffic. Now and then certain journalists and official visitors with the proper credentials have been courteously invited to make the tour to the Grand Fleet—a memorable experience and vastly impressive; such a pageant of sea power tugging at the leash as the world has never before beheld. These sight-seeing pilgrims are entertained and shown about with punctilious thoroughness; and it is alone worth the tedious journey to meet Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty—jaunty, indomitable, his cap slightly over one eye—to ask him if he thinks the German High Sea Fleet will venture out again, and to hear his crisp, twinkling reply:

"We're here, what, what?"

This phrase aptly sums up the whole matter. It is the naval policy and history of the war in an epigram, worth more than a hundred pages of technical elaboration. It means that England maintains control of all the seven seas because she has a battle fleet so much the stronger that Germany dares not send her navy out of her own ports. It is the factor which makes possible an aggressive warfare against the submarine, Germany's one naval weapon and her last desperate resort. The Grand Fleet, by virtue of its superior force, everywhere safeguards the surface of the sea so that the destroyer may wage its campaign against the U-boat and protect the convoys laden with supplies and troops.

### *The Work of the British Navy*

THIS holds true to the extent that as soon as a sufficient number of destroyers can be built to furnish adequate escorts for all merchant convoys it will make little difference how many submarines are sent against them, for it will be almost impossible to break through the protecting screen.

Shipping losses are still heavy and there is not a moment to waste if a grave shortage of food and of tonnage in which to carry it is to be overcome, but the submarine will play a steadily losing game if the United States concentrates her tremendous energy for naval construction upon the destroyer program. During the war England has built new destroyers with amazing speed and in numbers almost incredible, but the demands for their services are so varied and far-flung that hundreds more are urgently required.

What the destroyers and the thousands of other small armed vessels were called upon to do was forcefully outlined during a talk with a British admiral who commands an important North Sea base.

"The obligations imposed on our navy became greater daily," said he, "and huge efforts were necessary to increase the naval forces both in material and personnel. Campaigns were in progress in Africa, Egypt, Macedonia and

Mesopotamia, each requiring its quota of naval aid. Ships of all classes were laid down and completed with remarkable promptitude; thousands upon thousands of men were recruited and trained, while many hundreds of small craft were hired and put into commission and organized for patrol and escort work and the all-important duty of mine sweeping. Daily it became evident that expansion could not be too great or too rapid. Our coast line with its numerous and important harbors was bare to attack, while the shipping which passed coastwise like an attenuated line had its weak spots everywhere and its strong ones nonexistent.

"It was on such points that the enemy first made his attacks. Battle cruisers making the North Sea passage by night at high speed bombarded first Great Yarmouth, then Scarborough, and later Lowestoft. These naval raids had for their object the terrorizing of the inhabitants of the coast towns. It was hoped that an outcry for protection would be raised and that public opinion would force a dispersion of our main fighting forces. The country kept its head, however, and the navy remained true to its principles.

"In our search for the causes that prompted the enemy to take this line of action we have not far to seek. The pressure of the blockade was making itself felt and the backbone of the blockade was our naval concentration. The battle fleet must be tempted from its position to take the risk of submarine and mine, and to suffer attrition necessary to reduce its forces to the level of the Germans.

"Another and more serious menace was, however, in store for us, and one which has proved a severe tax on the navy ever since. I refer to mine laying as carried out by enemy submarines. This form of activity was at first confined to the east coast. Counter measures had to be adopted. A great increase in the number of mine-sweeping vessels was made and many more crews were trained. By degrees the splendid personnel got the upper hand of the mine menace, though during the initial phases of this insidious form of warfare our resources were severely tried. The threat became more widespread, however, and it soon became apparent that Germany was building considerable numbers of this particular class of submarine. Activities gradually extended through the channel to its western ports, to the Irish Channel, and to the southern coast of Ireland. This extension was gradually but surely met by British mine sweepers, ever increasing in numbers and efficiency."

*Once Set Free and Floating, the Mines are Sunk by Rifle Fire From the Decks of the Trawlers*

### *The Deadly German Egg*

IN THE early months of the war the task of sweeping the channels and harbor entrances clear of hostile mines was comparatively simple. They were laid from disguised merchant vessels, some of them flying neutral flags, and they were pretty certain to be caught if they persisted in it. Then the ingenious Hun discovered that he could equip his submarines to creep under water and sow mines like some infernal sea monster depositing its eggs. Detection was almost impossible, except when an occasional submarine sat down upon one of its own mines and instantaneously became a total loss. Here was a phase of the war which the public knew almost nothing about. It was commonly assumed that the submarine menace was aimed against merchant vessels at sea by means of torpedo or shell-fire attack—a problem to be solved on the surface. More incessant and determined, however, more deadly in its power to throttle commerce was the mine-laying submarine, which ranged every thoroughfare of the British Isles. It was a sinister, invisible blockade, which attempted to destroy every ship bound in or out, coastwise and offshore. Unchecked it would have beleaguered Great Britain and made starvation imminent long ago.

These mines were planted not only by thousands but by hundreds of thousands; and the grim silent conflict still goes on, the trawlers sweeping them up, the German submarines stealing across from Zeebrugge, Helgoland or Kiel to drop another cargo in the hope of destroying merchant or naval vessels with all on board. It has become a losing game, for the hated Briton knows all the tricks of the trade by now, and his shipping comes and goes as part of a system wonderfully well organized; and the skippers know their roads have been made safe before they venture forth. The immense volume of trade among the many busy ports on all the coasts flows almost without interruption, passing by the masts and hulks of other ships, which came to grief earlier in the war when German invention displayed the same devilish aptitude for this sort of work that was revealed in the use of gas and liquid fire on land.

It is a mistake to assume that these mines were sown adrift or in any haphazard fashion. The Teutonic mind does not work that way. Almost all the floating mines that nervous shipmasters have sighted at sea had broken away from their moorings and were not deliberately left to wander, on the chance that something might bump into them. This would not be precise and scientific enough. They are dropped and anchored by chart and scale, and the submarine commander is told just where to leave his unholy freight.

The German mine of to-day is a wonderfully efficient contrivance for its purpose—a huge steel egg containing an air chamber for buoyancy and several hundred pounds of high explosive in the base. Round the top, at the large end of the egg, are horns, four or five in number—small cylinders of lead several inches in length—which are bent or broken at a touch from a passing vessel. Each horn has within it a glass vial filled with a liquid that runs down into the mine as soon as the vial is shattered and combines with certain chemicals to make an electric cell. A current instantly passes through the wires leading to the detonator and sets the machine off with a prodigious bang and a spouting geyser of water. More deadly than a torpedo, such a mine is almost certain to rip the bottom out of the stoutest ship afloat. Smaller craft, such as trawlers, drifters, smacks and coastwise colliers, are usually blown to fragments.

The submarine lays them through openings in her bottom—four or five wells, in each of which are two or three mines very neatly packed one above the other. The mine itself rests in a cage or cradle with a heavy concrete anchor base, something like an egg in a cup, and the whole contrivance leaves the submarine in this compact form. Thereafter it proceeds to act on its own initiative, with almost human intelligence. In the mooring base is a coiled wire cable which releases itself by means of a hydrostatic valve with a delayed action that permits the submarine to get clear of entanglement and collision. The egg or mine floats upward, rising from the cup until it reaches a point eight feet below the surface at the slack of the tide. There it sways and bobs in ambush, its fragile horns holding sudden death and obliteration, with no possible way of discerning its presence from the deck of a ship. These are costly eggs, with all their delicate mechanism, and the Imperial German Government is something like fifteen hundred dollars out of pocket for every mine laid off England's coast. In the approaches to one North Sea port alone more than a thousand mines have been swept up during the last year.

And still the German submarines persist in leaving more of them; nor does their enthusiasm show any signs of waning. Possibly the theory is to keep the British Navy busy, or part of it, and so divert it from other duties more annoying to the enemy. The mine layers creep in when the tide and weather favor, unload, and promptly the sweepers clean them up and the signal goes to the long processions of laden merchant ships that they may safely proceed on their courses.

The navy could not spare the men for this kind of work, nor were naval vessels suitable for it. In the ancient, wind-swept fishing ports of Lowestoft, Grimsby, Hull and Yarmouth were thousands of courageous seamen who knew the North Sea as a landsman knows his own dooryard. They raked the Doggerbank with their trawls and earned their bread in rough waters, toughened to cold and danger, staunch Britons to the soles of their sea boots, and heartily hating the Hun and all his works. There was nothing new to history in this fighting a foe in the North Sea. The forefathers of these fishermen of Yorkshire and the Norfolk coast had battled with the Danes, the French and the Dutch through a thousand years. Every headland has its stirring traditions, every harbor its tales of foray and defense, and the ruins of Scarborough Castle overlook the scene of a Norse king's descent upon the fishing fleet in the dim twelfth century.

### *North Sea Warfare*

STERN experience has developed a powerful, seaworthy type of vessel for this North Sea fishing, just as it has bred a wonderful race of men. It is a region in which only stout hulls and stouter hearts can hope to endure and survive. The muddy, shallow waters are lashed into sudden fury by gales which swoop down with little warning, creating a wildly disordered sea. Fog and mist cloud the fishing banks and darkness obscures them in the winter months, with sunrise after eight o'clock and dusk beginning at three. One must have known North Sea weather to realize what Admiral Jellicoe meant in referring to the "low visibility" which hampered the British naval tactics and gunnery during the Battle of Jutland.

It is weather that favors the swift raids and hurried retreats of German destroyers and light cruisers, whose bases are so close at hand. They have harried the helpless sailing smacks and hurled shells into unfortified coast towns or snapped up a convoy or two of neutral merchant steamers bound across from Norway. The keenest lookouts on the bridge or in the crow's nest of a British patrol squadron can see no more than a tiny area of this gray and melancholy sea; and it is impossible always to prevent the German raider from working mischief and scampering home again. It was such provocations as these that roused the North Sea fishermen to volunteer for the work of patrolling and mine sweeping, just as the dropping of bombs on London drove thousands of recruits into the British Army. The skippers and crews of the trawlers and drifters were their own free men, stiff-necked and independent, eying the small pay and rigorous discipline of this navy job with some disfavor. Many of the boats were filled with kinsfolk or neighbors who had sailed and toiled together since boyhood.

While they deliberated, not so much hanging back as making up their minds, the German submarines were sneaking across to the fishing grounds to take their cowardly toll of the little unarmed boats. Not unarmed for long, however, because the smacksmen clamored for guns and hoisted their red sails to beat out and tackle the pest of a submarine and even up the score. They saw their old friends and shipmates fetched in dead or wounded from other vessels of their fleet, and the list of missing swelled.

*Only Stout Hulls and Stouter Hearts Can Hope to Endure and Survive This North Sea Fishing for the Mines Which the German Submarines Planted by Hundreds of Thousands*

(Continued on Page 24)

## You get a double value in this wholesome soup

It not only gives you a surprising food value for your money but in using it you save many of the usual expenses.

The soup comes to you ready cooked and prepared, and the contents of every can makes twice its volume of nourishing and satisfying food—a food which cannot be duplicated in any home kitchen at anywhere near so low a cost—to say nothing of the saving on your fuel bill.

And there is health as well as economy in the regular use of

# Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It combines many valuable elements of nutrition in a well-balanced and tempting form. With the invigorating beef stock, we blend an abundance of choice vegetables, sustaining cereals and fragrant herbs.

We include potatoes, sweet yellow turnips and tender carrots, diced. Also baby lima beans, small fancy peas, Country Gentleman corn, Dutch cabbage, fresh okra, celery and parsley, and a purée of fine tomatoes. We add rice, barley, alphabet macaroni and a delicate bit of leek, onion and sweet red peppers.

You have no added materials to pay for, no cooking expense, no labor and no waste.

By means of the extensive Campbell organization—its expert agricultural staff, its experienced buyers, skillful chefs and perfectly equipped kitchens—you get the benefit of wholesale economy at every step.

You cannot do a wiser thing than keep a supply of this strength-giving soup always on hand.

Be sure to add *boiling* water. Bring the soup to *boiling point.* Let it simmer for a moment. Then serve it *hot.*

## 21 kinds — 12c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

## Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

The old-fashioned romance of salt water has not vanished when a ketch-rigged sailing smack with a crew of five men and a boy—a craft smaller than the ancient schooners which ply along the Maine coast with lumber and granite—actually fights and sinks a submarine. These doughty smacks did the trick, and more than once. They did it with gunfire, with one gun at that; and the Hun learned to be wary of the fleet that fished and fought by turns. At first the submarines that undertook this business carried no guns of their own, but trusted to a torpedo or a haughty summons to take to the boats while bombs were placed in the hold to blow the smack up. This was a blundering procedure, and also painful for the surprised U-boat that filled and sank with the shells ripping through her skin.

Skipper Thomas Crisp won the Victoria Cross in the smack Nelson, and he gained this supreme award for valor while dying on his own bloody deck. It is a fine story to read about in England; but it is far more gratifying to hear it, as I did, from his daughter's husband, who was with him in the engagement as a member of the Nelson's crew. We met aboard a vessel of the North Sea patrol.

He was sandy-haired, blue-eyed, diffident of manner, with a homely sense of humor that lent an artless touch to the narrative and kept it clear of heroics.

"We were driftin' about a bank where there was plenty of fish," said he, "a bit to the west'ard of this eight-fathom knoll, which you can see for yourself where it is on the chart, sir. The rest of the smacks was some distance away with their nets out and all so peaceful and merry-o. One of the hands was airin' his mind about submarines and wot he'd do to the perishin' blighter if he caught 'im, when pop, up comes the Hun no more than a hundred yards from us. It wasn't no shy and artful peep through a periscope that he gave us, but he boils up awash and is quite ready to finish us off all speedy and scornful-like. Smacks was regarded as of no consequence, in a manner of speakin'.

"My father-in-law, 'im that was Skipper Thomas Crisp, had another opinion about the matter, bein' a stubborn man and owning the smack, which was a very good vessel indeed. And the crew more or less belonged to him, as you might say, his own son bein' aboard, besides me that was his son-in-law.

"This Hun had a gun on deck, and what was the use of wastin' a valuable torpedo on us poor beggars? A few shots and we'd be handsomely done in, do you see, or takin' to the boat all in a jolly scramble. So away he blazes; but we gets the cover off our own popgun to be all sociable and obligin' and returns the compliment. Our skipper draws his share o' hard luck, and plenty of it, for a shell comes aboard where he is standing by the tiller and takes off both his legs. He was fair cut in two, poor man, and there was nothing much left of Skipper Thomas Crisp below the waist. It was very amazin' to us that he was not dead at once, but there he was, sir, lying on the deck and conscious, though sufferin' mortal pain. He begged of 'is own son and me to throw him over the side and end the grievous agony, but we had not the heart to do it for 'im, and was disobedient to our skipper for the first time."

### Cheered by the Dying Skipper

"He was not forgetting the smack, mind you, and told the men very emphatic to work the gun and blow the blighted submarine to hell. Also it was on 'is mind to send word to the admiral that the smack was attacked by a Hun and was in a bad way, with her skipper killed. It was himself that told us to get the message off by a pigeon and what to say, afore he died. This is how the skipper got his V. C., and it was a great pity he could not live to journey down to London and see the king, which would have made 'im very proud indeed. It was most encouragin' to the rest of us to have the skipper cheer us up instead of him dyin' promptly, which would have been quite proper under the circumstances, don't you think, sir?

"We kept on slappin' shells into the submarine and our gun layer did a tidy bit of work, for he put one into her and the Hun had quite enough of us, as his actions signified. He went down with his tail in the air as if he was sore hit and unhappy. At any rate, sir, he was quite fed up with the smack Nelson and failed to sink her, as was his intention."

While the sailing smacks were venturing out from the North Sea ports to ply their honest trade in time of war the steam trawlers and drifters were equipping by hundreds for the hazards of mine sweeping and the duties of patrolling against submarines and guarding the fishermen and merchant ships. The crews enrolled themselves in the Trawlers' Naval Reserve and found pride in the uniform and rating badges. The master received the official title of "Skipper," and was so designated on the admiralty records.

Perhaps the landsman should be informed that the steam trawler is a powerful, well-engined ship, with a bold sheer, which carries a crew of twelve to fifteen men and drags the bottom of the sea with a great bag of a net. The drifter is a smaller steamer which mostly follows the herring and sets her nets by means of cork floats and drifts with the tide until it is time to haul them in again.

### The Song of the Trawler

It might seem that the patrol work of these armed steamers, in peril of submarines and of the German destroyers, whose ports are so near, would be more dangerous than scouring the channels for anchored mines. The fact is, however, that the daily drudgery of mine sweeping is the riskiest game of the war by land or sea. It is safer by sixty per cent, as the proportionate percentage of casualties shows, to be in the front-line trenches than to stick to this job of the North Sea trawler. Their honor roll of dead is long and tragic, and on it you will read the names of ship after ship of which there were no survivors to tell how the quick finish came. There is a poem, popular in England, which was written by a naval man who knew the North Sea, and part of it seems highly apt for quotation, in memoriam:

*"Little trawler, little trawler,*
*Ah, so black against the sky,*
*With your sides all torn and battered*
*And your flag but half-mast high,*
*Did your voyage fail to prosper?"*
*Cried the little trawler, "No;*
*We went out and did our duty,*
*But the skipper lies below."*

*"Little trawler little trawler,*
*With the quaint old English name,*
*Did the little ships before you*
*Ever join in such a game?"*
*"Well, I've heard my mother tell me,"*
*Said the trawler, "long ago,*
*That Lord Howard had to use 'em*
*Just as much as Jellicoe."*

I have been out in American and British destroyers during the last two months, under the North Sea in a cruising submarine and over it in a fighting seaplane, but mine sweeping in a trawler was the most interesting game of them all. The base of operations was a famous fishing port from which the smacks still sail boldly out to harvest the herring and cod. It used to be a summer resort of some note, with a broad white beach, a pleasant sound of surf, and large hotels facing the sea and the long pier, upon which there was music and dancing. The holiday crowds come no more, and many of the residents have moved inland, for there are shattered houses to show where the German cruisers bombarded the town, and the Zeppelin and the airplane have frequently bombed it in their playful way. The military damage has been negligible, but a few women and children were killed or crippled.

Out of the narrow harbor entrance the steam trawlers daily file seaward in groups to range in quest of mines. Once past the lightship they pair off and drop the sweeping gear to the rumble of the winches. The sea may be running nastily, but they sheer close enough to each other to fling a heaving line across and so pay out the end of the wire cable which is dragged between them, many feet beneath the surface. Then they veer apart, to move abreast at a few knots an hour while the "kites" or weighted timber frames splash overboard and sink to hold the cable or sweep wire at the proper depth. The method is simple enough, two steamers towing between them a wire rope several hundred feet long which will saw through and cut the moorings of any mine encountered. Three pairs of trawlers sweeping in formation clear a certain stretch of channel, so many miles in one direction, then turn and go back again, anchoring for the night, resuming work at daylight, and so on for ten or a dozen days of duty before they see port again.

Sometimes a group may sweep and find never a mine. Again they may sail into a nest of them, a submarine cargo freshly sown, the deadly things popping into view one after another as the drag wire cuts them free. Now it should be quite obvious that the trawler continually runs several kinds of risk. Her skipper earnestly hopes that the mines may be caught by the wire instead of colliding with the bottom of the ship, but he never can tell. He does not know where they are and he steers among them, trusting to luck, and aware that there will be a missing trawler if he blindly bumps one. His course leads him, in fact, through live mine fields, which accounts for the lengthy honor roll of lost ships and men who so ordered things that the merchant vessels might pass secure from harm.

It is important that the pair of trawlers keep evenly abreast, watching their speed and position as carefully as the most exacting admiral of a battle squadron. So long as this is done the mine will be caught and cut at the middle of the trailing sweep wire. If one trawler sags behind the other the mine will, of course, slide along the wire toward the trawler nearest it and perhaps explode close to her.

There are also the kites, which tow under water, and now and then a mine becomes entangled in one of these—a ticklish mischance when the winch hauls the floundering structure of planks up to the vessel's side.

There is one seaman of the trawler fleet who wears the ribbon of the Distinguished Service Medal on his blue jersey because he stood by the after winch when the rest of the crew took to their heels, for which they could not be very harshly blamed. The kite wire was winding in on the great steel drum and the massive timber frame came heaving out of the sea to bang against the steamer's plates before it was hoisted on deck. It fetched up with it a large gray bulbous object sprouting several horns—which was instantly identified, without need of argument. There seemed no possibility of preventing it from coming inboard or of keeping the swaying kite from thumping against it. Never did destruction appear to be so inevitable and unexpected. The one man whose wits were not instantly scrambled by this fearsome sight concluded to try to stop the winch in time, though there was not one chance in a hundred that the trick could be done.

He won. Very tenderly the mine was then lowered, and the men who had been surprised into scampering forward for their lives now volunteered for the delicate job of getting into a boat and cutting the infernal machine clear of the kite.

Once set free and floating, the mines are sunk by means of rifle fire from the decks of the trawlers. The bullets drill holes in the buoyancy chamber, which fills with water. The mine seldom explodes when hit in this manner, because the detonating mechanism is under water and thereby protected. It happens once in a while, however, that a bullet hits a horn of a mine, and the trawler crews thereupon dodge hurtling fragments of steel, if they are quick enough, while the ship reels and shakes as though she had rammed a rock.

### An Exotic Career

In general charge of each group of mine-sweeping trawlers is one called the flagship, from which a commissioned officer of the naval reserve directs the operations of his several skippers. The lieutenant whose shipmate I was had come back from the Far East in response to England's call for trained seamen. His had been the exotic career of an officer in the Chinese Navy when duty shifted him to the bridge of a North Sea trawler and the command of hardy fishermen out of Lowestoft and Yarmouth instead of a noisy watch of slant-eyed, Celestial bluejackets.

His North Sea flagship had a trawler skipper of its own, a deep-chested, wind-reddened, amiable man who lacked all imagination when it came to discussing the day's work. "You get blowed up or you don't" was his cheery epitome as he stood at an open window of the wheelhouse and stared at the hard gray sea. The nipping breeze, with the edge of winter to it, could not make him shiver. He had been seasoned by twenty years of trawling in all weather, blow high, blow low. He desired to be obliging and to spin a yarn, but not about himself; so he was moved to remark, after long cogitation:

"There's a red-headed, cross-eyed boy that you ought to look up when you go out on the Dover patrol. I forget the name, but they'll very likely find him for you. In my opinion he's a lad that has had what you might call a bit of real experience. You might even say it was excitin'. Upon my word, he's had a fair lively time of it. Blowed up in five different trawlers, one after another. Yes, and twice he was the only survivor. He told me last time he comed home on leave, between disasters, that he didn't get time to feel acquainted in a vessel before she nudged a mine and he was swimmin' for it with nobody or thereabouts to keep him company. He gets fished out and carried ashore and signs on in another trawler, same as a matter of habit. There's a lot in getting used to it. Of course it is well known that you can't drown a lad what's both red-headed and cross-eyed, and the only way to get rid of him is to hang him.

"This one's mother begins to feel worried for fear he may get hurt or something happen to him. Women are nervous by nature, as you well know. Getting blowed up five times isn't so remarkable, of course, but being the sole survivor of two crews does seem quite odd."

In pairs the group of trawlers moved at their measured gait, mile after mile, the coast vanishing in the mist. When a sweep wire parted, caught on a rock or a submerged wreck or a fragment of a shattered German submarine, it was quickly spliced and passed out again. The men who watched at the winches had learned by a sort of instinct to know when the wire felt the pull of some obstruction, a mine or otherwise, as an angler feels the tug at the end of his line.

It was a more diverting sort of fishing, however, than one can ever find with rod or reel, even when in pursuit of the silver tarpon or the leaping tuna. Such pastimes as these are likely to seem a trifle tame after watching the sweep wires slash through the water all day and catching sight of a mine or two surging up between the ships, quarry hauled from the bottom to be finished with a bullet instead of a gaff.

### The Ishmael of the Seas

There were other signs of war, of a vigilant activity manifold and unceasing, which reminded you that the enemy was no more than a few hours' distant as steam could traverse it, almost a matter of minutes as the aircraft sped from coast to coast.

A flotilla of British destroyers foamed past in column, going thirty knots on some private business of their own, scouting perhaps, in response to a signal that the Germans were out on mischief bent.

A huge seaplane, like a winged boat, droned overhead, steering straight toward the Dutch coast, and it was to be inferred that U-boats were her particular ambition and that her crew had been trained in bombing as a fine art.

Two submarines plowed in from the northward, decks afoam, the heads of their officers visible above the steel weather screens of the tiny bridges. They were coming off a cheerless, desperate patrol, no doubt, but the seaplane turned to hover high above them until sure of their identity. The submarine has no friends. It takes the chance of being bombed on general principles and seldom waits to make recognition signals when far off shore, but discreetly ducks below. A hard existence, this submarine patrol in dead of winter, but its officers would be nowhere else for worlds—a race of men wonderfully evolved by modern war, like the fighting aviator.

There is a British admiral who commands a coast and sea from which the valiant little trawlers and drifters set out in the service of their country. When another of his fleet was lost, not long ago, he took occasion to write and send to the skippers of his patrol and mine-sweeping vessels this personal appreciation:

"It is with very great and most sincere regret that I have learned of the loss of H. M. Trawler ——, with all hands, blown up by a mine. During the two and a half years that I have held this command I have never failed to respect and admire the devotion to duty and the seamanlike ability of the trawlers attached to the coast of ——. In spite of tempestuous weather, fogs, mists, and so on, though usually overgunned and outranged by the submarines they have engaged with, with few comforts

(Concluded on Page 26)

# The Comfort Car

THE really striking thing about this new Hupmobile is that an almost unprecedented degree of driving and riding comfort is secured at a mileage cost low almost beyond belief.

All of the old Hupmobile qualities—amazing quickness, and an almost savage power of driving and pulling—are more fully developed than ever.

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(581 Third Ave., Bush Terminal Bldg., Brooklyn)
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*(Concluded from Page 24)*

on board and the knowledge that they have no water-tight compartments to keep them afloat, yet they are seen day after day to go out to their duties with the one idea, to destroy their country's enemies who ruthlessly prey on helpless ships, showing neither honor, manliness nor self-respect in their cruel and brutal attacks.

"We have lost some of our brother seamen from the dangers of the sea and some from the violence of the enemy, but the same magnificent spirit continues, and I wish to express to all who serve in the —— Trawler Force my whole-hearted thanks and pride for what they have done in the past, and my faith in their actions in the future.

"It may well be said of our trawler skippers what was said of one of the first seamen of the world's history:

*To tread the paths of death he stood prepared,*
*And what he greatly thought he nobly dared."*

It is not to be taken for granted that the work of the fleets of North Sea fishermen as a naval reserve has been limited to mine-sweeping even during this later part of the war. These are militant vessels and crews, with their own very positive notions concerning the freedom of the seas. Just how many German submarines have been destroyed, by and large, is a question that Great Britain prefers to veil in conjecture, and for very good reasons. But certain admiralty records that were placed at my disposal would indicate that the fishermen of the North Sea have played their part in the campaign with a brave and deadly efficiency. These are episodes gleaned at random, and they seemed much more real and vivid after visiting the ports from which these craft sail.

First of the lot is the tale of the drifter C——, bound out on special duty. There was a flat calm, with a smooth sea and a summer haze. A submarine was sighted on the starboard quarter, steering northeast at a speed of ten or eleven knots, with part of the conning tower visible. The skipper of the drifter was below, at tea in his cabin; and it is a well-known fact that nothing short of a call to general quarters will separate a British shipmaster from his tea at eight bells in the afternoon. He came on deck, sighted the enemy and rushed to the wheelhouse, putting the helm hard aport and shouting to the crew to stand by.

### *Rammed and Sunk*

Now this drifter was scarcely a war vessel, except in the eyes of its men, who had a sublime confidence in their one gun. Therefore the skipper, full of courage, tea and toast, gave the order to steer straight for the enemy and bawled into the engine-room tube to give her all the speed there was. At fifteen hundred yards he shifted the course to sheer off, and opened fire at this range.

The first shot went over. The sights were lowered fifty yards and the second shell fell short only a few feet. The third shot hit the submarine—a smashing bull's-eye on the port side of the deck. The submarine then altered her course about four to six points to the eastward, and fire was continued by the drifter until two more shots had struck the enemy.

"I saw these shells bust," reports the skipper, "and the range was the same as of the other hits. The submarine heeled over to starboard and exposed her side to the later shots. We still kept up the fire, but at reduced range, as we were speedily approaching the enemy. We could see the conning tower sink below the surface and the port bilge keel came into view below the water line as the submarine sunk. A big wash came up and the last six rounds from our gun were fired into this wash at a range of about six hundred yards. The submarine took about one minute to sink after heeling to starboard.

"When my crew last saw the wash we were practically on top of the spot, and the men sang out to one another, 'Hang on, she is going to bump!' However, no shock was felt, though we were right in the wash caused by the sinking. Shortly afterward a lot of oil came to the surface. A depth charge was dropped over the spot and exploded satisfactorily. We circled round the place and presently other drifters arrived on the scene, and we cruised there for an hour, but nothing was visible. The whole engagement lasted about fifteen minutes."

It was a fishing trawler that came into port with another story of excitement while at her trade in the middle of the North Sea. "We were in company with twelve Scotch trawlers from Granton and Aberdeen," reports her worthy skipper, "when considerable commotion was observed among the trawlers, who lifted their trawls and closed in on my ship. I was informed by the Trawler S—— that she had seen a submarine alongside an Aberdeen trawler about nine miles to the southwest. I ordered the other vessels to keep clear of me and to carry on as if they were trawling, and I continued trawling myself but altered course to the southwest. At four-thirty P.M. the trawl was hauled and again shot. Two hours later two trawlers were seen overhauling us on our port quarter, and a submarine evidently chasing them. We continued trawling until the submarine was about five hundred yards off, and then, considering that she was in as good a position as I was likely to get her, I ordered the fishing gear cut away, and then brought the submarine on my port beam and opened fire at five hundred yards."

### *The Skipper's Busy Day*

"The first shot missed, but the second and third took effect on her fore deck. She was evidently taken by surprise, before she was able to submerge. After the first hit she was seen to list heavily to port, which list she kept up until she finally sank. The result of the fourth shot was not seen by me, but the gun crew claimed it as a hit. After she had sunk I steered for the position, and the leading seaman, who was standing by the depth charge, reporting oil on the water, I ordered him to drop the charge. We remained there until dark, and then having no spare trawling gear aboard I decided to return to port."

This was rather unhealthy business for the submarine, and others of her kind should have heeded the lesson and let these zealous fishermen severely alone. Another U-boat, however, was rash enough to tackle the Trawler R——, and here is how the affair turned out:

"At nine o'clock on Friday morning a steam trawler hailed me, saying:

"'Cut your gear away and run for it. There is a submarine three-quarters of a mile away and she has sunk a smack, and I have the crew on board.'

"I said 'All right, thank you,' and I also asked him the name of his ship, but could not understand what he said. I then towed my trawl about fifteen minutes longer, but thinking we were too far away from the smacks we started to haul the trawl up.

"I was bringing the vessel round before the wind and had all but the last twenty fathoms of our trawl in when the winch would not heave any more. I then jumped off the bridge and asked the mate why the winch was running back. He replied:

"'I don't know, skipper. The stop valve is opened out full.'

"I tried it myself and found it fully open. I then went and asked the engine man if he had full steam on, and he said:

"'The steam is all right, skipper.'

"We reversed the winch and it hove all clear again. We had just finished hauling our net in when the mate caught me by the arm and shouted: 'Skipper, a submarine close aboard of us!'

"I then saw the submarine no more than a hundred yards off our starboard quarter. I called out:

"'Hard a starboard and a tick ahead!'

"Then I ran aft, taking a gun's crew with me, and opened fire. The mate came and said 'Right, skipper!' meaning that he would take charge of the gun, but I told him to go on the bridge and keep the submarine astern, as I had her where I wanted her. My first three shots hit the submarine, and my fourth shot caused an explosion, throwing up a flame from four to five feet, which was seen by all on deck.

"I then fired four more shots, during which time the submarine stayed not more than a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards away. After my eighth shot we saw him disappear, and then we steamed round but could not see anything, and continued to do so until daylight, and then we saw large patches of oil on the water. I am confident that this submarine had become entangled in the after part of our net, as we lost several fathoms of it, and this was what jammed the winch. It was also the cause of the submarine's coming to the surface so close to us and remaining there."

For this exploit the skipper was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, and the mate, the Distinguished Service Medal.

Similarly honored were the skippers of two sailing smacks who had a spirited encounter, which was related by one of them as follows.

"When in a position about seventeen miles southeast from S—— two German submarines were sighted. They both approached the smacks on the surface. One of them came to within three hundred yards of the ——, and waved with a flag for the vessel to come closer to him, at the same time firing with a machine gun, the smack being hit many times, but with no casualties. This smack then threw out her small boat to abandon ship. In the meantime the submarine had submerged and come up again, within a hundred yards of the smack. One of the German officers came out of the conning tower and hailed the skipper, telling him to leave the smack, as he intended to torpedo it.

"The skipper then ordered fire to be opened on the submarine. The first round of the smack's gun missed, but the third shot hit the hull of the submarine just forward of the conning tower and burst, presumably inside. The submarine immediately disappeared and it would appear almost certain that she was destroyed.

"The second submarine, showing only her periscope, had gone to the eastward of one of the other smacks. This second submarine cruised round with her periscope above water while the smack kept steering a course to bring the periscope ahead whenever it could be seen. The submarine finally submerged about a half dozen times, finally being sighted on the starboard bow, about two hundred yards distant, emerging from the water so that at last the whole of her upper deck and the conning tower could be seen.

"The skipper put the helm hard over so as to bring the submarine on the smack's broadside. A round was then fired from the smack's gun, which hit the base of the conning tower and exploded, blowing pieces of the submarine into the water on all sides. At this moment, or within a few seconds after, a torpedo passed under the stern of the smack, missing her by about six to ten feet, afterward coming to the surface and running some considerable distance along the top of the water before it finally sank."

### *Nautical Complications*

"On being struck by the shell the submarine took a slight list to starboard and plunged down, bows first, disappearing so quickly that there was no time for a second shot at her. The last seen of her was the after part of the upper deck. The smack which had engaged her started for the spot and large bubbles were seen coming up from the bottom and an increasing smear of oil."

Excellent shooting by the crews of these smacks, and a singular lack of discretion on the part of the submarine commanders!

For a series of nautical complications, please consider what befell two steam trawlers in a part of the North Sea where the merchant vessels go their appointed ways and doggedly run the risk of being torpedoed. One of these cargo steamers had been blown up by a submarine and was sinking by the head. Her plight was descried by another small freighter, which quixotically bore down to rescue the crew instead of bearing off at full speed to save her own skin. Alas for her good intentions! The U-boat let go another torpedo and thereby bagged the second ship.

Meanwhile Trawler Number One had seen what was going on, and her skipper decided to take a hand in the shindy. Jamming ahead for all he was worth, he caught the submarine unawares while it was firing the torpedo at the second steamer. The trawler's bow drove straight at the conning tower and rammed it hard and fair. So violent was the collision that the plucky trawler's stem was twisted to one side, at which she backed up, surged ahead again, and released a depth charge where the submarine had frantically sought cover under water.

Trawler Number Two now came hustling up, and between them they dropped more packages of explosives until they were satisfied that the submarine, after being rammed and blown up, would trouble them no more. There remained the two sinking steamers and their crews to be picked up, by way of making it a busy afternoon. When Trawler Number One was put in dry dock it was found that her bottom was scarred along its whole length, to show where she had stamped the submarine under.

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## United States Tires Are Good Tires

*United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear That Make* **United States Tires** *Supreme.*

# LETTERS FROM THE WAR

(Continued from Page 16)

with what wraps we had, on the shelves of the *couchette* compartment—three men and a woman. The two others were an American ambulance man, who had gone South on the matter of a commission, and a bossy middle-aged Frenchman. Why we three Americans let him dictate to us I do not know, unless it was the fact that he was in his own back yard. He dictated how much, or rather how little, ventilation we might have. He dictated that I should not snore, and I, wakened, lay and meekly listened to his snores for half an hour.

The compartment growing too stuffy for American lungs, I rose and went into the corridor to see whether I could get a breath of fresh air. I gave it up for humanity's sake. Stretched all along the floor lay officers, wrapped in their fur coats, their heads pillowed on kit bags. Far up were my Chasseur Alpin and his friends, lying in a picturesque heap of dark and light blue. These were the unlucky, who had been late in applying for *couchettes;* and this was the Nice-Paris express, in old winters one of the world's trains de luxe!

Our bossy Frenchman dictated the hour when we should wake up. The porter appeared at the door and the Frenchman dictated that he should not fold up the top *couchettes.* What was the use when we were getting near Paris? We worms were about to turn, when the Scotch engineer entered. He had brought along only a light overcoat by way of a wrap, and he had found that the floor was too drafty for health; so he had been standing up all night. Obeying the Frenchman, we left the top couches down, and he turned in under my ulster for an hour's nap. So, in a gray, humid, cold November morning, we came into Paris.

PARIS, November 25th.

I have been away from the heart of the civilized world for nearly four months. Chance travelers, coming down to Italy, had described to me the new American invasion, saying that Paris had become almost a Yankee town; and indeed, before I left in August, I seemed to meet an old acquaintance every time I ventured on the boulevards. I had expected, therefore, a recrudescence of old gayety—the cafés more lively, the theaters and cinemas more crowded—their repressible American whooping it up a little, war or no war.

Never has the issue so disappointed my expectations. There is a kind of grimness, a sense of reality, about the American colony nowadays—a state of mind that has communicated itself to the newcomers.

### *The Cocktail Almost Extinct*

In the first two years of the war the Americans permanently resident here took their war work, if not lightly, at least with good spirits and a kind of sense of adventure. They were helping France in every way they knew; they were tremendously sympathetic; but, after all, it was not their war.

All that is changed. The young men among them have gone into khaki; to a great extent the older men, past useful military age, have found places as interpreters, as Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross workers. Women who formerly merely dallied with their workrooms and the hospitals have buckled down to their eight hours a day. All this leaves small time for gayety and frivolity.

As for the newcomers—people on special service or lately arrived officers—they merely skim through Paris, usually so busy with practical matters that they have little time for frivolity. There was a tendency, noticeable last summer, for loafers in khaki to hit up the pace at two or three famous Parisian bars. The army sat down hard on that. On the whole, this American invasion has rendered Paris, if anything, a little more dour and determined in appearance.

Circumstances have worked with the policy of the army. The alluring cocktail, chief temptation of the American on the loose, may be had no more in appreciable quantities. France now manufactures no gin or whisky, and of late the importation of those liquors has been forbidden. The gin stock is virtually all gone; not once in a blue moon can one find a café with the basic material for a Martini or a Bronx. Whisky is now growing scarce; soon the tempting Manhattan will tempt no more. Champagne cocktails and various mixtures of French brandy are the rounder's only hold. At the famous bars I have mentioned before custom is falling off to such an extent that some of them talk about closing for the war.

And when you do find a group about those bars the conversation is not about things frivolous and trivial, but mostly about what they intend to do. Billy, who has run an ambulance off and on since the second year of the war, is in aviation, and visits among us for a day or so while he awaits his orders to the school of acrobatics. Bob has his brevet as a *chasse pilote;* he drops in during the course of a two-days leave, granted that he may complete his kit before proceeding to the Front.

### *A Popular Piece of Furniture*

Johnny, wearing a captain's uniform in spite of his gray hairs, is beyond military age; but he speaks the language perfectly, even the latest Parisian slang. So he became an interpreter, until it was discovered that his knowledge of the people and their business methods eminently fitted him for a job in the quartermaster's department. He stops only between trains. He is on his way to hurry up a consignment from the South. Harry is still wearing his ambulance uniform and hanging about a little disconsolate while he waits to see whether he is going to get the commission to which his education and his year's experience in shell dodging with a jitney car entitle him. If he fails in this he is going into the ranks.

The American over here means business. His external appearance, his revised way and manner, prove that.

AMERICAN FRONT, December 1st.

I am doing a turn with oratory for a week, talking at the various Y. M. C. A. huts to the American soldiers. This evening, after two changes of cars, I was dumped down on this hotel, in a certain town of Northern France, centering a district of camps. The hotel, I could see at first glance, is going through one of those periods of hectic prosperity and of general strain which have at intervals struck all hotels in Northern France since the great war began. It has a tiny lobby and office, a fair sized dining room and two floors of simple chambers upstairs.

A time-expired guidebook of ante-bellum days tells me that the price for *pension* which means room and board used to be eight francs a day. The guests, I suppose, were mostly commercial travelers or dealers up for the cattle market. It costs more now; and yet, when I consider the increased price of commodities, I cannot greatly blame pleasant white-haired madame the landlady for assessing us three or four francs for a bed. At dinner to-night we had three sittings, and an overflow dined at a table with a turkey-red cloth, set in the lobby.

I write now at that table, by the light of a suspended oil lamp. On the other end an American lieutenant, who arrived late and very hungry, is eating an omelet, which he managed to wheedle out of madame after the dining room closed. There is a large porcelain stove in the middle of the room; this evening, when the air is full of chill humidity, it has become a mighty popular piece of furniture. Grouped about it now are two army chauffeurs, a lieutenant of engineers and a Y. M. C. A. worker, toasting their hands and feet. For the rest, this tiny room, its windows hermetically darkened to balk the enterprise of hostile aircraft, is littered with kit bags, little wooden kit trunks, military fur coats, helmets, gas masks and miscellaneous paraphernalia.

I shall fare a little better than the rest. The correspondents have established a mess upstairs, in what used to be the ladies' parlor of the hotel; so I need not struggle for a place in the dining room. However, I must lodge three in a room, fortunately with a separate single bed. I used to laugh at the Northern French custom, initiated I believe from the Germans, of sleeping under a young feather bed. As I deposited my bag and looked over my quarters this evening that style of cover looked very good to me.

December 2d.

Between mid-afternoon and "lights out" I was rushed round in an automobile for four speeches, and I pity the sorrows of the poor candidate. In fact, they have rushed me so fast that the recollections of the four stops are already jumbled in my mind—I remember the Y. M. C. A. huts as a composite of low board buildings, with a popular stove in the middle and a counter, doing a land-office business in cigarettes, chocolate and chewing gum, at one end. The Y. M. C. A. has not quite finished its struggle for comforts such as stoves and luxuries such as reading matter; but it has done measurably well, I take it from a two-days inspection.

Work is the order of all the daylight hours in these short winter days; but when night falls the weary soldier hurries over to this common assembly room for a look at such magazines and illustrated newspapers as may have reached camp, for a smoke and for a chance to talk it over.

I have not seen American soldiers, as a body, for many years; meantime my vision on military affairs has adjusted itself to the British Tommy, the French and Belgian poilu and the Italian peasant soldier. And I was struck to-day, every time I entered one of the huts, with the size and physical quality of the American men. They are the finest, most upstanding specimens that any nation among the Allies has sent to France.

They make eager and responsive audiences; they are keen to hear about the war from anyone who has seen it. They have fallen already into the routine mind of the soldier, whose horizon on this infinitely great struggle is bound to be limited. The average man in the ranks knows less about this war than the average man at the rear. The local newspapers do not help our soldiers much, since few of them read French. And indeed, that very good provincial newspaper published in a city not far away could not possibly meet the sudden demand—even though it were published in English—on account of the limited paper supply.

### *At the Battalion Mess*

The English-language newspapers of Paris reach this rather remote section of our camps in limited quantities. After every talk my cicerone had to tear me away from an eager group, each waiting to put his own pet question about the war—its causes, its technic and its general condition.

Last night, beside a roaring porcelain stove, I talked late with the other correspondents. When I entered my room and lighted the kerosene lamp I found not one man but two asleep in my bed. I was developing the indignation proper to the circumstances when I noticed their clothes, neatly folded on chairs at one side. They were American lieutenants. I remembered, then, that a lot of newly arrived officers had been dumped down on us during the afternoon.

It did not seem fitting, somehow, that defenders of the country should be turned out into the cold for a mere civilian's comfort. I was preparing to sleep under my ulster on a sofa in our private dining room when I learned that one of the correspondents had gone to Paris. I stole his bed, in turn, and all was well.

December 4th.

Two dinners at the messes of battalion officers stand out in my memory of the past two days. The first lot of them were housed in a most picturesque old farm building on the edge of a village. Madame herself, wife of the peasant proprietor—now mobilized—cooked dinner at an open fireplace in kettles hung from a crane. The food was good—"but French," remarked the officers in apology. However, we had American-baked white bread and apple pie—all this from a mess near by that had an American army cook.

None of these officers, I found, had ever been in France before the war; and the little ways of the French people were still new and amusing. They couldn't understand, for example, why madame, accommodating as she was about other things, should not serve the vegetables with the meat course. This canon of that ritual which the French make of dining always amuses or puzzles the outlander. I tried once to get the waiter at a certain famous little French restaurant to break the rule. He refused, with a superior haughtiness

(Continued on Page 31)

Men are taking a new interest in dress.

It's the military impetus!

Shoulders back; head up.

Apparel right.

Shirts must not be skimped in material or slighted in making.

Fit and comfort in a shirt certainly lend a lot to a man's carriage.

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Hebe gives coffee a tempting, golden-brown color and enhances its flavor. Hebe helps to make delicious cocoa and chocolate.

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Dilute Hebe with pure water to the richness desired. Use it in all recipes for soups, oyster stews, gravies, sauces, creaming vegetables and fish, making custard, cookies, puddings, desserts, etc.

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Pour Hebe, diluted or undiluted as preferred, over corn flakes, wheat flakes, puffed grains, porridge, oatmeal, etc. Cereals cooked with Hebe are most appetizing.

You may live in a section where Hebe cannot be obtained. As production increases, the needs of your section will be supplied through your local retail grocer.

THE HEBE COMPANY, GENERAL OFFICES, SEATTLE, U. S. A.

## Guaranteed to be pure and wholesome

(Continued from Page 29)

that branded me at once as a barbarian; and ever since he has taken my tips like tainted money.

It proceeds—and this I told the officers—from the economy of the French in regard to fuel. The humble French housewife, beyond the memory of man, has kept only one stove cover working at a time; and that domestic habit has become fixed, even in the luxurious establishments of the rich. This mention of French economy in fuel started us on the burning question—rather the freezing question—of the hour. The French, amused by our little ways, say we are the greatest wood burners they ever heard of; the American Army wonders how the French ever live through a winter!

It is a question of climate and of acclimatization. France is never smitten with that blizzard arctic cold which sweeps our North. The winter weather is mostly just chilly, with a touch of misty humidity that drives the chill into one's bones. Now to such a climate one grows inured. It is so in San Francisco—which is much warmer in winter than Northern France, but does have a touch of that same chill humidity. The acclimated native goes about quite indifferent to weather. Most of the houses have neither heating stoves nor furnaces; on exceptionally cold days the native simply lights up the fireplace and is comfortable.

The Easterner shivers the first six months, calling the interiors positively arctic; grown acclimated, he never notices the chill again. On the other hand, the Californian going East for the first time stifles in the tropic interiors by which the people of the snow country store bodily warmth to meet the cold out of doors.

### Getting Acclimated

The French are acclimated to cooler interiors than ours. Being economical and close-living, they save on fuel by all kinds of devices. For one thing, there are the feather beds, which I have mentioned before. These keep one toasting warm all night. For another thing, they are far less careful about ventilation than we—and ventilation means cold air. Again, they go in for very heavy underclothing.

The army, being young, vigorous and in training, will get acclimated in a month or so; this is the first bout with winter under strange conditions. Just now many of them feel like that soldier on leave who made an excursion to the birthplace of Joan of Arc and remarked that he didn't wonder she let herself be burned to death!

No sooner were they established than the howl arose for stoves—an unprecedented quantity of stoves. The fuel fortunately is at hand—France has plenty of forest. Squads of axmen got to work and ripped out such quantities of stovewood as to amaze the French. "One would say," remarked the natives, "that they intended to burn their way across the lines!"

Madame herself, being interviewed, allowed charily that Americans need much heat—she always thought before that America was a cold country. Fine, stalwart, strong-faced madame, wife of a soldier, and a good soldier herself in her own way, has been a mother to this mess. When first they came they found in each room a bunch of flowers, bought or begged from the flower pots of her city neighbors. She mends their stockings, sews on their buttons and corrects their French while she laughs at it. "For," as she said to me when we parted, "the French and the Americans are as brothers—is it not so?"

To the other mess we came through biting air, for the weather had changed, bringing a touch of our native winter. Through a door in a long board shack with dimmed windows we came into the presence of a battalion dining at rows of tables and talking clamorously—in high spirits after a day's work in the frosty air. The officers were seated in a little room partitioned off from the rest; but they ate the same fare—meat pie, good white bread, mashed potatoes, apple pie and real American coffee. This sounds commonplace probably; only one who lived for months on foreign food, with war bread, can know how good it tasted.

However, there was one bit of variety: Just as we were sitting down an orderly arrived from an adjoining mess and, duly presenting the compliments of the captain, gave us a mess of wild boar's flesh killed that day.

In this country the wild boar has become a wartime nuisance. He hangs out in the thickets, from which he makes his forays against growing crops. Once the sporting tendencies of the native gentry kept them down; but since the war began they have enjoyed great immunity in their night raids. And some of our men, waiting for orders or for billets, have taken to the sport.

You use a blunderbuss of a shotgun, loaded with buckshot of exaggerated size. So armed, you wait in a path of the thicket while dogs range it, driving the boars ahead of them. You have only a momentary chance to shoot when the boar jumps across your path. The captain who headed the party that day got no boars, but the corporal who went with him got two.

December 5th.

There's a great shortage of civilian doctors in France. The medicos are mobilized, up to the age of forty-five, as army surgeons. Of course many of them have been killed, and under wartime conditions the schools are not turning out men to take their places. Even the older men have volunteered in large numbers for base hospital service. Just now only five thousand physicians are available for the needs of all civilian France. It is bad enough in the cities, but much worse in the country.

A country physician needs good physical strength and means of transportation. Both of these essentials are lacking to the old fellows, who are doing the best they can in the small towns. The district in which the American Army finds itself camped has suffered exceedingly from lack of medical attention. Work as they may, the four or five old-line practitioners cannot possibly cover the region. Peasants have died up here because the doctor could not be brought in time, and old chronic diseases have fared badly.

So the American Red Cross, while waiting for patients of our own blood and breed, has arranged a system of caring for the civilians of the region. It was done, I may say, with the hearty approval of the resident physicians, who have been worrying their hearts out over the situation. At various villages we have established dispensaries, where the peasants or townspeople may come once or twice a week with their ailments and troubles. Squads consisting of a Red Cross doctor, a nurse and a driver make constant rounds, attending to the walking cases in the dispensary and visiting the bedridden.

The job is not all altruistic; by this means we keep watch over contagious disease, so guarding the health of our own army. Again, we have looked out for the ultimate interests of the French physicians. Attendance is not given free. The nurse carries with her a cash can, into which the patients are supposed to drop something when the consultation is finished. This money will be used for the relief of French physicians' families orphaned or impoverished by the war.

### The Adventures of Madame V.

Yesterday, since my speaking engagements came late, I made the rounds with a regular crew. The doctor, up to three or four months ago, was a state physician in New York. The nurse, Madame V., was transferred from the regular French hospital service at the Front to our Red Cross because she speaks perfect English; she finished her education at Oxford. Like thousands of well-educated Frenchwomen, she entered a nurses' training college at the beginning of the war, was graduated and went to work at the Front.

Since then she has had her roof carried from over her head by a shell; she has worked twenty-four hours a day in the periods of the great attacks; she has gone back with retreats and forward with advances. She was perhaps the first woman from the outside world the people of Noyon saw after their deliverance, for she entered the town with the advanced hospital units. "It was really embarrassing," she said—"men, women, children, kissing one!"

I learned only incidentally that her husband, an eminent scholar in time of peace and an officer in the war, has been reported missing for a year. All this came out as we whirled in an American jitney machine through winter fields, through picturesque French villages, which looked odd, somehow, with their filling of tall, uniformed, easy-moving Americans.

The doctor, bundled in his fur coat against the icy blasts, took up the conversation in his turn. The French peasant is a new and entertaining type to him. He was just beginning to learn that the individual of this species is as cagy as a Scotchman or a Cape Codder.

"When we first started," he said, "I thought the dispensaries were a failure. The first time round we had no patients at all. That seemed odd to me, because we'd been officially informed concerning several old chronic cases. The second time we had patients—but people with slight or imaginary ailments; still nothing serious. It wasn't until the third go that the real invalids began to send for us. You see, they were trying us out to find whether there was anything phony in our proposition! There's the town now," he added as we came over a hill. "In the first house, there, I performed an emergency operation on a kitchen table two weeks ago—patient doing nicely."

We established ourselves in a little room with a bijou stove—a concession to Americanism—round which we fairly wrapped ourselves. We had not long to wait for our first and only walking patient at that stop. He was an extremely aged peasant, gnarled and knotted with work and rheumatism. However, it wasn't the rheumatism that bothered him just then, as he explained in the dialect of the country, which even Madame V., from a different part of France, had some difficulty in understanding. It was something that itched all the time!

### A Common Complaint

"Make him show his shoulder," said the doctor. "Aha. Ask him whether he has slept in a bed the soldiers from the Front have occupied."

He had. And "soldier itch!" said the doctor. Whereupon madame, who has had much to do with that complaint in the military hospitals, gave him straight directions in French about bathing, boiling his clothes and his blankets and disinfecting the house, while the doctor measured out pills. She talked to him as one does to an erring child.

"We cure that in three days in the hospitals," said madame when he had dropped his contribution into the can and gone his way; "but he'll never follow directions, I suppose."

A long wait, during which we hugged the stove; then arrived a little French boy in a black blouse, begging monsieur the doctor to see his mother, who was in bed. We trailed along a silent, almost deserted village street to a neat interior. A great fireplace, with a mantelpiece of black old wood at least six feet high, occupied one side of a dark room; on the shelf of the mantel were ranged sacred images, a crucifix, some very ugly modern vases containing dried grasses and two or three pieces of old copper glazeware, which roused all the collector in me. At one side of the room was a recessed bed, like a cupboard, on which lay a woman with a severe face and two black braids. I played with a puppy, which had burrowed into the warm ashes of the fireplace, while the doctor and the nurse made their low-voiced inquiries and their diagnosis.

"Simply a case of acute jaundice," said the doctor as we left.

That was all for the day in this hamlet; I cannot call it exactly a town. Farm life in France is organized on its own peculiar system; a dozen American soldiers, giving me their first impressions of France, have mentioned the wide uninhabited spaces and the multiplicity of very small towns. The French peasant, unlike our own farmer, seldom lives on his land. He dwells, for sociability, in a little town with two or three hundred other farming people. Thence he goes forth to cultivate his meadow, which may lie two or three kilometers out of the village.

We visited a succession of these hamlets, where we attended to a little boy with a rash, a woman with a crisis of digestion and an old lady with acute rheumatism. We hurried back to our first stopping place for luncheon—we had brought along our provisions, and madame cooked them for us over our busy little stove. After luncheon we motored into a fair-sized town, with a *mairie* and a communal school. And the first person we spied was a portly man, in a long frock coat and a tall hat, running, and with his hands in his pockets. A top hat is a rare sight in France nowadays; so I turned to look at him.

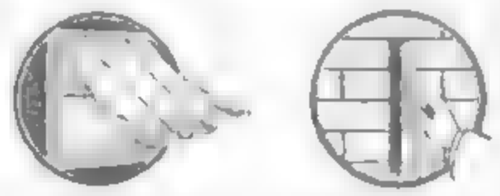
"That can't be anyone but the undertaker," said Madame V. "I am afraid the poor old lady is dead!"

(Concluded on Page 33)

Fight with fuel.

The Government asks you to save coal—and suggests the use of weather strips.

Saving heat is saving coal for your Country's sake at a time when fuel is vital to the winning of the war. "Leaky" windows and doors represent a treasonable waste. Common prudence as well as patriotism dictates stopping this waste. Weather strips will pay for themselves in reducing your coal bills.



A "leaky" window is a hole in the wall

By accurate calculation, the cracks and crevices around one window equal a hole in the wall a foot long by an inch wide—a dozen leaky windows represent a hole in the wall a foot square—which your furnace has to fight. If your water pipes spring a leak it's an emergency and you send a hurry call for the plumber. Stop the air leaks in your doors and windows with weather strips, and your furnace will save the price of them over and over again.

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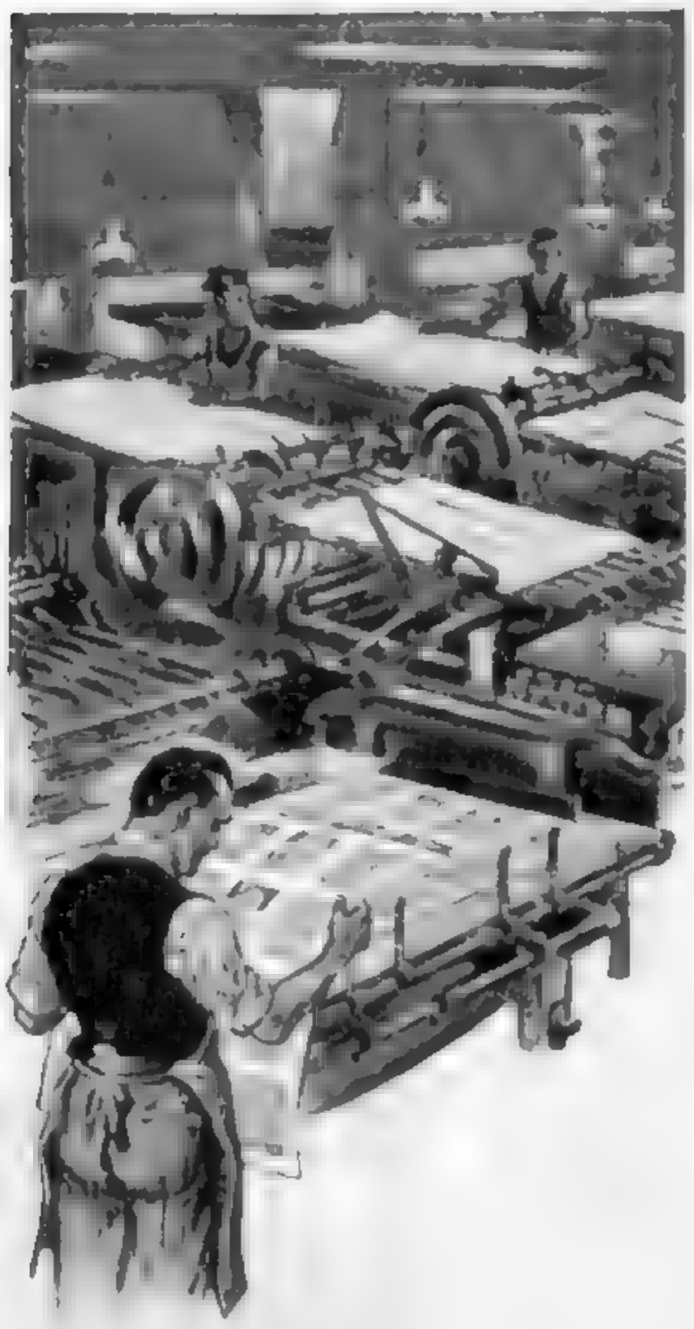

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The top sheet of paper in every case of Warren's Standard Printing Papers is printed at the Warren Mills with engravings of different character and different screen. This proves what the paper will do under ordinary pressroom conditions, and what the artist, engraver or printer has a right to expect from it. To prove that "Warren's Standard Printing Papers" will print—we print them.

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## S. D. WARREN & COMPANY

200 Devonshire Street, Boston, Massachusetts

*Constant Excellence of Product*

(Concluded from Page 31)

"Very likely," said the doctor. "A violent stroke of apoplexy," he explained to me. "It occurred the night before our last visit. There really wasn't anything to be done except show them how to make her as comfortable as possible. She's the first patient we've lost."

Their forebodings were accurate, as we found when we reached the dispensary, where a small queue awaited us. For house visits we had an old woman, bedridden for thirty years, a little touched in the head by her infirmity—wherefore she wanted to know emphatically why American medicine did her no more good than French—and the janitor of the communal school. He, a gray-mustached old veteran of 1870, had one of those colds on the lungs that threatened pneumonia and, at his age, a quick end.

His little bright-eyed anxious wife did the honors, complimenting Madame V.—who wore our American Red Cross uniform—on her excellent French! She followed us down to the door when the consultation was over, inquiring anxiously whether we had dared tell the whole truth before her husband. Or was it worse than we said?

"It will be worse," cautioned Madame V. severely, "if he doesn't do exactly as we have ordered and stay indoors."

"Ah," sighed the wife, "but he is such a child—and such a gadabout!"

### *The Wiles of Suzette*

We stopped at one of the few isolated farmhouses in the region, where an infected finger gets attention at every round of the Red Cross car. The patient here was a farmer's wife, working the home while her man fights for France. She pierced her finger with a thorn last October and blood poisoning had set in. It was a question, at first, whether it hadn't better be amputated; but the doctor, at her earnest desire, decided to have a try at saving it. And saved it he has, though it was a narrow squeak.

A grateful, decent woman of character she was, and she showed it in her severe, intelligent face. As she sat before the hollow of her great kitchen fireplace, backed by a beautiful old fire iron of the kind for which antique dealers struggle, she made a wonderful picture—all France in her stern beauty, her quiet air of resignation and her courage.

We had just established ourselves at the next stop when Suzette burst into the room, lighting up everything. Suzette is sixteen; she has a marvelous pair of big, long-lashed brown eyes, features as clean as though carved, and an air like that of a wild creature caught and half tamed. The dispensary crew knew Suzette. She drives the collecting wagon for her father, who owns the village creamery.

"She's here to put something over on us," said the doctor in English. "Ah! Didn't I tell you?"

For Suzette, her great eyes wandering in her characteristic expression of a wild thing, was talking French rapidly to Madame V.

"He is very ill, madame—ah, it is frightful! So ill he cannot mount himself to this place. So he stops at our house; and if madame and monsieur the doctor will come down there and you could send your car to wait for you there ——"

"Aha!" said Madame V., addressing us in English and controlling her expression. "That's what ails the little lady—the car!"

"She has a crush on our military chauffeur," said the doctor. "Every time we come it's a new trick! Very well; we must humor the natives. Tell her it's all right; tell him to run the car down to Suzette's and wait. It will be good for his French, anyhow!"

Suzette gave us a backward glance of her big, untamed eyes as she left the room, which shows that she suspected our insight into her purposes; then we heard her racing down the stairs—heard the whir of a jitney engine starting.

After cleaning up the dispensary we visited a peasant house—and such a house! Really it wasn't a house at all, but a barn, packed with hay and feed. Within, right and left of the entrance, and under a separate double roof, stood two cabinlike structures, so old that the oak beams were black. The doors had primitive hand-wrought latches and hinges; and they were carved crudely with deeds of the saints. How many centuries old they were only an antiquary has the right to guess.

We entered one of these doorways. The apartment within was beamed with the same old black oak, which seemed to have gathered the smoke of centuries. Opposite the great fireplace was a bed let into the wall—a cubbyhole bed, with two doors to guard one against dangerous night air. From the feather-bed covering appeared a man's face which seemed as old as the oak beams. Two old women, in shawls and caps, rose from beside the fireplace at our entrance and stood bobbing.

"There's nothing the matter with him except the weakness of extreme old age," said the doctor. "And he's a little wrong in the head too."

As soon as he saw us he began to pour out symptoms. I was getting up a conversation with the old women by the fireplace when I heard Madame V. say:

"But that couldn't possibly be!"

"It couldn't!" came the cracked voice from the bed. "*Sacre!*"

He rose from beneath the feather bed, the tassel of his nightcap shaking, and closed the doors on himself. That wall had become simply an oak panel, with two heart-shaped openings to prevent its occupant from suffocating.

"He behaves like a child!" said one of the old women. "If monsieur the American doctor will tell us what to do, and will leave us the medicine, we will attend to Jules."

So we left medicine and directions, and went back to the house of Suzette. Our patient was there, an old man, very miserable with sciatica. Glancing through the doorway of the dairy office, where we held this consultation, I beheld Suzette and our chauffeur, sitting on stools beside the great fireplace, in intimate conversation.

"Where do you live? Where did you just come from?" asked Madame V.

"Up there—by the barn," said the patient, indicating that barn we had just visited—where Jules had shut himself in.

"If you could walk down here you could have walked to the dispensary, couldn't you?" demanded Madame V.

"But certainly; only Mademoiselle Suzette told me to wait here for you," said the patient.

"Aha!" said Madame V.

Through the doorway floated the voice of Suzette:

"*Mais vous parlez bien—c'est ça—c'est une corde. Dites-le, c'est une corde!*"

"*C'est une corde,*" came the voice of our military chauffeur.

I peeped through the doorway. Suzette and our chauffeur were playing Cat's Cradle.

December 7th.

Yesterday afternoon I walked, on my own responsibility, to a little village near our town where a platoon of infantry and another of machine gunners have their quarters; a pasture not far away they use for their training. The village looks as old as the Roman Empire; the stone saints carved in the walls of one little hut, where six of our soldiers have established bunks, cannot date later than the thirteenth century. There is also a little Gothic church—"A thousand years old!" said one of our men. It looks all of that, though Gothic was not invented a thousand years ago.

When I came among them, at the edge of the village, the machine gunners were resting in the lee of the haystacks and the infantrymen were getting their *critique*. They were gathered in a circle about their platoon commander, while a French lieutenant told them what was wrong with their work and an interpreter translated.

### *Unexpected Meetings*

These three formed a pretty contrast. The American was a big, sandy, serious-faced chap, New England American all through. The French instructor was of the Pyrenees, where France blends with Spain; he had a dark face, all fire but all determination too. The interpreter was a Flemish-French blond, broad-headed and thick-set. The interpreter translated the captain's flow of French to our platoon commander, and he translated from classical English to United States—like this:

The interpreter: "He says that your men did not go fast enough through that barrage. There is the point where they must advance with all speed."

The platoon commander: "You hear, fellows? The barrage belt, you remember, was in that hollow. You didn't hit it up fast enough there. Of course, when it is a real barrage, you'll be doing nine seconds—and then some; but you might just as well sprint in practice and get used to the pace!"

After exhausting my untrained legs in following the machine gunners through a hypothetical advance, I strolled back into the village; and there I was hailed by my own name. I could not place the stalwart bronzed boy, in signal-corps uniform, who came from a doorway with his hand outstretched, until he mentioned a certain American moving-picture company. Then memory arrived with a rush.

In the spring before the great war began I had something to do with producing a moving-picture show. To a lost old New Jersey town we imported forty stage cowboys, with broncos, chaps, sombreros and similar trappings, and gave a faithful imitation of the Wild West. Buckley, here, had the accomplishment of "dying off his horse"—shoot him with a blank cartridge and he would do a realistic fall backward while the horse galloped on riderless. Because of which, he got ten dollars a day, while the rest drew five.

I have had unexpected meetings like this every day. Already, at division headquarters, I had found a college mate serving as a captain in the quartermaster's department, and a budding American playwright with whom I used to range Greenwich Village in charge of billets for the staff. Day before yesterday who should come down the stairs of our hotel but a red-headed youth whom I last saw across a tennis net, engaged in putting me out of a scrub tournament. He is a sergeant of engineers now. He had a few hours to wait in town, so we went to luncheon together; and some of his remarks deserve repetition.

### *Glad to be in the Ranks*

"I'm mighty glad I came," he said; "it's a great adventure. I didn't know anything could be so interesting. Except for the weather just at present, I'm crazy about France and the French. I'm glad, too, that I've come in the ranks. You know I applied for a commission on the ground of militia experience, and they turned me down. I felt rather sore; but I'm more than reconciled. I'm not thinking of the army as a career; and this way I get so much closer to the people—and, really, to the war. Yes; I prefer the ranks!"

Scratch anywhere among the French of the north and you turn up a human story. Now there's Henriette, for example.

She has been assigned by the hotel to look after the correspondents. She brings our morning coffee, cares for our rooms, keeps our fires supplied and waits on our table. Her hours are very long; war is a time of hard work. But she is always mightily efficient and absolutely cheerful. Henriette has just turned nineteen; she is black-eyed, black-haired and warm of expression. Her younger sister, just as pretty for a blonde as Henriette for a brunette, is chambermaid on the floor above.

Henriette served me a late dinner last night; and, standing by the sideboard, tray in hand, she told me about her family and the war.

They lived in a town between Verdun and the border. Her mother was dead; the family consisted of her grandmother, her father, a sister and two brothers, younger than she. The Germans invaded that part of France, occupied their village and seized the town dignitaries as hostages on the day before war was declared.

Her father, a territorial, got away to his regiment. He was one of four brothers, all mobilized. This left the family in the hands of the Germans. All that autumn, Henriette says, the two young girls worked by compulsion, grinding wheat for the conquerors. And after a year the family was repatriated through Switzerland; but meantime the youngest boy had died. At Lyons, where they rested for a time, the other boy died.

Then the two girls and the grandmother went to live with relatives in a town near the Front. Last year the Germans began constant air raids on that town; the time came when the grandmother could stand it no longer. So they drifted back here, where the girls got places in the hotel. It is a new kind of experience for them; in peace their father is superintendent of a factory.

Of him they had no news until they were repatriated. Two of his brothers had been killed. One of them was his favorite; to avenge him he had volunteered for the first line. Twice wounded and sent back, he considered his duty done; and he is now road mending again with his old territorial battalion.

"The war had done more than enough to our family!" said Henriette.


# One Pipe-Smoker's Letter That We Can't Publish

It was postmarked Salchaket, Alaska, and was written on the back of a map of the Yukon country.

The writer of the letter told us in singularly unrestrained language of an incident in the Diddyrod country which he thought would interest any pipe-smoker. He had traded what he considered a worthless claim for a package of Edgeworth Tobacco and the "sourdough what got the claim from me for the Edgeworth took eighty thousand dollars out of the ground what I didn't know was in it."

This real letter from a real man makes us believe that the characters in the Alaska stories we love to read are drawn pretty accurately from life. For this man, like a regular sport, doesn't kick at the little trick Fate played upon him, but *writes us to praise the tobacco* for which he had traded a valuable claim.

He doesn't overpraise Edgeworth.

There is no exaggerated pretense that he got the best of the transaction, and in telling us that he liked the tobacco he doesn't try to write an advertisement and lug in words like "aroma" and "mellow-fragrance."

He simply took his pen in hand to say that it was good tobacco, qualifying the word good with certain adjectives whose usage is more common than approved.

We wish that we were able to get the same convincing quality into our own descriptions of Edgeworth Tobacco that some of its smokers do in the letters they write us. No doubt other tobacco manufacturers get letters from smokers, too. And doubtless they are made just as happy by them, but the letters we get from Edgeworth smokers certainly do warm our hearts.

If you have never smoked Edgeworth, we will be glad to send you samples of both forms in which it is made—samples that you can smoke at once or keep nearby and use when the spirit moves you.

One man we know sent for these samples and after they came, he decided he was pretty well pleased with his old brand, so he put the samples in his desk drawer and didn't even try them.

Two weeks later he was working late, and ran short of tobacco. He was as miserable as you can imagine, sucking away at his empty pipe until he bethought himself of those Edgeworth samples in his desk.

Out they came, and either because he was starving for a smoke or because Edgeworth really is a superior tobacco, he liked it so well he has clung to that brand ever since.

So, the samples we send you may save your life some time. At any rate they can't disappoint you much, and you may like them immensely.

Edgeworth comes in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. It's the same tobacco in both forms, but Plug Slice is prepared for the pipe by the smoker, who "rubs it up" in the palms of his hands. Ready-Rubbed is, as the name suggests, all ready for the pipe. You may have a sample of both and decide for yourself which form suits you better.

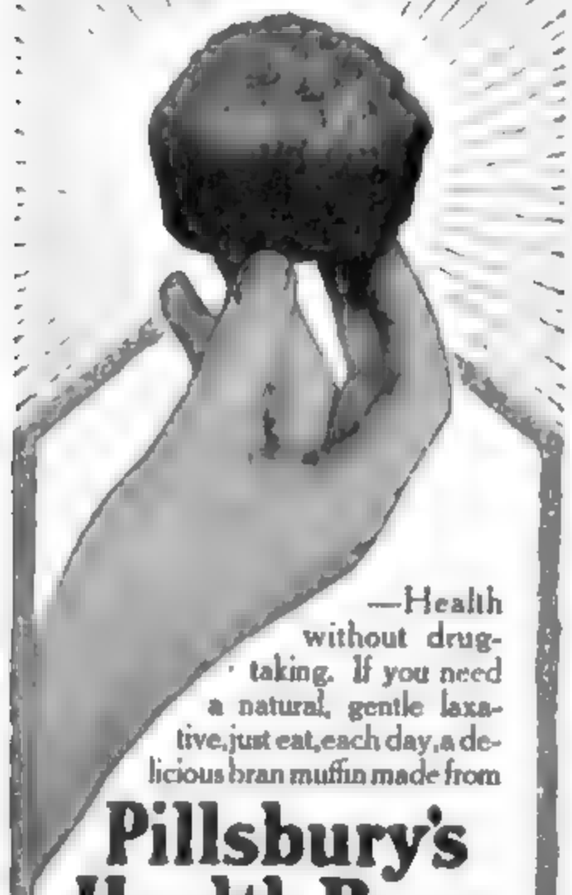
Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold everywhere in convenient packages from pocket size to the glass humidor containing a pound of Ready-Rubbed.

For the free samples address Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. Send us your retail dealer's name, please.

---

***To Retail Tobacco Merchants:*** If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

# Here's Health!



—Health without drug-taking. If you need a natural, gentle laxative, just eat, each day, a delicious bran muffin made from

**Pillsbury's Health Bran**

The larger, cleaner, coarser flakes supply the right amount of roughage to accomplish the desired laxative effect. Then too—the Pillsbury recipe, printed on the Pillsbury package, produces a breakfast muffin that is really delicious! Don't doubt it—try it—forget medicine—use PILLSBURY'S HEALTH BRAN and bid good-bye to constipation.

**Insist Upon Pillsbury's**

*Large Package*

**15c**

(Except in Far West)

If your grocer cannot supply you, send 25c for a full-sized package (the 10c additional is for wrapping and postage).

Department "S"

**Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.**
Minneapolis, Minn.

Ask For This Package!



**$1 A Week** buys the **Black Beauty**

On Approval Factory Direct

Prepaid. Keep if you like. Guar 5 yrs. Write today for Free and Postpaid Black Beauty Catalog (in colors). FREE.

Features: Fireglow Blue Nickel Trim, special frames, dove-tan color design, etc.

RAVERFORD CYCLE CO. (Est. 20 Yrs.) Dept. B10, PHILADELPHIA

# FIDDLER'S GREEN

(Continued from Page 11)

as a lady of the Renaissance would have thrilled to a sonnet of Peter Ronsard's. . . .

It might have been a word dropped inadvertently in a café, though that was improbable. It might have been the skillful tracking of the police, or the wily diplomacy of a stool pigeon pumping Morris Sachs. No matter what it was, the fact was patent. They were trapped.

The high racks and desks of the suburban post office rose on either side of them with the dim unreality of a theatrical setting. In the corner the iron safe lay, a huge cube, one of whose sides swung loosely open, inflated from the explosion like an alderman's paunch. Cement lay crumbled on the floor, as about an unfinished house. The circular spot of the electric torch jabbed into the recesses of the strong box, like the searchlight of a battleship probing a clump of trees. It snapped out suddenly. Ryan was whispering.

"It's a fair finish," he said. "There's three of them bearing down in front and one coming round in the back."

Belle whipped a minute revolver from her bosom. "Tchak!" Olsen murmured. He caught her hand. She put it away.

"Listen," he told Ryan. "Wrap Belle's scarf about this jimmy and tap the rear man in the head with it. Get Belle away." There was a fumbling at the front door.

"No! No!" she murmured fiercely.

"Do you hear me?" His voice had become as hard and cold as the metal on which he worked. "Hey! Wait a minute!" he shouted. "There's no use us all going up. You stay on the outside."

"I won't!" she snapped back at him.

There was a rattle at the door.

"Rush her, Dave!"

"I won't be rushed," she said suddenly. "I'll go; and I'll be waiting outside for you." She pulled his head down and kissed him. "Good-by, old boy!"

There was a crash of glass outside.

"Good girl!"

He walked slowly toward the front of the office and fumbled at the locks.

"It's all right!" Olsen told the police. He made his way fumblingly to the glass door. Outside, the officers looked at one another, puzzled. He flung it open. "Come in!" He waved his hand as though welcoming guests into his home.

Reilly, the lieutenant, stepped forward. "What do you mean 'Come in'?" He had never before faced so imperturbable a prisoner as this.

"It's all right. Come in."

They followed him pell-mell toward the wrecked safe.

"Where's the rest of the gang?" Reilly demanded.

"What rest of gang?"

"Don't be a fool!" Reilly snorted. "Where's the others?"

"There's no others. I work by myself since Paroni went to jail."

The detective lieutenant strode to the back window.

"MacShane!" he bellowed. There was no answer. "MacShane?" He vaulted through the open back window. "Come here, you!" he roared at Olsen. He pointed to the limp form of the detective huddled beneath the casement. "How do you explain that?" He ran his hands over the man. "A crack on the bean," he decided. "Well, what about it?"

"Maybe," suggested Olsen innocently, "he bump his head against the wall in the dark."

There was a faint chugging of an automobile in the distance. It changed to a purring, as of a monstrous cat. It roared like a far-away train.

Reilly swore and turned to the cracksman: "Well, we got you, my son. And I'll give you a straight tip: It's up the river for yours!"

"I been always curious about up the river," Olsen replied stolidly. "I hear a lot about it. Maybe I like it there. Nice and quiet, with no policemen butting in."

"You son of a gun!" Reilly looked at him with a grin. "You son of a gun!" A note of amazement came into his tone, and mingled with it was the tone of a big admiration. "You son of a gun!"

### III

FOR four and a half years—a five-year term for a third-degree burglary, with time manumitted for good behavior—Jörn Olsen abode in the dreary prison house at Ossining. Sunset and moonsrose. The dun evenings of autumn went and the pleasant snow of winter. Came the sapphire dusks of April—and July, hot as a great furnace. Four times went the cycle about, and a half turn. Dynasties changed and war raged, and life pulsed by and love fermented, in the world outside; but within was the stolid repetition of stolid days. As near death as possible that state is: "Without ale; without disputation," says a Gaelic poet, speaking of the Land that is not Life; "without the belling of the wolfhound on the hills, or the wind upon the heather, or the slinking of the badger through the furze." . . .

There is this that is terrible about crime: There is a brief and parlous life, and then the death of the prison; another momentary spell, ghoul-ridden and ghost-haunted; and again a death; and comes repetition after repetition, until the ghastly travesty of living ends, and the corruptible body becomes corruption, and that which actuates it disappears. But there knowledge ceases.

Came the day when Jörn Olsen stood outside the walls, a free man—his huge shoulders huge as ever, but now muscle-bound where once they were supple and lithe; the smile gone from his face. There were others with him, also, newly risen, with the old problem of free will and predestination facing them like wolves. There were some blinking dazedly at the sun, like newborn infants; there were others savage and sullen, like unchained dangerous dogs; there were others with peace and glory on their faces, as on the faces of those who have been nigh unto Emmanuel.

He sat opposite a tall, thin, pale-faced man on the train down. Unconsciously he studied the small hands, the feet, the aquiline contours of his features, all the minute signs of race and breeding which the prison routine had been powerless to kill. The passenger looked at Olsen with a half-amused smile on his face.

"What have you been up for?" he asked suddenly, with that queer twitching of mouth and half opening of lips. "Taking a crack at a man?"

"No," Olsen replied slowly; "taking a crack at a safe."

"Oh, then you'll go up again!"

Olsen looked at the man, with his eyes half closed, his head on one side, like a pedigree dog puzzling out the expression on a human's face.

"Oh, I know!" laughed the other bitterly. "I've been up four times myself. And I expect to go up a few more before I'm through. I'll forge a few more names and you'll crack a few more safes, and we'll both be up again."

The Swede was looking with an intense interest at the man opposite. Like some dramatic throwback on a cinema screen, he saw his own youth—his desertion by his fancy-free mother; the harsh work of the foundry; the limited horizon of his ambitions and dreams. And this man! The wastage, he thought in his shrewd mind—the wastage of background and the wastage of education and training! He felt a little bitter. If only he ——

"When you look at it," the forger continued, "the percentage of it makes you laugh. A year's high jinks and five years in the pen. Reckon up your year's high balls and meals against the dirty water and the stinking food in the prison, and see where you come out."

There was sense to that, certainly; but somehow this mere mercantile view of the matter did not move Olsen extraordinarily.

"A man wasn't born to be a jail-bird," the forger exploded. "I'd rather be a laborer on a farm, with a couple of kids and a good thick girl for a wife, and a chance of living without a policeman always hunting you round, getting up in the morning for your day's work and going to bed tired after it, than be the cleverest crook in America. That's life!"

"Why don't you?" Olsen asked.

"Why don't we?" The forger laughed sardonically. "We come out ready to go straight. We fall in with one of the women we knew—and the first thing is the old game again. You may hold off for a while, but they'll get you going in the end." He swore bitterly. "There's not one of them would help you out and put you on the right way. Not a damned one!"

He looked out at the green Westchester country, dew-spangled, flowery, alive with birds. Again came his vitriolic laugh.

"Oh, you'll be up here again! Don't worry!"

"Maybe so," Olsen agreed. "Maybe so."

But his jaw had taken a firm tilt, and there was something in his eyes that burned in a steady blue flame.

### IV

WITHIN the huge station at Thirty-third Street people were coming and going in queer crisscrosses that suggested the intricate evolution of troops. The colored porters, with their red caps, fluttered hither and thither like strange tropical birds. The hollow tones of the megaphone reverberated to the high-domed ceiling. There was the deep clanging of bells. There was the grinding of wheels.

"Then, when you get down to Long Island"—Belle Foliott was speaking—"you've got to forget all this. And the best way you can do it is to get married and have some kids. It's the only way!"

Olsen was looking at her, with pain in his eyes.

"Forget it!" she commanded bluntly. "There was nothing between you and me. We were only pals."

"Wading River Express!" came the ghostly note of the megaphone. "Huntington; Cold Spring Harbor ——".

"There's your train." He leaned forward to kiss her. "Cut out the mush, Jörn." She shook his hand as a man would. "Good-by, old boy; and remember—wife and kids."

She marched stiffly across the concourse and gained the street. Aimlessly she wandered down toward Ninth Avenue. She turned suddenly into a doorway marked Family Entrance. She slumped into a chair in the dingy sitting room. Her hands fell limply on the table.

"Oh, hell!" she breathed savagely. And then she laughed. "Bring me some brandy," she told the frowzy waiter. "Not a pony—a drink!"

▼

I WAS running back from Bridgeport in the Barnacle Goose; a long starboard tack and a short leg to windward; slow work, sailing full and by. The slim thirty-two footer was cutting through the swell like a plow turning up a furrow. An early June gale had lashed the Sound into a seething caldron the day and night before, and I had lain over in the Connecticut town, on the way home from the Brooklyn yacht yard, to give it time to abate. A very clear sky, with the water blue as ice, with a curling white foam like the snarl of a dog. Old Field Point rose up before us, and little by little the dun breakwater of Port Jefferson appeared. The wind freshened off land, a tricky sou'wester. Young Patrick, eighteen, blond, lank, sometimes caddie for me, sometimes mate of the sloop, was lying forward, coiled up between jib and mainmast.

"We'll take a reef," I decided.

We lay to and knotted the reef points; bound taut the halyards.

"Take in the spinnaker and put on the spitfire jib!" I shouted.

We cut into Mount Sinai, scuppers down. The long cross-tacking had put me out a matter of hours, and already the full force of the neap tide was pouring through the inlet like a stream from a fire hose. The deep, shell-strewn channel seemed to flash before us like a flying belt. Puffs of wind struck at us like the jabs of a boxer's glove. On the right was the sandy white beach. On the left, a flurry of blue water, where the tide met the waves of the Sound. In an eye flash I saw a great figure in flannel shirt and riding breeches, standing ashore, watching the fight. But I had no time to look at him. I was too busy at the tiller.

"Keep an eye out forward," I told young Patrick. "I don't want to rip the bottom off her."

He crawled over the starboard bow.

"Not a chance," I decided. "Got to stand out. Hard alee!"

He may not have heard me; or the quick swirl of the boat may have taken him unawares. My own eyes were fixed on the pocket of the sail. So I noticed nothing until I heard a yelp and saw young Patrick being swept out by the current as a leaf is swept along by the wind. The Barnacle Goose flew down before the wind on the tide like a racing car. As I swept by

(Continued on Page 37)

# Columbia Grafonola

## Walk in and look at them —see them and hear them —that is the way to tell.

There is nothing you can buy which you can enjoy buying so much as a Columbia Grafonola—save possibly an automobile.

It's a very natural tendency to want to see, hear, and compare the different instruments you are considering.

No matter what instrument you buy, you are going to be pleased with it. But the degree of pleasure you get from it will depend upon how complete is your assurance that you have bought the right instrument—the one that will give you the fullest measure of satisfaction.

If you have a doubt as to which type of instrument you want, or what kind of finish you prefer, you will find ample opportunity to decide in any store where Columbia Grafonolas are sold.

With instruments priced at $18 to $250—all before you—all ready to be played to your contentment—you can judge the Grafonola by any test you wish and buy it with the unshaken conviction that you could not have made a better choice.

Stores selling Columbia Grafonolas are conveniently located.

*Columbia Grafonolas are priced at $18 to $250*
*Period designs up to $2100*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK

*Food will win the war. Don't waste it.*

# "Hooray! Here comes Mr. Peanut!"

He's loaded down with goodies—those great big, "crispy" salted peanuts, the kind that come in the wax-paper bag with the red PENNANT on it!

5¢

*Planters' Pennant Salted Peanuts are sold only in this wax-paper bag, with red pennant on it.*

Millions of children and grown folks know the familiar red Pennant bag, and the golden salted peanuts it contains. They are clean, wholesome and luscious. Even Hoover's Food Administration and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley stop to say many words of praise for peanuts.

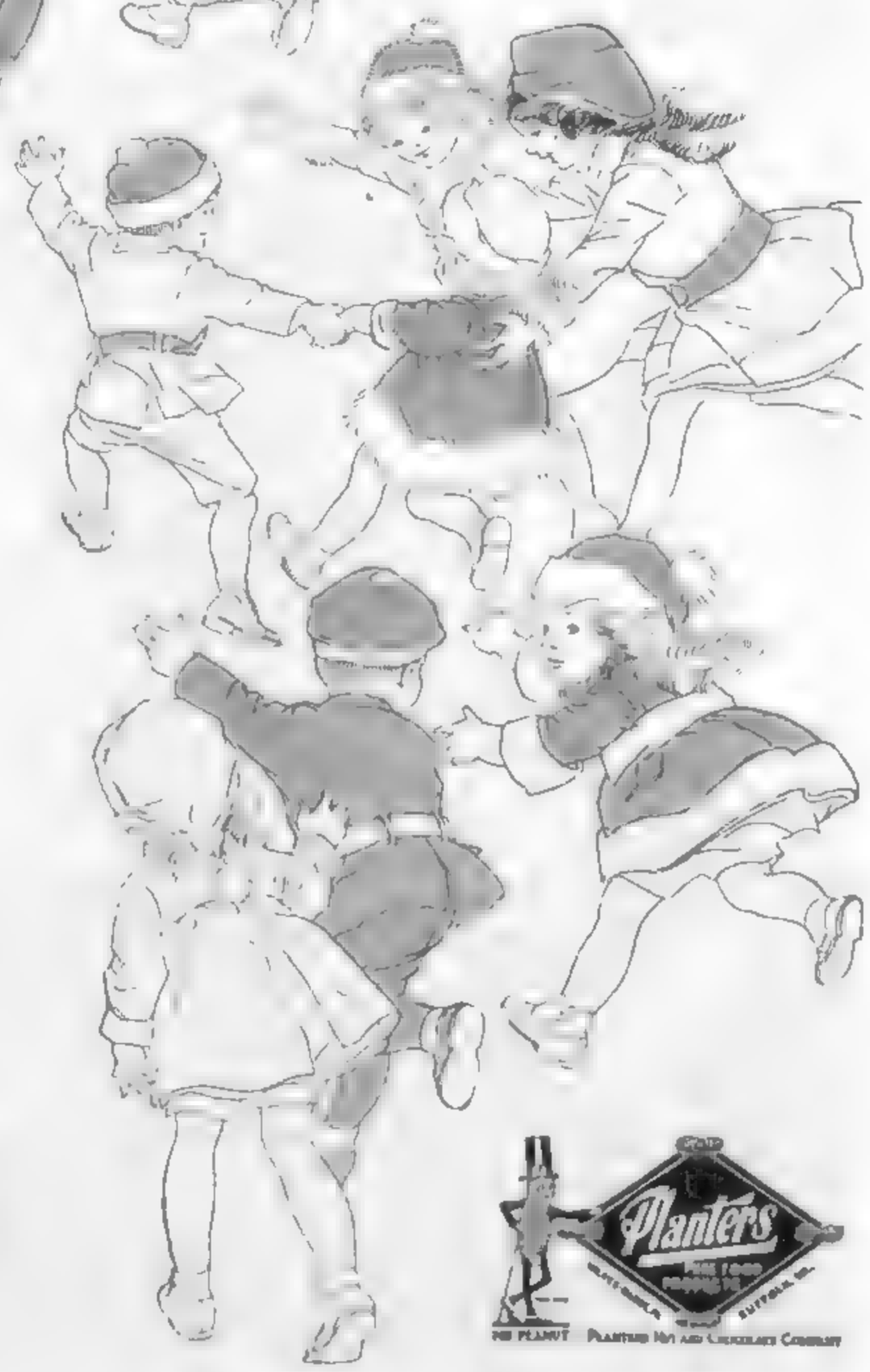
Pennant Salted Peanuts, "a tasty, wholesome confection." Sweet savory nuts, free from skins, and selected for size and flavor—the very pick of the crop, in the original whole form. The Planters' formula makes Pennant Salted Peanuts always fresh and crisp when they get to you.

Eat all you want. Peanuts are highly nourishing and easily digested. Chew them well.

The Planters Nut and Chocolate Co.,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Manufacturers of high grade nut confections
and peanut butter.

***Peanuts from Virginia plantations.***



*Planters'*—PENNANT

—WHOLE SALTED PEANUTS—

Planters

(Continued from Page 34)

I reached out; missed young Patrick by an inch; then threw overboard a life belt; saw it whirled along before it ever reached him. I came about. There was a hundred yards between us; and I saw young Patrick go down for the first time.

"Good-by, old Barnacle Goose!" I said.

There was nothing to do except let her pound to pieces on the shore. I stood up to dive. "Stay where you are!"

Across the channel, tearing through it in a flurry of foam like a power launch, went the man who had been standing on the beach. I am a fairly powerful swimmer myself; but I had yet to see anything like the way those great arms crashed through the water, like the paddles of a ferryboat, and the legs churned like a propeller. I saw him reach young Patrick. I saw the lad's frenzied, terrified attempt to catch the man by the arms. I saw the swimmer's left arm shoot out and catch the boy's neck. I saw the right whip overhand out of the water and the fist land flush on the jaw. Leisurely he swam toward the boat, easily as a porpoise, towing young Patrick. I helped them in. The swimmer swung into the cockpit, hardly even panting.

"If you had gone overboard after him she'd have been pounded to bits," he said in a low, gentle voice. His eye went appreciatively over the graceful Herreshoff lines of the Barnacle Goose—the rake of the mast; the snug set of the sails. "It would have been a pity. Such a bonny sloop!"

And so I met Jörn Olsen.

VI

IN THAT fertile wooded country on Long Island, where the meadows roll downward to the sea like gigantic green velvet carpets; where the trees stand about in ordered clumps, as in the landscapes of some painter of a bygone school; where the sound washes the shore with a chiming swish of water and a grinding of pebbles, Jörn Olsen had bought him a farm. To the right of the reaches of his forty-acre holding swept a sedulously kept summer colony—a baroque atrocity of English cottages, of Italian villas, of colonial houses, huddled pell-mell. Across the sound rose faintly the fertile green Connecticut hills. But hedged about by a belt of great trees—poplars, and ancient oaks, and spreading horse-chestnuts—the Olsen farm was hidden securely as the Lost Oasis of the Sahara wastes.

It was once a great farming country, that section; but the gangrene of discontent had set in, the blood of the farming stock thinning, and that bubble which is called a real-estate boom rising transparent and varicolored from the pipes of their imagination, the owners of the land decided to hold it for speculation. A farmer's life was the life of a dog, they decided. Better to wait until the city people bought up the countryside for their bungalows and country houses; and then—heigh-ho!—for the city, a snug flat on Amsterdam Avenue, with a gas range, and glass handles on the doors, and a vaudeville show or a moving-picture palace, belike, round the corner. That was life—not vegetation!

And that snug holding which later became Olsen's was not easily disposed of. It was too much for one country summer estate; and for a colony, as they like to dub themselves, the summer cottagers decided it was unsuitable. It was not near enough to a shallow bathing beach with life lines and a raft; not near enough to the bar of a country club; not near enough to a moving-picture show. So, for a song, it became the property of Jörn Olsen; and it followed out the destiny the Great Gardener had decreed for it—lengthened out into flower-topped potato ridges; rose here and there into pygmy forests of bearded corn; budded for ten acres into a kitchen garden tended by two immobile Chinese, whose limp blue blouses and pagodalike hats were the sensation of the village.

Here, a gnarled orchard petaled in delicate white and pink and hummed with the minute bourdon of bees. Up the hill, near the gigantic sareba of oaks and chestnuts, grazed two comfortable Guernseys and a sleek Belted Dutch. The old homestead, a huge relic of colonial days, built solidly as a fortress is built for a siege, paneled with curious, secret gun racks, nestled on a lawn that ran down to the water. And back of it—a crazy idea of Olsen's own, which curiously was successful—stretched an alley of greenhouses, where roses were grown for the winter market.

"Thinks he can farm, does he?" cackled the community wiseacres. "Well—by Jiminy! he ain't the first one. No, sir; he ain't the first one to go bust. 'Fools rush in where angels'"—the delicate compliment those whiskered old scoundrels paid themselves—"'fear to tread!'"

Passed a year, and the unparalleled news went about that the Swedish giant was making money on the venture.

"Hear you made a tidy parcel of money out of that there old place of Strong's," one of the Davises hailed him on the road.

"Not so bad," Jörn would grin.

"Sure do admire to see a young man get on!" came Davis' encomium. But that evening he unburdened himself to the local bar hounds to the effect that "Them dirty foreigners come over here and take the bread out of our mouths. 'Tain't right. No, sir! I state and uphold, 'tain't nowise right!"

Came a second season and further success. There was no better guaranty of that than the giving in marriage by old Walter Tucker of his daughter Mamie to Olsen.

Tall and thinnish, blue-eyed, scant-haired, pallid as an egg, I can, for the life of me, see no attraction for Jörn Olsen in Mamie Tucker. I grant she was pretty in an anæmic way—a regularity of feature. There was an innocence to her that was her birthright as a daughter of the soil. There was a pertness about her that I did not like, which, to my mind, was a certain sign of shallowness.

What a ghastly caricature of a woman she was compared with the splendid companion of Olsen's unregenerate days! There could have been no reason for this marriage, I argue, except the desire of Olsen to rivet himself to his new life with shackles stronger than steel. I can't see that he could have loved her; but one thing is assured: he cherished her and honored her and protected her with all the bigness that was in him.

"I was talking to your father," Olsen told her—"talking about marriage. He would have no objection if you and I——"

"Oh, I don't care!" she cut in with a flirt of her head—a horrible, jarring affirmative for so solemn a moment.

Her ideal of a husband had been gathered from a cinema screen—an actor with long, plastered black hair and a woman's eyes; a figure in chaps and laden cartridge belt, who at the end of the story would fade away into a turmoil of magnolia, her head on his pigeon breast, his eyes raised heavenward ecstatically. But back of all that you could see in her eye the groundwork of shrewdness. This husky giant with the blond hair was on the road to riches. His house was comfortable. There was no doubt of his generosity. So she retained the movie beauty as the mate of her dreams, and married Jörn Olsen and went to live in the homestead.

I saw much of that woman; and the more I saw, the less I liked her. I had, somehow, after the incident of the Barnacle Goose, gotten into the habit of going round to the homestead on occasional evenings. He would come to the door with elaborate courtesy as I came up, and stoop to pat my two Great Danes as they padded and snuffed and bayed round him. The dogs liked him, and they had no liking for an evil or insignificant man.

"Sit down!" He would bustle about cheerfully; with the lavish Norse hospitality he would offer everything in the house, from a huge dinner to a cigar.

"Why didn't you bring your friends, Captain Bourke and the doctor?" his wife would ask. There was that flirtatious pert look in her eyes which I didn't like. There was that affectation of gentility about her which disgusted me. "It's so lonely here!"

If there was one thing Jörn Olsen loved to hear me speak of more than another it was of the great athletic contests in the city. He enjoyed the recital of the big boxing matches of the day, the flicker of gloves, the hushed ringside; sparring, fast as a fencer's. What was my friend, the Roscommon Sheepstealer, doing now? What of the Hoosier Bear Cat? And about wrestling—had Hjelmar Johnson gotten a match yet? And I had been talking to Aberg, the old lion! Ah, there was a man!

His wife would break in pettishly:

"Don't talk about the old wrestling. Tell us about Broadway and the plays and the cafés. Do you know, he will never come up to town with me?"

"I send you up and I give you my check book. Why do you want me?" Olsen would chuckle.

"He won't even come with me to the movies."

"I don't blame him," I told her roughly.

I grin, now that I know Jörn Olsen's story, at the idea of his watching a cinema burglary, who had been the greatest cracksman of his time; of his savoring the mawkish sentimentality of the screen, who had known Belle Foliott, the magnificent!

"Do bring the captain and the doctor when you come again!" would be her last words to me, accompanied by a travesty of some movie heroine's provocative glance. "There's so little life here."

I did not like that woman. And Dick Bourke, the nerve-shattered adjutant of the Connaught Rangers, my guest, and Doctor Kenyon, my friend—two gallant gentlemen if ever there lived such—liked her as little as I.

VII

A THIRD winter passed and again May came, and the Long Island shore filled with turbulent visitors. The Olsen farm was creeping onward to the most assured success. Already the Swede was making plans for buying new lands about. The great shipbuilding movement had received its first impetus; and northward, in Port Jefferson, the first strokes of the freight carriers were being laid in rapidly improvised yards. Cubans, lazy and picturesque; black laborers from the South, laughing and careless; sturdy mechanics from Baltimore; Nova Scotians, grim and taciturn—all poured into the sleepy village at the prospect of work and high wages. They deserted the warm fields of the South, the feverish munition works of New Haven, the lazy tropic shore fronts, in that hysteria of movement which is one of the phenomena of labor.

It brought grist to Olsen's mill, for now there was an outlet for all his holding could provide, without the freight charges and the risk the New York market entailed. He was before every competitor of his. His quick mind grasped situations in an instant and his will acted on them without hesitation. It was not every venture brought success; but, if he missed, he missed well.

There was a change in him that summer—a change from the autumn before. He was more taciturn. There were deeper furrows in his face, and something dejected about him. His wife, too, had changed She was more light-minded than ever.

"He sat here all winter and never said a word—the old sour face!" she told me. "I went down to Florida for a month with the Pickerings. Oh, say! Didn't I just have the time of my life!"

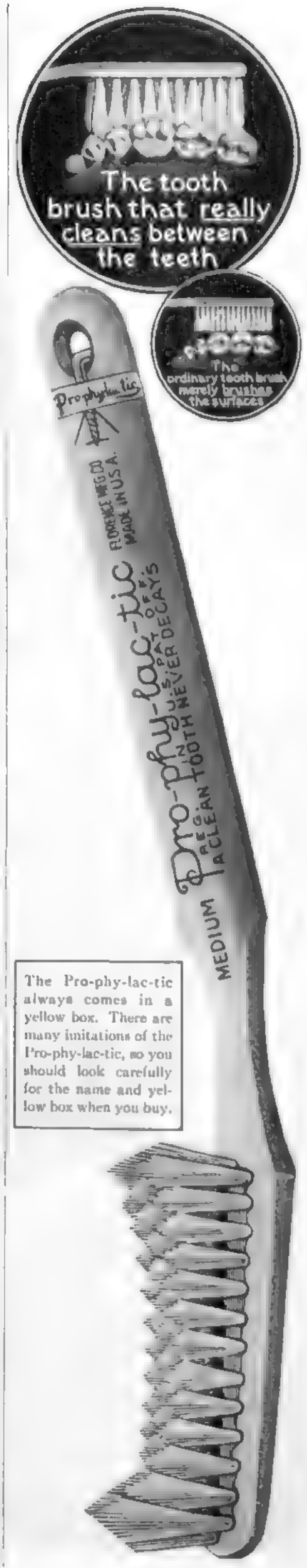
It was to some extent, I think, the disappointment of no children coming to him that caused those furrows. When he married Mamie Tucker he had in mind a tribe of little towheads, solemn like the children of the Norse, sturdy, happy and protected. For them he was rearing a stronghold in the soil, making a fortune that would endure. Now and again, through the generations one of these descendants would be constructed with the selfsame atoms of mind and body and spirit as were in himself, and thus should he live again.

Here was his ambition—and a man's ambition it was—to begin a family that would endure in this world; be the progenitor of a sterling breed that mankind might be glad of. And for this life of his own, to live in happiness—he had earned that, he thought, being purified of past crime by the ordeal of prison—with a wife he cherished and who cherished him, living a sweet, dear country idyl, like a Pastoral of Longus.

He took his disappointment hardly, but silently. With that clear gaze of his he plumbed his wife's shallows unerringly; but great gentleman that he was, he said nothing of it. Loyal to her in every way, he lived up to the veriest letter of the marriage bond—yes, and beyond it. There was one matter in which she was of value to him, that she bound him to the place by responsibility and chivalry. He never complained to himself, though, of her lightheadedness, of her shallowness, of her captious qualities. Who was he, to judge anyone? A jailbird!

During the years in prison he had thought little of Belle Foliott—he had thought of it merely as a light alliance, such as obtained everywhere in the dim world of the guerrilla. And moreover, in those days he was planning and plotting too much on forays when he should get his freedom, forays that would be as epic in their way as the raids of the Twelfth Charles. And when he came down here the adventure of the soil had shut her from his mind, and the adventure of marriage, which she herself had counseled.

(Continued on Page 38)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The Pro-phy-lac-tic always comes in a yellow box. There are many imitations of the Pro-phy-lac-tic, so you should look carefully for the name and yellow box when you buy.

# "I cannot tell a lie – I did it with my little can opener."

Del Monte Canned Fruits prove an irresistible temptation to *grown*-ups and *growing*-ups alike. Their supreme goodness and absolute purity are due to the Del Monte way of selection and packing that imprisons all the fresh fruit flavor and sun-ripened lusciousness within the can.

The red Del Monte shield on every can is your guarantee of quality on a complete line of canned fruits and vegetables, jellies, jams, and preserves, catsup, olives, raisins, prunes and many other varieties. At leading grocers everywhere.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION, San Francisco, Cal.

(Continued from Page 37)

"Told me that, herself, she did!" he would mutter. "Told me herself."

But now that he had awakened, as it were from a dream, his mind reverted to her. It dwelt on the old adventures; the old tenderness. All that had passed as a casual thing seven years before; but now, as he remembered it, brooded over it, analyzed it, he saw the depth of feeling in it; the great comradeship. If she had only agreed with him, seen eye to eye with him, how different life would have been! But she had chosen to stick to the old road and at the fork of the ways they had parted.

What had become of her? Was she even alive still? that dear and splendid girl! Round and round, in an endless chain of speculation, of old rose-colored memories, of poignant regrets, went his brain and heart. The image of her haunted him in the day and in the night time. At first he had thrust it from his mind as a conjugal intruder. But later, now as he saw exactly the position he was in, he came to welcome it, to cherish it, to love it.

It was all that was left to him in a world that had suddenly turned hollow; and who could blame him? Not I! If it had not been for his wife I believe he would have thrown everything up and gone forth looking for her, perhaps in the end returning to the old game and, as the broken forger in the train had prophesied, returning to the grim gray walls of Sing Sing. . . .

It was a splendid June night—moon at the full and the neap tide running. I had gone over to Olsen's with a new idea in my head. I thought of getting a fast power boat, hunting up a school of porpoises, and trying a little harpooning—chancy fast sport, with a kick to it. I wanted Olsen to knock off a day or two and come with me.

"I think it's good sport," he smiled.

"We had better have a look at the engine to-night," I said. "I know nothing about it."

"We go now."

I heard outside the barking of Olsen's Airedale, as at an intruder. My own Danes joined in. Olsen's wife rose from the table, where she was devouring a Sunday supplement.

"Oh, a visitor!" She clapped her hands in glee. She went to the door. "Down, dog, down!" Olsen followed her.

"Well, Brother Olsen!" came a deep voice outside. "Well, I tracked you down. What do you know about that?"

He came through the doorway into the big sitting room, tall, broad, muscular, jaw square and gray eyes beaming. A hard, shrewd face; one that fairly courageous men would fear—only now it was beaming with humor and good will.

"So this is the missus!" he went on. "Well, sister, I'm glad to know you." He pumped her hand up and down; then held it in his for an instant in a fraternal grasp.

"Mr. ——" she prompted.

Olsen was looking on, with the imperturbability of a graven image.

"Reilly is my name. You must have heard of me."

She smiled, with a sort of hauteur—an expression copied from the stage.

"I don't think ——"

"Reilly—Lieutenant Reilly, of the old Safe Squad," he elaborated.

He looked round the big harmonious sitting room, low-raftered, spotlessly clean; its great fireplace filled with ferns; its pleasant lamps throwing the room into mellow lights and shadow. Myself, sprawled in the depths of an armchair, his eye somehow escaped.

"Better than Sing Sing! Eh, what, Jörn?" He slapped the ex-cracksman on the shoulder. "You like it better here than the cells and shilly. 'I want the rooster, the one that used ter,'" he hummed.

"Sing Sing?" Mamie Olsen said, with a queer intonation of voice.

There was something in her tones that suggested a bird dog setting. Olsen was immobile, as before—a terrible immobility. There was a faint intangible something in the room; a catching of breaths; a stoppage of heartbeats; a suspense; a prologue to tragedy. The big fool in blue serge blundered on:

"Don't mind me, sister! Say, didn't you know I was the one that brought old Jörn up? If it wasn't for me you wouldn't have this nice little place you got here. I soaked him five years up the river, and now you got fifty happy years in front of you. I came down here for a vacation, and I thought I'd drop in and see you. Say, it certainly does look grand!" He put his thumbs in the armholes of his coat and teetered on his toes.

"Five years! For what?" Mamie Olsen's voice had a snap in it like a cur dog's.

"For safe-cracking," the detective's big voice boomed out. "What did you think for stealing poodles?" A sort of apprehensive amazement crept into his tones. "Didn't you know?"

She paid no more attention to him. She advanced on Jörn Olsen.

"So you were in jail!" Her face resembled, somehow, the muzzle of a fox. Her voice shrilled. Her eyes glinted. "So you were in jail for five years!"

He made no answer. He made no motion. He might have been a granite figure, standing solidly against the buffeting of winds.

"In jail for five years, and you never said anything about it!" Her teeth showed and her voice rose. "You dared to marry me, you jailbird! You thief! I might have known there was something wrong. You came out of nothing. I knew you were no good. I felt it all along!"

Her tones were now a scream. Her face was mottled with anger. She stamped her feet. She struck at his chest with her thin anaemic hands.

"What am I going to say now to all my friends? What will everyone think? Who'll have anything to do with me now? You've made me a laughingstock!" She caught up a sport sweater. "I'm going home; and don't you ever dare to come near me, you thief! My folks will attend to you."

She ran to the door and crashed it open. For an instant her face showed livid.

"To hell with you!" she screamed. "To hell with you!"

The big detective looked on, open-mouthed. He turned to Olsen.

"Go after her!" he counseled. "Put your arms round her. Tell her that you love her ——" His voice trailed off as he looked at Olsen.

He gaped at the man's gray visage. Here was something bigger than he could understand.

"Damn me!" he swore at himself in contrition. "Say, what the devil Jorn, I'm sorry!" He caught his hat up from the table and fumbled at the brim. "What did I ever make a crack like that for? Pie-faced mutt! Say!" He looked at Jörn Olsen with pathetic entreaty. "If I ever can do anything — oh, hell!" He plunged out through the doorway.

For a minute, for two minutes, everything in the room was tragically silent. The jarring tick of the clock burst like minute explosions. The Swede stood upright still, and as the seconds passed on his face grew grayer. Lines sprang into being about his mouth and cheek bones as though slashed by a knife. He put his hand to his forehead. In the lamplight, when they came away, his fingers glistened with moisture. He seemed to be trying to coördinate mind and body, as after some mortal blow.

### VIII

LIKE some fire spreading through dry grass the news tore through the gossip-mad Long Island villages. Perhaps to justify herself—perhaps to contrast her dramatic nobility in leaving the man tainted by jail—Mamie Olsen spread the story the length and breadth of the island. It was discussed in the fetid back rooms of the country bars. The village wiseacres collected their first impressions, garnished them, and served them up with a sauce of shrewdness.

"Knew there was something wrong with that Swede, moment I first set eyes on him!" they calculated. "Appeared to me he looked too slick a customer to be true. Heard from a man in the city that he'd committed a few murders too. Shouldn't be surprised. No, sir! Shouldn't be surprised!"

"Old Man Tucker's going to send Mamie to another state, where she can get a divorce. Considerable alimony, too, I guess."

Up in the summer colony the strictures were more severe. At the Country Club the men on the veranda viewed the situation with intense anger.

"The idea of a thief like that marrying any man's daughter!" growled John Simpkins, who had successfully looted a railroad, and whose despicable treatment of his wife had driven the unfortunate woman to drugs.

"We ought to run him out of town before he burgles the bank down here!" said the real-estate man who had sold Olsen the

(Continued on Page 41)

MACHINE BOOKKEEPING

1900 charge customers. About 300 Accounts Payable. 3 girls, with Baker-Vawter Steel Tray Ledgers (illustrated) post 550 to 600 sales tickets (4 to 8 items on each) and 40 or 50 cash entries every day. They work better, faster and more accurately than with pen-and-ink. Statements never late.

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Originators and Manufacturers
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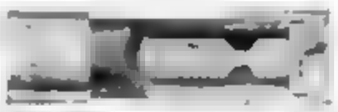
The pioneers have staked their claims. The vital features of highest efficiency in both renewable and non-renewable fuses are protected by the patents owned by this company.



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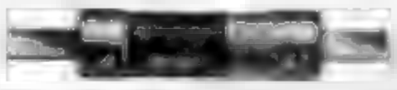
cut annual fuse maintenance cost 80%. A "Drop Out" Renewal Link restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency.



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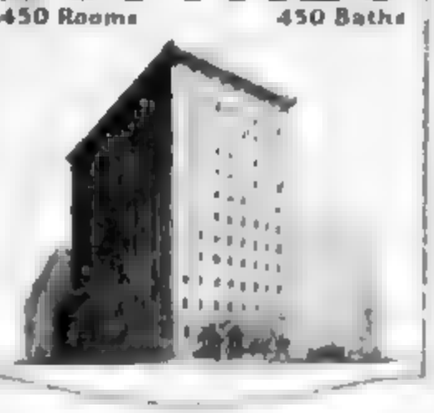
450 Rooms 450 Baths



Washington and Swan Sts

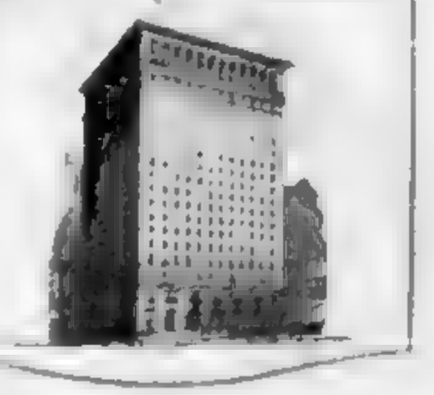
**CLEVELAND**
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

Euclid Ave. and E. 12th St.

**DETROIT**
1000 Rooms 1000 Baths

Grand Circus Park

**ST. LOUIS**
650 Rooms 650 Baths



Washington and 9th Sts

In four big cities—centers of American travel—there are Statler Hotels.

They are good hotels, successful hotels, satisfaction-guaranteed hotels.

Next fall there will be a Statler-operated hotel (the Pennsylvania, now building), in New York.

It will be the largest hotel in the world.

That fact speaks more for the goodness, and the success, and the satisfaction-giving policies of the present Hotels Statler than any printed pages can.

The reasons behind the growth of "the Statler chain" are simple—even obvious.

In character of buildings and equipment, in location, in comfort-features and liberal policies, and details of service, these hotels have set a standard for what constitutes *more than your money's worth* in hotel accommodations—a standard recognized by travelers to the Statler cities.

And these hotels promise *you* more than your money's worth—guaranteed satisfaction—any time you will put your name on a Statler register.

Every Statler bedroom—whatever its price—has private bath, circulating ice water, and many other unusual conveniences.

Rates from $2 a day.

And here is an instance of Statler service to guests; when you wake you find a morning paper under your door—but you don't find a charge for it in your bill

## NEW YORK

Hotel Pennsylvania, now building in New York (opposite Pennsylvania Station), will be Statler-operated.

The Pennsylvania Railway System and Hotels Statler are co-operating to the fullest to make this new house the foremost hotel of the world in every sense—as noteworthy in equipment, service and distinction as in size. It will have 2,200 guest-rooms, each with private bath.

Hotel Pennsylvania will be altogether worthy of America's greatest railway system, her largest city and her most important hotel chain.

Hotel Pennsylvania New York Now Building

## The Largest Hotel in the World

(Continued from Page 39)

farm after peddling it fruitlessly for fifteen years. "I'm going to let the dogs out round my house, and clean out the gun. God help him if he comes round my place!"

But there was no running out of town of Jörn Olsen; and there was none of the threatened chastisement by the folks of his wife. I don't know whether he heard these things; but he must have sensed them. They were in the air everywhere. They were like the sense of dangers in a jungle. They hovered above him like foul birds, ready to descend on a carcass once life expired.

He said nothing. With his Chinese laborers he remained immured in his farm. Once, twice, three times Reilly, the detective lieutenant, came to see him; argued with him as they walked along the shore together. Once or twice I met Olsen; but it was impossible to interest him in sports any more. He was invariably courteous, ever generous of time. But a change had come over his face. There was a proud tilt to the head, a slant to the eyes, a quiver of nostrils, which betokened anger pent up and fermenting. One sees that in the faces of gallant old ring generals fighting their last fight before the plunging elasticity of youth.

It all but burst on the second day of the Mineola Fair. In the grand stand of the trotting inclosure one of the Smiths, of Setauket, was gazing open-mouthed at the false starts opposite the judges' stand.

"How those two heifers I sold you, Ben?" Olsen asked.

"Don't you dare talk to me!" the slant-chinned, fish-eyed Smith told him in his pernickety falsetto. "I know who you are, you burglar!"

For an instant Olsen swayed on the tips of his toes. His mouth set; his eyes flashed; his great hands clasped and unclasped. He was taut as a crossbow. He was a wolfhound, crouching to spring.

"Don't you touch me!" Smith howled in terror. "Help! Police! Help!"

But Olsen, with a contemptuous laugh, had passed on. . . .

I had been swinging in, on a bright August day, toward Port Jefferson Harbor in the Barnacle Goose, at the breakwater, when a voice hailed me:

"Hello, cap!"

I turned round angrily. I saw a small dory, with a gas-cooker engine hung astern; and there sat my detective lieutenant. In his hand was a fishing line. Occasionally he would pull up a clean hook, curse silently, bait it again, and drop it overboard.

"Going to be a neighbor of yours next year," he announced.

"You are, are you?"

"Going to stick my poor old copper's feet into felt slippers and shuffle round the asparagus. Going to bring the kids and missus here and make farmers of them—gosh all hemlock! I just bought that place from Brother Olsen."

"You did, did you?"

"Yes, sir. A farmer's life for me!"

"Well, let me tell you something"—I hadn't seen him since the fateful night at Olsen's—"I hope you make a better farmer than you do a detective. I thought a detective knew how to keep his mouth shut."

"Oh, I don't know that I did so badly, at all! He was well rid of that jane ——"

"Oh, you don't, don't you? Well, the first thing Olsen's going to do some of these days is to run amuck and murder someone, or wreck this town ——"

"Leave that to me!" He smiled a broad smile. "I'll fix it."

"You're a great fixer, all right!" I howled at him as we swished through the harbor's mouth.

"You just wait and see!" I could gather his last words.

I passed through the Craigmore that night and heard Papa Lyons raising his voice.

"Something ought to be done about it." He was addressing his cronies. "Look at all the money there's here in the bank to pay the shipyard hands. Look at all our securities in the safe. I'm a director and you're a director, and if anything happens it falls on us. It falls on the whole countryside. We ought to run him out of the town. If he committed one burglary he must have done twenty; and they'll have the goods on him by now. I'm going up to police headquarters and see if they can't hold him technically until they send him up for something ——"

"You pimple-faced old gin dog!" I told him as I passed; "if you were thirty years younger you'd go out on a door."

Something had to be done about the matter, I decided. The best thing for Olsen would be to confront these men and in his quiet way, as the phrase is, put the fear of God into their hearts. True, he was going away and, true, Mamie Olsen was getting a divorce; but, still and all, it was a pity to allow these old detractors free scope and rein in the passing of their opinions. Just to see him walk in among them, with his set face and giant figure; to see their flush become a dull gray and their shrewd eyes fill with fear; to leave as a memory that one minute of physical cowardice which would haunt them for years—there would be a lot I should give to see that!

I went across the hills to Olsen's place. A great sultry night it was, without a breath of air. For days now the heat wave had hung over the countryside like the atmosphere of a furnace. A huge storm was brewing somewhere, but there was little hope for it for twenty-four hours to come. Under the moon the Sound looked like a glassy pond. The very trees drooped. Heat struck upward from the soil.

The Airedale knew me too well to bark. Without thinking I opened the door of the homestead and walked into the sitting room. Jörn Olsen was standing by the table. In the circle of light the lamp made, a collection of shining instruments were laid—sturdy things like chisels, and minute drills that were like a surgeon's probes; a length of metallic rod; a block of metal. In his hands Olsen was twirling the magazine of a navy revolver. He slipped it into his pocket as he saw me.

"What are you doing?" I asked. I motioned to the array on the table. "Experimenting in mechanics?"

He threw the edge of the red cloth over them.

"Yes; mechanics!" He laughed a little.

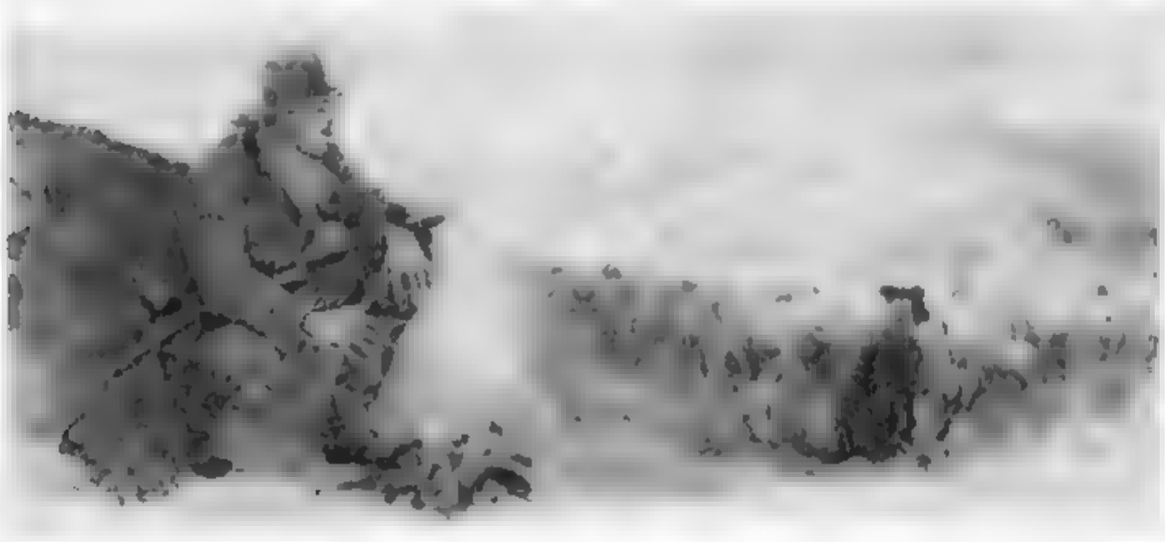
It suddenly occurred to me what the instruments were for. I looked at him keenly. There was none of the hopelessness on his face that would betoken a hounding back to his old trade.

There was none of the joy of foray. There was a set, grim, vicious expression on his features, as on the features of an avenger, a punisher. I knew what he was going to do. There were to be reprisals against his defamers. He was going to hurt them—not on their bodies, where bruises heal, but in their pockets, where the hurt lasts. They had asked for it, by George! And they were going to get it. And I was glad—God forgive me! I was glad!

IX

WITHOUT, in the streets of the village, the deep bourdon of thunder rolled like an organ; and then it crashed viciously, like a great house falling; anon would

(Concluded on Page 43)




To Incipient Critics

NOTICE: Concerning Food Administrator HOOVER and the HOOVER electric sweeper

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BLADES

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Your dealer has a cross section of the Firestone Non-Skid Fabric Tire. You will be interested in the thick, tough tread, the extra rubber between fabric layers, the side wall reinforcement for greater strength at bead. Go to your Firestone dealer soon.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio — Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Firestone
TIRES

(Concluded from Page 41)

come a report as of mighty ordnance. Rain rattled in the streets with the rattle of hail. Wind howled like the howl of a wolf.

For half an hour now Olsen had been working with the swiftness and sureness of a watchmaker. The faint swish of his drill had ceased, and the straining creaks of brace and jimmy. By his side on the floor lay the great wrench with which he had loosened the bars of the window, twisting them as easily as a man twists a tack with pincers. The outer door of the safe swung open, with a crumbling of cement. There was the click, click, click of tumblers falling. Lightning flooded the room in a blinding glare of ultra violet. The ground shook with thunder. The oiled inner door swung open as gently as a moored boat veering to the wind.

The stabbing light of the electric torch whisked into the crannies of the safe. With a steady decisive movement, Olsen began collecting the bundles of bills and the long white documents, bound with elastic. He made no effort to stow them away in his pockets. He threw them on the center of the floor. They rose in a great heap, like a prepared bonfire. He hefted a bag of coin for an instant; then put it in his pocket.

For quarter the space of time a second ticks he tensed alertly. As his hand came out of his pocket the big navy revolver was grasped in it. He bent over the pile of papers. He stood up easily. The spot of the torch shot unerringly toward a corner of the room. The revolver was leveled with it in a parallel line.

"Come here!" he said.

A big figure in blue serge strolled forward.

"Oh, Reilly!" Olsen observed, as though he were meeting the detective on the street.

"Now what do you want with that money?" Reilly argued. "Haven't you got enough of your own? What are you lifting it for? Tell me, now."

"I'm going to burn it."

"In the pig's eye, you are! What about that bag of coin in your pocket?"

"I throw it in the Sound."

"Now what are you making a foolish crack like that for? What do you want burning the stuff for and chucking it in the Sound? Are you bugs?"

"I like it!" Olsen laughed.

"Well, I'm going to pinch you," Reilly decided.

"You pinch me after. I do it first."

"You wouldn't do something for your friend Reilly ——"

"Oh, go to blazes!" Olsen said shortly.

"What's your hurry? Wait a minute!" There was a faint grin about the corners of Reilly's mouth. "Maybe you'll do it for somebody else."

The crashing artillery of the thunder had passed off, like some faint recessional. The howling of the wind had become a faint soughing, as among the branches of trees. The lightning played infrequently in pale innocuous sheets. Already the August dawn was coming up, cold, colorless, like spring water.

"Come here, Belle!" Reilly called.

Olsen stood rigid, as if petrified. Through a doorway behind the detective Belle Foliott came in. She wavered a minute; put her hand on her bosom; choked, as if something were in her throat; walked forward.

"Will you not do it for me, Jörn? Will you not do it for me?"

She stood undecided an instant. She ran forward and threw herself on his breast.

"Oh, Jörn Olsen!" she cried. "My Jörn Olsen!"

He said nothing. He patted her head as it lay on his shoulder.

Reilly walked over to the safe and began examining it. He nodded his head appreciatively at the drill marks. He turned round.

"Now look-a-here, you son of a gun," he told Olsen: "I got this girl of yours up in New York, that you should have dragged down here by the hair of her head, whether she wanted to come or not. That rat husband of hers is dead. He made a crack at a get-away and a guard plugged him. And that jane of yours is just howling for divorce. Let her! say I. You two get married and stick to the farm business."

"Here?" Olsen asked.

"Not on your sweet life!" The detective laughed. "Oh, no! I got your place and I'm going to stick to it. You go to Oregon, or somewhere, and get a regular place. That field of yours is fit only for an old copper with broken arches."

There was a faint tinge of red in the sky. Outside, the wind swept by, cool and powerful. A bird chirruped somewhere at the dawn.

"Walk it to St. James—both of you—and take the train to New York there. I'll send up your things. Go on, now! Beat it before I run you in. Give me that bag out of your pocket, you big Swede!"

They turned to go.

"You good guy, Reilly!"

Jörn shook his hand. Belle Foliott kissed him suddenly.

"Lay off of it!" Reilly observed gruffly. "Out the back way!"

He looked round at the pile of papers on the floor; at the safe, with its door swung open; at the crumbling mortar in the chinks.

"There's going to be some explaining, to be sure," he puzzled. He laughed suddenly. "It's nothing in my young life. I'm a farmer!"

The sound of footsteps on the pavement without made him look up. The pair was passing the window. Erect and strong and confident, his head high, his shoulders set, Jörn Olsen walked; in the dawn his face outlined like the face of some proud king stamped on a gold coin.

And by his side Belle Foliott went, the dawn breeze swirling her draperies as it swirls those of the Victory of Samothrace; in her face an intangible, assured, eternal something, like the flush of dawn, like the joyous budding of flowers—the look of brides.

## Why Change?

THE Eleventh Congressional District of Kentucky, which is the mountain district in the extreme southeastern part of the state, is now and always has been overwhelmingly Republican. In certain counties Democrats are few in number and far between. Jim Tuggle used to be a Democratic district committeeman there. One day, in Barbourville, when he was twitting his brother Jesse, a local Republican leader, about the methods Jesse had employed in rounding up the negro vote for a local primary election, Jesse retorted by telling a story.

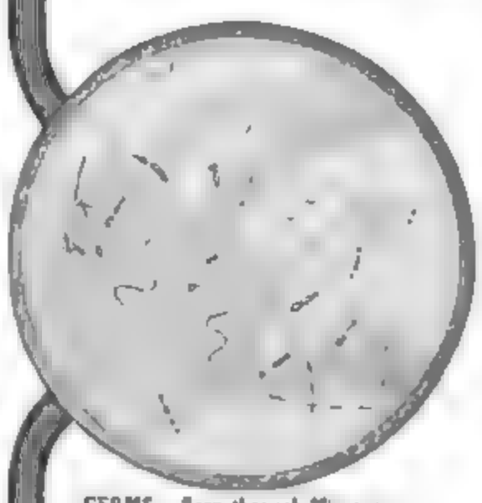
"As you boys know," he said, addressing the company, "my brother Jim has only one Democratic constitutent in Knox County upon whom he can depend. That constitutent is old Uncle Gabe Haslett, who lives away up on the headwaters of Straight Creek, and who can't read or write. Every four years, just before election, Jim hires a livery-stable rig—on credit—and rides up to see Uncle Gabe. He spends the whole day explaining the situation to Uncle Gabe, and on election day Uncle Gabe votes the ticket Jim has told him to vote, thereby polling the full Democratic strength in his precinct. Well, back in the fall of 1904, Jim, following his usual custom, rode up to see Uncle Gabe.

"'Jimmy,' said Uncle Gabe, 'who does you want me to vote fur this year?'

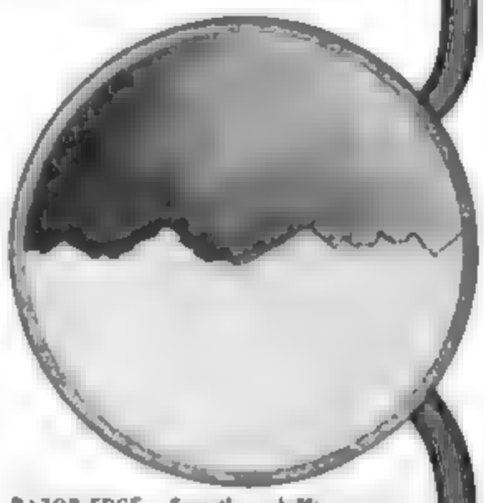
"'Alton B. Parker, of New York, is the man,' says Jim very proudly.

"'Now look here, son,' says Uncle Gabe, scratching his head: 'I've always done like you told me in elections, but I'm afeared this is a time when I'll have to break away. Twicet or three times before this you've ast me to vote fur this here Mr. Bryan, and I done so. Now ez well as I kin jedge Bryan has made us a purty fair President; and, so fur ez I am consarned, I 'low jest to keep right on votin' fur him!'"


Can Rust be Invisible?



Yes—to the naked eye—just as germs are. Did you ever see a germ except through a microscope?



GERMS. Seen through Microscope

RAZOR EDGE. Seen through Microscope

Not so long ago people didn't believe in germs—because germs couldn't be seen. Some men still think a razor edge doesn't rust—because the rust is invisible to the naked eye.

One look through a microscope establishes a firm belief in the existence of germs and razor rust. The powerful lens reveals a razor edge as it really is—*not smooth* but composed of irregular saw-like teeth.

Moisture collects between these tiny teeth. It can't be wiped off easily. Rust forms. That's what dulls the edge so soon—makes the blade "pull" and hurts the face. Regular use of

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absolutely prevents rust—makes self-shaving quicker, easier, far pleasanter. Do this before and after each shave: Moisten thumb and forefinger with a drop or two of 3-in-One Oil—then draw the blade between them. That's all. Simple, isn't it? But it makes a world of difference in the shave.

Also rub a few drops on your face before lathering. Softens the stiffest beard. Makes the razor glide right over the face easier. Keeps the soap from burning. Also apply 3-in-One to razor strops. Keeps them soft and pliable.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in Handy Oil Cans, $1.25. Get some today.

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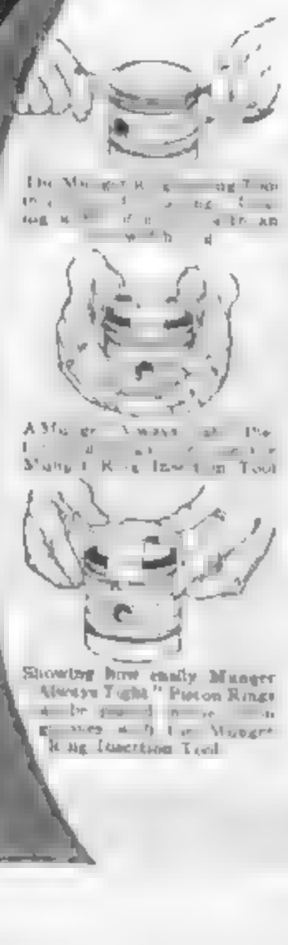

Worn grooves can easily be fitted gas-tight with Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings. With each complete set of these rings is one *oversize* ring for each piston (to be used in worn grooves) and a Munger Re-grooving Tool, with which worn grooves can be straightened without even disconnecting the piston from the connecting rod. This saves time and does away with expensive lathe work. The patented process of peening makes these rings fit the cylinder and the "Always Tight" Expansion Joint keeps them compression-tight until worn out

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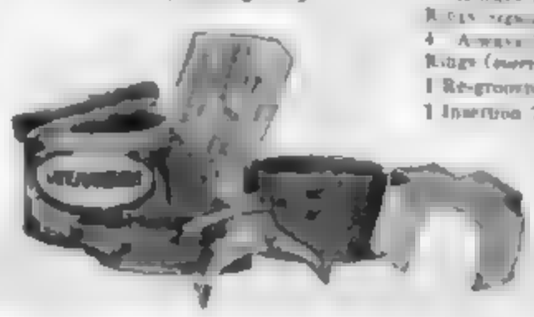
4 "Always Tight" Rings (oversize)
1 Re-grooving Tool
1 Insertion Tool



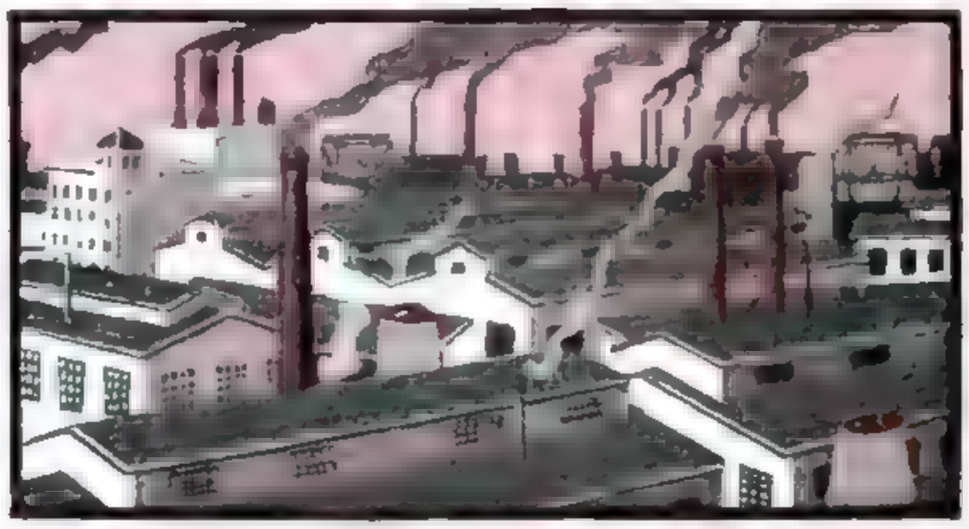
# A Business Tree Planted in 1795

IN the third year of Washington's term as President, the house of Bird & Son had its beginning. It has grown up with the nation. At the start, like the nation, it was but an idea. The territory it served was small. Year by year its business has expanded so that forty-eight states use NEPONSET Products. A beaten path leads to its door by ocean, river and steel highway. Quality has made and also kept customers—merchants, home-builders, architects and engineers. During one hundred and twenty-three years the Bird idea has been "full value for every dollar." Thousands upon thousands who have used NEPONSET Products have proved that value.

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

NEPONSET Roofs and Building Products *save* you real money

# NEPONSET



# Are You Going to Build or Repair ?

THERE is a new factor nowadays to reckon with in your repairing and building—that is, conservation.

Just as we must conserve beef, pork and wheat (compact foods that occupy little space in the holds of ships), so we must conserve *labor, freight car space, and those materials needed for war purposes.*

NEPONSET Roofs and Building Products are applied with the minimum expenditure of labor. They are very compact, and so occupy less *freight car space.* Their use conserves the *woods* and *metals* needed for war work.

They are very economical, and NEPONSET Roofs greatly reduce the danger of *fires.* Still more, their very materials—fibre, slate and asphalt—are abundant and are distinctly *not* war-time essentials.

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NEPONSET Twin Shingles are just the roof for your home because of their soft, restful colors of red and green; crushed slate texture with a pleasing and natural variation of tone. Impregnated with time defying asphalt they are tough, strong and pliable. They are fire-safe and weather-proof. The only twin shingle—two shingles in one and self-spacing. Easily, quickly handled by one man. Less nails and nail-holes.

### NEPONSET Paroid Roofing

A twenty-year standard—is used by railroads and large industrial plants for large buildings; by big farms for barns, poultry houses, tool houses, stables. Paroid keeps out all weather. It is weather-proof and fire-safe—same materials and colors as NEPONSET Shingles—also gray. Its long life means satisfaction and true economy. There is a type of NEPONSET Roof for every purpose and every purse. Before doing any farm-building roofing investigate NEPONSET Paroid.

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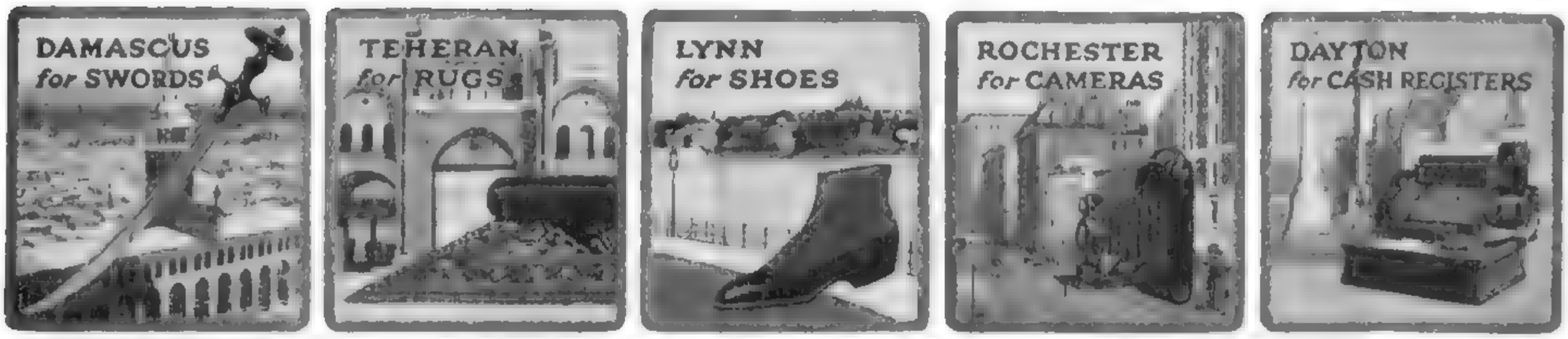


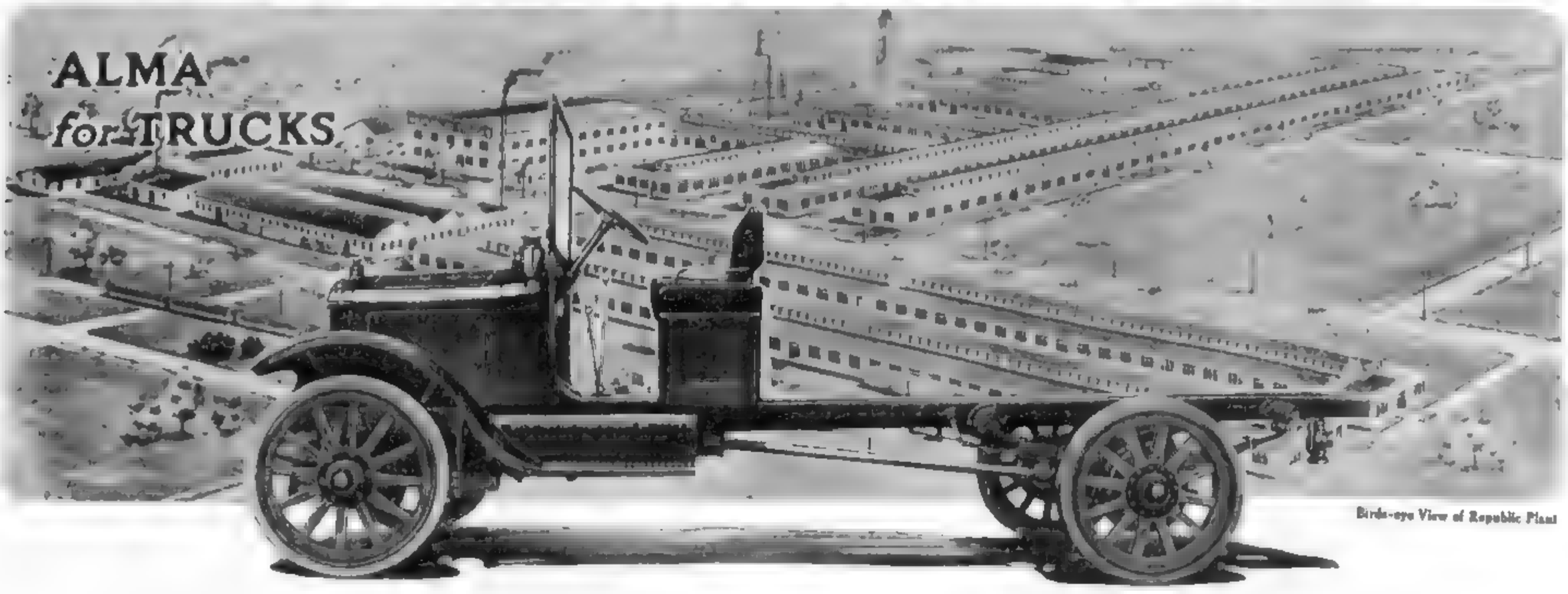


Birds-eye View of Republic Plant

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# THE MAN FROM BUFFALO

## By ALFRED NOYES

THE patrol boats had been buffeting their way all night against wind and weather, and before daybreak the long line had lost its order. It was broken up now into little wandering loops and sections, busily comparing notes by Morse flashes and wireless. Last evening the Morning Glory, a converted yacht of American ownership, had been working with forty British trawlers; and her owner, Matthew Hudson, who had obtained permission to go out with her on this trip, had watched with admiration the way in which they strung themselves over twenty miles of confused sea, keeping their exact distances till nightfall. This morning, as he lurched in gleaming oilskins up and down the monkey house—irreverent name for his canvas-screened bridge—he could see only three of his companions—the Dusty Miller, the Christmas Day and the Betsy Barton.

They were all having a lively time. They swooped like herring gulls into the broad troughs of the swell, where the black water looked like liquid marble with white veins of foam in it. Morning-colored rainbows dripped from their bows as they rose again through the green sunlit crests. But the Morning Glory was the brightest and the liveliest of them all. The seas had been washing her decks all night. Little pools of color shone in the wet, crumpled oilskins of the crew, and the tarpaulin that covered the gun in her bow gleamed like a cloak dropped there by the Angel of the Dawn.

*When like the morning mist in early day*
*Rose from the foam the daughter of the sea ——*

Matthew Hudson quoted to himself. He was full of poetry this morning while he waited for his breakfast; and the radiant aspect of the weapon in the bow reminded him of something else—if the smell of the frying bacon would not blow his way and distract his mind—something about "celestial armories." Was it Tennyson or Milton who had written it? There was a passage about guns in Paradise Lost. He must look it up.

Like many Americans, Matthew Hudson was quicker to perceive the true romance of the Old Country than many of its own inhabitants. He had been particularly interested in the names of the British trawlers. "It's like seeing Shakspere's Sonnets or Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry going out to fight," he had written to his son, who had just left Princeton to join the Mosquito Fleet; and the youngster had replied with a sonnet of his own.

Matthew Hudson had carried it about with him and read it to English statesmen, greatly to their embarrassment—most of them looked as if they were receiving a proposal of marriage—and he had found a huge secret joy in their embarrassment, which, as he said, "tickled him to death." But he murmured the verses to himself now, with paternal pride, thinking that the boy had really gone to the heart of the matter:

*Out of Old England's inmost heart they go,*
*A little fleet of ships, whose every name—*
*Daffodil, Sea Lark, Rose, and Surf, and Snow—*
*Burns in this blackness like an altar flame.*

*Out of her past they sail, three thousand strong—*
*The people's fleet, that never knew its worth;*
*And every name is a broken phrase of song*
*To some remembered loveliness on earth.*

*There's Barbara Cowie, Comely Bank and May,*
*Christened at home, in worlds of dawn and dew.*
*There's Ruth, and Kindly Light, and Robin Gray,*
*With Mizpah. May that simple prayer come true!*
*Out of Old England's inmost heart they sail,*
*A fleet of memories that can never fail.*

At this moment the Morning Glory ran into a bank of white mist, which left him nothing to see from the bridge. The engines were slowed down and he decided that it was time for breakfast.

The cabin where he breakfasted with the skipper was very little changed, except that it seemed by contrast a little more palatial than in peacetime. There had been many changes on the exterior of the ship. Her white and gold had been washed over with service gray, and many beautiful fittings had been removed to make way for grimmer work. But within there were still some corners of the yacht that shone like gems in a setting of lead

The Morning Glory had been a very beautiful boat. She had been built for summer cruising among the pine-clad islands off the coast of Maine, or to carry her master down to the palms of his own little island off the coast of Florida, where he basked for a month or so among the ripening oranges, the semitropical blossoms and the cardinal birds, while Buffalo cleared the worst of the snow from her streets. For Matthew Hudson was a man of many millions, which he had made in almost the only country where millions can be made honestly and directly out of its enormous natural resources.

His own method had been a very simple one, though it required great organizing ability and a keen eye and brain at the outset. All he had done was to harness a river at the right place and make it drive a light-and-power plant. But he had done it on a scale that enabled him, from this one central station, to drive all the electric trolleys and light all the lamps in more than a hundred cities. He could supply all the light and all the power they wanted to cities a hundred miles away from his plant, and he talked of sending it three hundred miles further.

Now that the system was established, it worked as easily as the river flowed; and his power house was a compact little miracle of efficiency. All the casual visitor could see was a long, quiet room, in which it seemed that a dozen large clocks were slumberously ticking. These were the indicators, from the dials of which the amount of power distributed over a district as big as England could be read by the two leisurely men on duty. In the meantime, night and day, the river poured power of another kind into the treasury of Matthew Hudson.

His life, however, was as unlike that of the millionaires of fiction as could be imagined. It reminded one of the room with the slumberous clocks.

He was, indeed, as his own men described it, preeminently the man behind the gun. When the Morning Glory had been accepted by the naval authorities he had obtained permission to equip her for her new work in European waters at his own cost, and to make certain experiments in the equipment.

The Admiralty had not looked with favor on all his ideas, which were by no means suitable for general use in the patrol fleet. But Matthew Hudson had too many weapons at work against Germany for them to deny him a sentimental pleasure in his own yacht. He seemed to have some particular purpose of his own in carrying out his ideas; and so it came about that the Morning Glory was regarded among her companions as very much of a mystery.

The two men breakfasted in silence. They were both drowsy, for there had been a U-boat alarm during the night, which had kept them very much awake; but Hudson was roused from his reverie over the second rasher by a loud report, followed by a confused shouting above and the stoppage of the engines

"That's not a submarine!" said the skipper. "What the devil is it?" And the two men rushed on deck.

The mist had lifted a little; and, looming out of it, a few hundred yards away, there was something that looked, at first glance, like a great gray cliff. For a fraction of a moment Hudson thought they had almost run into Helgoland in the mist. At the second glance he knew that the gray, mist-wreathed monster before him was an armored ship, and the skipper enlightened him further by saying, in a matter-of-fact voice:

"That settles it—enemy cruiser! We're stopped, broadside on. They've got a couple of guns trained on us and they're sending a boat. What's the next move?"

Matthew Hudson's face was a curious study at this moment. It suggested a leopard endowed with a sense of humor. The fine straight nose, gray mustache and amazingly clear eyes were lit with an almost boyish jubilation. It was a somewhat fierce jubilation; but it undoubtedly twinkled with the humor of the New World. Then he asked the skipper a mysterious question:

"Is it impossible?"

"Impossible! We're in the wrong position; and if we try to get right they'll blow us to bits. Besides, they'll be aboard in half a minute. We're drifting a little in the right direction; but it will be too late. They'll search the ship."

"How long will it take us to drift into the right position?"

"If we go on like this, about four minutes. But it will be all over by then."

"Look here, Davis; I'll try and detain them on deck. You know Americans have a reputation for oratory. You'd better go through my room. And—look here—I'll be the skipper for the time being. I'm afraid they'll want to take Matthew Hudson prisoner; so I'll be the kind of American they'll recognize—Commander Jefferson B. Thrash, out of the best British fiction. Tell the men there. That's right! I don't want to be playing the fool in Ruhleben for the next three years."

A few moments later, a step at a time, Davis disappeared into Hudson's cabin, which lay in the fore part of the ship. Two other men prepared to slip after him by lounging casually in the companionway, while the men in front moved a little closer to screen them.

They seized their chance as the German boat stopped, twenty yards away from the Morning Glory, and the officer in command announced through a megaphone, in very good English, that he was in a great hurry. They were friends, he said; and there was no need for alarm, so long as the Morning Glory carried out all instructions. All they wanted was the confidential chart of the British mine fields, which the Morning Glory, of course, possessed, and all other confidential papers of a similar kind. If the Morning Glory did not carry out his instructions in every detail the guns of the cruiser would sink her. He was now coming aboard to secure the papers.

"I guess that's all right, captain!" bawled Matthew Hudson in an entirely new voice and the accent that Europe accepts as American, with about as much reason as America would have for accepting the Lancashire, Yorkshire and Glasgow dialects, all rolled into one, as English.

The quiet member of the Century Club had disappeared, and the golden, remote Wild Westerner, almost unknown in America itself, had risen. In half a minute more the

(Concluded on Page 50)

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(Concluded from Page 47)

German officer and half a dozen armed sailors were standing on the deck of the Morning Glory.

"So you see England does not gompletely rule the waves!" was the opening remark of the officer, who had not yet received the full benefit of Hudson's adopted accent.

"Been finding it stormy in the canal, cap?" drawled Hudson. "Don't blame it on me, anyway. I'm a good Amurrican—Jefferson B. Thrash, of Buffalo."

"Is this an American ship? I much regret to find an American ship fighting her best friends."

"Well, cap, I confess I haven't much use for the British, myself; not since their press talked about my picture-postcard smile—an ill-considered phrase, by which they unconsciously meant that, among the effete aristocracies of Europe, they were not used to seeing good teeth. They lack humor, sir. To regard good teeth as abnormal shows a lack of humor on the part of the British press.

"However, as George Bernard Shaw says, President Wilson has put it up to the German people in this way: 'Become a republic and we'll let up on you. Go on Kaisering and we'll smash you!'"

"I am in a great hurry," the German officer replied. "I must ask you at once for your confidential papers."

"That's all right, admiral!" said Hudson. "I've sent a man down below to get them out of my steamer trunk. They'll be here right away."

He looked reflectively at the guns of the destroyer and added ingratiatingly:

"Of course I disapprove of Bernard Shaw vulgarizing the language of diplomacy in that way. I would rather interpret President Wilson's message as saying to the German people, in courteous phrase: 'Emerge from twelfth-century despotism into twentieth-century democracy. Send the imperial liar who misrules you to join Nick Romanoff on his ranch. Give the furniture-stealing Crown Prince a long term in any Sing Sing you like to choose; and we will again buy dyestuffs and toys of you, and sell you our beans and bacon.'"

"Are you aware that you endanger your life by this language? Do you see those guns?"

Matthew Hudson looked at the guns and spat over the side of the ship meditatively. Then he looked the questioner squarely in the eye. He had taken the measure of his man and he only needed three and a half minutes more. Any question that could be raised was clear gain; and the cruiser would probably not use her guns while members of the German crew were aboard the Morning Glory.

"Yes," he said; "and you'd better not use your guns till you get those confidential papers, for there's not a chance that you'll find them without my help. They're worth having, and I've no objection to handing them over, though I don't lay much store by your promise not to shoot afterward. When you've got them, how am I to know that you won't shoot, anyway, and—what's the latest language of your diplomacy?—'leave no traces'? By Cripes, there's no mushy sentiment about your officials! No, sir! Leave no traces!—and they said it about neutrals, remember! Leave no traces! That's virile! That's red-blooded stuff! The effete humanitarianism of our democracy, sir, would call that murder.

"In England they would call it bloody murder! I don't agree. I think that war is war. Of course it's awkward for noncombatants ——"

"With regard to the crews, it has been announced in Germany that they would be saved and kept prisoners in the submarines. Your man is taking too long to find your papers. I can allow you only one minute more."

"He'll be right back, captain, with all the confidential goods you want. But, say, between one sailorman and another, that story about planning to hide crews and passengers aboard the submarines must have been meant for our Middle West. Last time I was on a submarine I had to sleep behind the cookstove; and then the commander had to sit up all night. It's the right stuff for the prairies, though. Ever hear of our senator, cap, who wanted to know why the women and kids on the Lusitania weren't put into the water-tight compartments? They cussed the Cunard Company from hell to breakfast out Kalamazoo way for that scandalous oversight. Wonder what's keeping that son of a gun!"

At this moment the son of a gun announced from the companionway that he was unable to find the confidential papers.

"I can wait no longer. The ship must be searched by my own men," said the German peremptorily. "Are the papers in your cabin?"

"Sure! But I can save you a lot of time, captain. I'll lead you right to them."

The Morning Glory had drifted round till her nose was now pointing almost directly amidships of the cruiser. Matthew Hudson took a long, affectionate look at the guns and the guns' crews that kept watch over his behavior from the gray monster ahead; then he led the way below to his cabin.

The Hamburg-Amerika Line had many a less imposing room than this, the only part of the yacht that retained all its old aspect. It ran the whole breadth of the ship and had two portholes on each side. There was a brass bedstead, with a telephone beside it and an electric reading lamp. There were half a dozen other electric bulbs overhead.

"I don't sleep very well, cap; so I decided to keep this bit of sinful splendor for my own use. Bathroom, you see." He opened a tiny door near the bed and showed the compact little room, with its white bathtub let into the floor. This was too much for the German officer.

"Where do you keep your confidential papers?" he bellowed, leveling a revolver at the maddeningly complacent American, while three of his men closed up behind him, ready for action.

"Better not shoot, admiral, for you won't find them without my help; and I'm going to hand you the goods in half a minute. I can't quite remember where I put them. There's some confidential stuff in here, I think."

He unlocked a drawer and pulled out a bundle of papers. A small white object dropped from the bundle and lay on the floor between him and the German. It was a baby's shoe. Hudson nodded at it as he looked through the papers.

"Got any kids, cap? That came from Queenstown. Ah, this looks like your chart. No. Came from Queenstown, I say. It was a little girl belonging to a friend of mine in the City of Brotherly Love. Lots of 'em on the Lusitania, you know. We collect souvenirs in America, and I asked him for this as a keepsake when I came on this gunning expedition. He kept the other for himself. She was a pretty little thing. Only six! Used to call me Uncle Jack."

He stole a look through the porthole and drew another document from the drawer.

"Ah! Now I remember. Here's the stuff you want—some of it, anyhow. Tied round with yellow ribbon. Take it, cap. I wish I hadn't seen that little shoe; but you've got the drop on me this time and I suppose it's my duty to save the lives of the men. There's a good bit of information there about the mine fields."

The German hurriedly examined the papers, while Hudson hummed to himself as he stared through the porthole:

*Around her little neck she wore a yaller ribbon;*
*She wore it in December and the merry month of May.*
*And when, oh, when they asked her why in hell she wore it,*
*She said she loved a sailor, a sailor, a sailor;*
*But he was wrecked and drowned in Mississippi Bay.*

"This is very good," said the German, "and very useful. I think we shall not require more of you; though it will be necessary to destroy your ship and make you prisoners."

"Why, certainly! I didn't suppose you could keep your contract in wartime. You can't leave traces of a deal like this. But while you're about it, you may as well have all the confidential stuff."

"Good! Good!" said the German, strutting toward him. "So there's more to come! I am glad you see the advantage in being too proud to fight, my friend, eh?"

Matthew Hudson's eye twinkled. His slouch began to slip away from him like a loose coat, leaving once more the quiet upstanding member of the Century Club.

"Of course," he said, "you would make that mistake. The British made it. They forgot that it was said about Mexico, at a time when you wanted us to be kept busy down there. There are times, also, when for diplomatic reasons it is necessary to talk." He had resumed his natural voice. "When you are getting ready, for instance. This is where we keep the real stuff."

He crossed the cabin; and the German watched him closely with a puzzled expression covering him with his revolver.

"No treachery!" he said. "What does this mean? You are not the man you were pretending to be."

Hudson laughed, and tossed him a little scrap of bunting, which he had been holding crumpled up in his hand.

"Ever seen that flag before?" he said.

The German stared at it, his eyes growing round with amazement.

"The Kaiser's flag has flown on this yacht at the Kiel Regatta many a time," said Hudson. "His Majesty used to come and lunch with me. I don't advise you to shoot me. He might remember some of my cigars. He gave me that flag himself. Of course I shan't use it again—not till it's been sprinkled with holy water. But I thought you might like a little exhibition of shirt-sleeve navalism, as I suppose you'd call it.

"Most Europeans like us to live up to their ideas of us. The British do. Ever hear of Senator Martin? Whenever he's in London and goes to see his friends in the House of Commons, he wears a sombrero and a red cowboy shirt. He says they expect it and like it. He wouldn't care to do it in New York. As a fact, you know, we invented the electric telegraph and the submarine, and a lot of little things that you fellows have been stealing from us. Do you hear that?"

There were two sharp clicks in the bows, followed by a faint sound like the whirring of an electric fan under water; and Hudson pulled open the door that led into the fore part of the ship.

"*Gott! Gott!*" cried the German, and his men echoed it inarticulately; for there, in the semidarkness of the bows of the Morning Glory, they saw the dim shapes of seamen crouching beside two gleaming torpedo tubes; the torpedoes had just been discharged.

"You're too late to save your ship," said Matthew Hudson. "If you want to save your own skins you'd better keep still and listen for a moment."

Then came a concussion that rocked the Morning Glory like a child's cradle and sent her German visitors lurching and sprawling round the brass bedstead. When they recovered they found a dozen revolvers gleaming in front of their noses.

"Before we say anything more about this," said Hudson, "let's go on deck and look.

"Do you mind giving me that little shoe at your feet there?"

The officer turned a shade whiter than the shoe.

Then, stooping, he picked it up and handed the tiny relic to Hudson, who thrust it into his breast pocket.

"Thank you!" he said. "Now if you will all leave your guns on this bed we'll go on deck and see the traces."

When they reached the deck there was something that looked like an enormous drowning cockroach trying to crawl out of the water four hundred yards away. Round it there seemed to be a mass of drowning flies.

"It's not a pleasant sight, is it?" said Hudson. "But it's good to know they were all fighting men, ready to kill or be killed. No women and children among them! The Lusitania must have looked much worse than this."

"My brother is on board! Are you not trying to save them?" gasped the officer.

Hudson took out the little shoe again and looked at it. Then he turned to the German boat's crew, where they huddled, sick with fear, amidships.

"Take your boat and pick up as many as you can," he said.

"It is not safe—not till she sinks," a guttural voice replied.

Almost on the word the cruiser went down with a rush. The sleek waters and the white mists closed above her, while the Morning Glory rocked again like a child's cradle.

"That is true," said Matthew Hudson to the shivering figure beside him. "And we've got as many as we can handle on the ship. If we took more of you aboard, according to the laws laid down in your textbooks, you'd cut our throats and call us idiotic Yankees for trusting you.

"Please don't weep. We sent out a call a minute ago for the Betsy Barton and the Dusty Miller and the Christmas Day. I'm not an effete humanitarian myself; but the men on these trawlers aren't bad sorts. I hope they'll pick up your brother."

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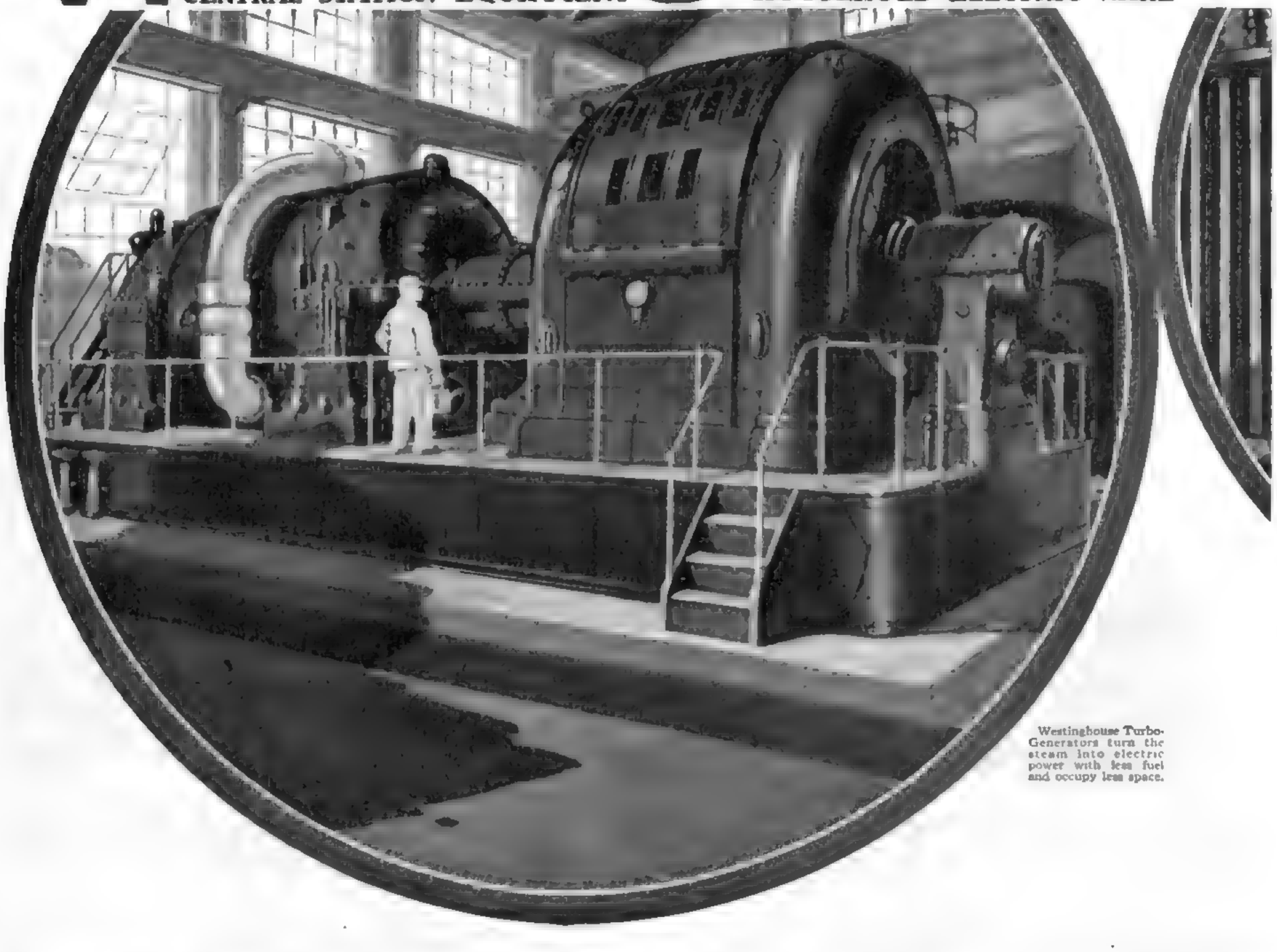
Head Office and Factory, Toledo, Ohio — Detroit Sales Office, 1507 Kresge Bldg.

# Westinghouse

CENTRAL STATION EQUIPMENT HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC WARE



Westinghouse Turbo-Generators turn the steam into electric power with less fuel and occupy less space.

## Little Currents from a Big Stream

Westinghouse Electric Utilities mean to you a handy, convenient way of making hot coffee and crisp toast, right on the table, getting a tasty breakfast in a few minutes, lessening the drudgery of ironing-day—adding to household comfort and economy.

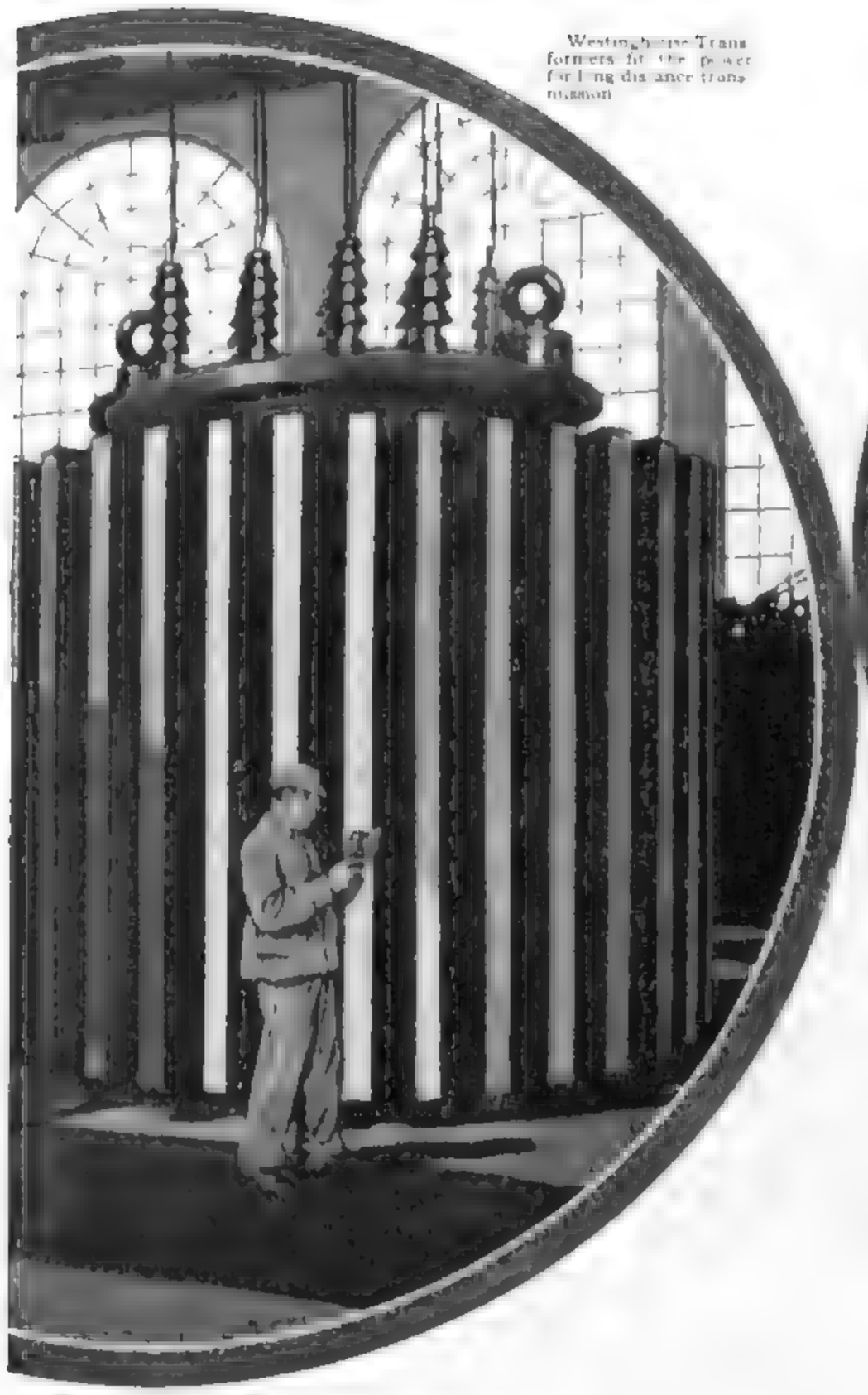
But they have a far larger and more vital meaning for you than that.

They enable you, in many ways, to draw on a great *central source of energy—always ready to work for you at low wages.*

Here is but one part of a great civilizing movement, in which Westinghouse engineers have been among the leaders.

Instead of thousands of individual coal fires, gas jets, oil or alcohol lamps, there is one reservoir of power from which electric energy flows out silently and invisibly for many miles, a single stream with its branches sometimes supplying whole states and reaching not only cities and towns but the country-side, as well.

Of course, this is not the work of one man nor of a single set of men. But it is a source of great satisfaction to Westinghouse Electric to know that Westinghouse men have been responsible for a large part of it, and that the Westinghouse organization today leads in carrying on the great task with all the skill and vigor it requires.



Westinghouse Transformers fit the power for long distance transmission

Westinghouse Meters accurately measure and record the flow of current

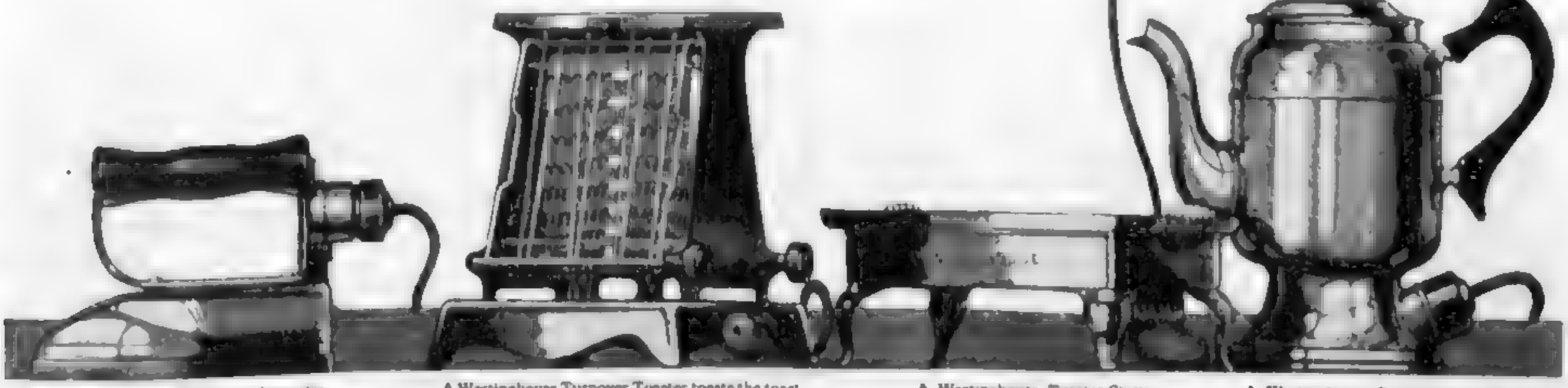
Great generators that create electric current, transformers that make possible its wide distribution, protective and control apparatus and safety devices for utilizing this great force without danger, and meters whose accuracy assures you of an exact charge for your use of current—these are but a few of the divers Westinghouse products.

The hundreds of thousands of individual items manufactured by Westinghouse meet every need of the largest power plant, central station or electric railway and include, as well, fans, heating and cooking appliances and motor-driven devices that today make home life more comfortable and less laborious.

### Where to Find Westinghouse Electric Ware

Westinghouse products are sold by light and power companies, electrical dealers, department and hardware stores.

**WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY**
East Pittsburgh, Pa.



A Westinghouse Electric Iron eliminates the stove and the changing of irons

A Westinghouse Turnover Toaster toasts the toast at the table and turns it at a touch on a little knob

A Westinghouse Toaster-Stove cooks the meals right at the table

A Westinghouse Percolator makes better coffee and keeps it hot right at your elbow

# GREAT EXPECTATIONS

(Concluded from Page 7)

diverted when that empire of surging liberty revelers went to the bowwows. They even went into the Italian market.

Automobiles were no more plentiful than trucks. For a while they were as scarce as hens' teeth. And in these straits the army had to rake the fair land of France for cars. They bought all the second-hand flivvers and asthmatic touring cars and limousines that could be dug up. Old family conveyances which had lain in the garage since father came proudly home with them the day automobiles were first invented—one-lunged, triple-candle-power machines that hadn't smelled gasoline since you and I were children—came wheezing into the open air to do service in the American Army. Presently the crash of gears mingled with back-firing and the snorts and pants of reluctant engines clear from the south coast to the frontier. You may think you have met low-comedy automobiles in the jitney business at home, but those cars are de-luxe contraptions to some that have been pressed into use for the Expeditionary Force.

### Horseflesh at Fancy Prices

Next we come to animals, meaning thereby horses and mules. We have purchased more than 12,000 animals from the French Government. And the irony of it is that many of them are American stuff; they were originally bought in the United States since the war broke out.

Naturally they are far below standard. I love a good horse, and it made me groan to see some of the culls now in service with our forces. But what would you have? We were obliged to take what we could get or go without.

It is reasonable to suppose that the French didn't part from their best animals; we wouldn't if we were in their position. And a lot of the horses and mules they offered for sale looked horribly like stuff that is ready to be condemned. It is not surprising, therefore, that objection was made to acceptance of a number; whereupon the vendor agents argued that such a point was not worth haggling over, inasmuch as the average life of a horse or mule in war was extremely brief anyway—an argument, by the way, earnestly employed to no avail by many an American dealer in 1915. Moreover, while he's alive you want a horse to be able to walk and haul a load instead of filling a stall in the veterinary hospital. So there were rejections. All the same we had to take hundreds that would never have stood a chance of getting by at home.

The prices, too, were fancy; that was only to be expected. It would give an American farmer heartache to see his own Government buying back for $400 a plug that he sold in better shape for $150. To the price he received should be added transportation charges across the Atlantic, however. Then, should he find the transaction still sticking in his crop, he has only the shipping problem to blame. The army must have mules and horses, and these happened to be the only available supply.

An army always tries to build up immense reserves of food for the men and forage for the animals. Consequently it was decided before the Expeditionary Force sailed that ninety days' supply must be the minimum kept on hand. Yet on December fifteenth both food and forage returns showed a decrease.

In our predicament we have had to turn to Great Britain for various sorts of food, but principally jam; and for the jam we buy there we furnish the sugar. In regard to purchasing supplies in England the argument is that we save tonnage. True; true; but where does Britain get the raw materials? Don't they take tonnage? John Bull has been in business 800 years and he has learned a new wrinkle in every one.

December shortages in subsistence could not be charged against shipping. They never seemed to figure at home on the growth of the overseas army. To illustrate: Food supplies were sent for a given number of men, but by the time those supplies were delivered the number of men to eat them had grown by many thousands, consequent upon fresh arrivals.

In order to maintain the subsistence reserves at their proper minimum all shipments should be based on what the needs will be sixty days from the time the shipments are made. That involves no special difficulty. They know to a pound what is required for maintaining 25,000 men in the field, for it has all been worked out in units of that size. Consequently, if the Quartermaster Department at Washington is notified that 50,000 men are about to sail for France it has only to consult its tables and fill the orders called for by that number. And if the United States cannot supply the stuff something is radically wrong, for we seem able to do it for the rest of the world.

To our other difficulties should be added the pressing one of fuel. The French Government allotted to the Expeditionary Force ample wood areas; but here again transportation entered. They could cut the wood, but they could not get out what they needed—insufficient trucks and wagons for it.

Each division of the army has its own organization for gathering fuel at the present time. There are expert American woodmen in France, but not enough. The intention is to work labor battalions when they can get them; already some Spaniards are being employed. Trouble has also been caused by inability to obtain the requisite quantities of saws, axes, and so on.

Once again England has had to come to our relief—we obtain coal from there. This coal is turned over to the French at the seaports for delivery to our troops wherever we designate, transportation being paid by the American Government, of course. The arrangement effects a saving of transatlantic tonnage, but it has many disadvantages.

Perhaps you wonder why I should write about these facts at such a time. It may sound like gratuitous, idle beating of the alarm drum, since these figures belong to the past; but I want to show you some of the tremendous handicaps under which the army in France has been working, in order that you should not expect the impossible from it.

Shipping is the root of most of the evils, but there have also been departmental delays.

Among other setbacks received were some rising out of the Italian smash. The Allies had to rush aid to Italy—men, material and food. That took shipping and it also took cars. Just when the Americans were in direst need of railroad transport they were deprived of the use of hundreds and hundreds of cars, and they had nothing to substitute.

### Swamps for Building Lots

Frequently a difference of opinion has held up construction work. If you were building a railroad for the sole purpose of accomplishing a job that imperatively demanded speed you would naturally select the most direct and easiest route—the one presenting the least engineering difficulties. But suppose you were on land that did not belong to you and the owner was anxious to have the line run where it would serve for a permanent improvement to his property? Or let us suppose you have decided upon an ordnance depot in a certain area and are anxious to secure a suitable site. You appeal to the owner of the land. He designates a swamp. The swamp would have to be filled up before it could be converted into a depot, which might be an excellent proposition in the way of permanent improvements; but the extra work would hardly appeal to you when better sites were available. Wouldn't you object and reason with him? It takes time and infinite tact to adjust all the problems that beset an army on foreign soil.

Again, if suddenly called upon to put into effective operation a gigantic industry involving employment of hundreds of thousands of men, what would you do? Build up your executive departments first, of course. That is precisely what the commander of the Expeditionary Force had to do. Preliminary organization is always the hardest part of any undertaking. Once you make it efficient the work moves along, gathering speed with each month; that's what will happen with our army.

But at the start there is bound to be considerable lost motion, a deal of backing and filling.

The organization for the Expeditionary Force had to be built up from nothing. There was no such thing in existence when it was decided to send an army to France. Consequently General Pershing was obliged to organize a staff with a view to future requirements before he could even start to convert his green troops into dependable soldiers. That it was a formidable task goes without saying. The men fitted for it were scarcer than one might think. Mighty few of the senior officers of the army were qualified either by experience or training for organizing on the colossal scale necessary. Still fewer had the broad-gauge ability.

A manager of a hundred-thousand-dollar business, whose organization had shown itself capable of handling it creditably for years and years, would probably be up against it for personnel if his business were abruptly expanded into a vast billion-dollar project. How many of his heads of departments do you suppose would be capable of swinging the big jobs?

That was pretty well the situation of the army. There were only a few thousand officers in it—and only a few hundreds who really offered any choice. The American commander had to do some combing to get the men he needed. But he appears to have brought the flower of the army to France. There are some very able men on his General Staff.

### Big Men on the Staff

Adjustments will be made from time to time without doubt; for the instant the general becomes convinced that an officer does not measure up to the job he relieves him of it and tries another. No considerations of influence or friendship or sentiment deter him. Fitness is the only test. I verily believe that if John J. Pershing had a brother in the army he would fire him for incompetence as quickly as he would fire a total stranger. Those are the methods that get results in a war.

To speed up the machine he brought over from America a number of civilian experts in various lines of business, and these have been put in charge of departments whose administration does not require a military training. For instance, he has a Chicago banker at the head of the purchasing board, a Pennsylvania Railroad man to manage rail transportation.

When he wants a certain man he asks for him, and Washington sends him. Secretary Baker has been giving the general a free hand; probably no American commander was ever endowed with such power to do as his judgment dictated. If every branch of the War Department backs up the army's needs half as earnestly as the Administration has upheld the hands of the commander everything will be lovely.

Formerly the General Staff in practically all armies was organized in three bureaus, known in our own army as the Administration, Operations and Intelligence Sections. It was discovered shortly after the outbreak of the present war that these were not enough and that another section was essential to coördinate the activities of the various supply departments and technical services.

An illustration can be found in sports. For example, every fan knows that a team in which each individual player is striving to make a one hundred per cent showing for himself will invariably be beaten by another team whose playing is directed solely toward the one hundred per cent efficiency of the team. One is an aggregation of star players whose work often conflicts; the other is a smoothly running machine.

When I had occasion to delve into the work of the transportation department it became as plain to me as the nose on my face that the success of the whole war depended on the proper operation of the railroads. And then I wandered over to the medical corps and learned differently—our fate was wrapped up in hospitalization and adequate surgical attendance upon our forces. Next day the engineers got hold of me and soon had me persuaded that in this war the engineers were the entire show.

That's a fine spirit. Enthusiasm and earnestness of that sort get results, but the very intensity of each department requires an umpire for their demands. With the supply capacity limited an impartial and fair adjustment must be made that is based on the needs of the entire army and not any special department's. And it is here that the Coördination Section comes in.

Ordnance has not come as it ought to have come. By ordnance is meant guns, both big and little; artillery harness and equipment; ammunition of all kinds; rifles; bayonets; everything a soldier uses for offense and defense, and almost everything he carries except clothing and his personal effects. Therefore we have been obliged to meet the deficiency by turning again to our Allies. Fortunately for us their industries are now in a position to turn out a surplus above their own requirements. Three years of intensive development have done that for them. We have bought both guns and ammunition from the French and British in huge quantities.

Do you remember how we used to gloat over the colossal figures of our export trade to Europe before we entered the war? Do you recall how luscious those fat trade balances in our favor used to look? Money was pouring into the country and none going out except in loans; it seemed as if we would end up with all the money in the world. That dream is punctured. We are now engaged in sending back some of the profits. They are going back in bales, and I herewith make a prediction: Before the end of the war John Bull and Brother François will have recovered a large portion of what they spent with us. The balance may come out on their side of the ledger. We are not going to get away with those early war gains; and it would be the part of wisdom to take that into our calculations in scaling our mode of living.

From explanations given by a very able expert in ordnance it appears that neither shipping nor official muddling at home is to blame for our shortage in France. He says it takes a year to organize and equip the plants, to set up the intricate, delicate machinery required for the manufacture of guns and rifles.

But how about the interim? Perhaps Heinie won't wait. We've got to reckon with the fact that we cannot always determine the time of action. And that explains our contracts with the French and British.

Somehow—somehow—the explanation has a familiar but hollow sound to me. I don't doubt its truth; but, granting that, what has the ordnance department of the United States been doing these three years while Europeans were at one another's throats? And why were our manufacturers able to supply immense quantities of munitions to the Allies, and yet cannot turn out stuff for our own armies now?

### A Cavalry Parable

To be sure it took a long time before they were able to fill the European orders because they had first to install the plants; and, to be sure, different machinery must be built for our style of arms and ammunition; yet, admitting all that, there has been neglect of the most elementary precautions somewhere.

Besides, the explanation could hardly be expected to cover the shortage of harness. No new plants were needed for it. American manufacturers made heavy and reasonably prompt deliveries of harness to the British; then why has the Expeditionary Force been left shy of it?

I remember a cavalry recruit who was set on a horse and told to take him over some jumps. The recruit knew little about horses and felt none too confident. However, he did fairly well as long as the bars were low. Then the sergeant raised the jump a foot and ordered him to go to it.

The recruit looked at it and grew thoughtful. To him the gate now loomed higher than a skyscraper; in his heart of hearts he knew he couldn't make it and would probably be laid out cold if he tried; and as he wheeled his horse his courage was oozing from him at every pore.

The horse was willing, however. His notion was that it could be done if the rider on his back thought so. He gave a snort and a short run, gathering himself for the take-off. The rider sat tight and let him go. He did nothing to discourage the beast; but neither did he "lift" him, for he wasn't sure—he was secretly doubtful. And so the animal brought up with his nose in the bars and refused the jump.

"He can't make it!" quavered the recruit.

"Make it!" roared the sergeant. "He could do it easy. But you didn't have your mind on the other side of the gate—and he knew it."

The army is the horse of this parable; the nation is its rider. Is your mind fixed resolutely on the other side of the gate?

## Fashioning the Teeth

One of our many good friends among the Dentists says:

"There should be—and there will be some day—a definite, uniform standard of fashioning teeth.

"At a certain time of each child's existence his or her first set of teeth come out and the second set begin coming in.

"At that period the Dentist may and should (and will some day) guide and form the curve, growth, position, even the texture of the second teeth.

"A stylish, firm-standing, graceful-appearing, evenly arranged, brilliant set of teeth can be 'created' by the dentist at that juncture.

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But of even greater importance—the one first and indispensable thing at all times—is to keep your teeth clean with a good dentifrice. All Dentists insist upon this. And for over fifty years they have recommended the *safe* means—the use of

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*The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable*

*Powder* *Cream*

It is unmedicated. You don't experiment. It *cleans* pleasantly, harmlessly, thoroughly, dependably, unfailingly—and nothing more—doesn't pretend to do anything more. Harmful germs cannot get a foothold in a clean mouth among clean teeth.

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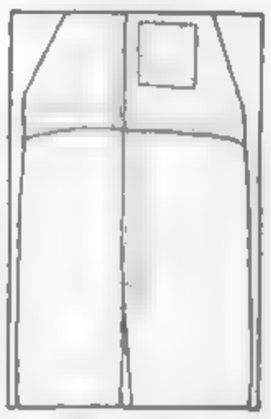
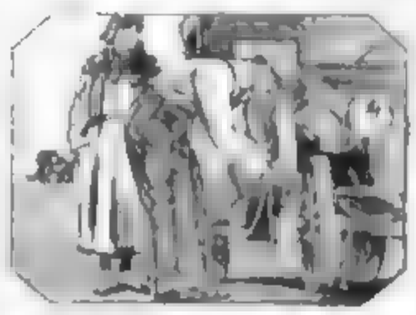
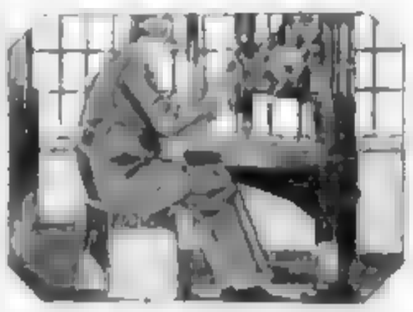
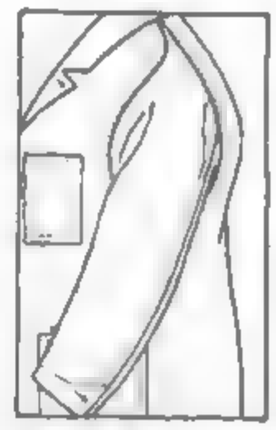


*A solid denim fly is cut into Blue Buckles —not sewed on!*

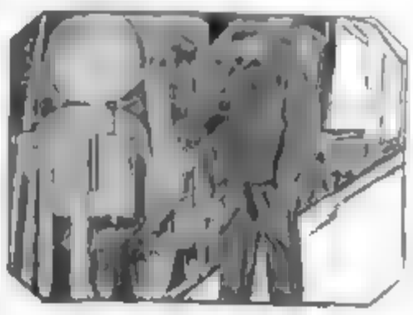


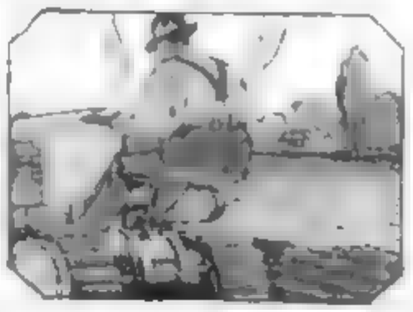


*Blue Buckle OverAlls have a solid reinforced back band that can't rip!*



*Loose cut Blue Buckle Coat with the comfortable raglan sleeves.*





## Strong-for-Work!

Talking about overalls, you can punch both legs into a pair of Blue Buckles, hook up the "lifts," button the sides *and feel and know* you're fit to hold down any hard job that comes your way! Blue Buckles stand the rough gaff longer because they're made toughest where strain and wear hit hardest!

Blue Buckles have steadily increased overall popularity with railroad men, machinists and farmers because they give longer service. *And more satisfying service!* They have also tipped off the man who gets messed-up in his own cellar or potato-patch that it's pretty fine economy to slip into a pair of Blue Buckles and cut down suit cleaning and suit wearing costs! Figure out the clothes saving—if you kept a pair of Blue Buckles in your automobile tool box! Blue Buckle OverAlls are the product of years of experience. We make them so good—high-grade indigo blue denim and the best union workmanship—that you know quick that Blue Buckles will give you a real run for your money. And, you're right; *they will!* Besides they're *big, roomy and comfortable!*

Blue Buckles put the usual overall torment—R-I-P-S—right out of commission! We guarantee Blue Buckle seams will not break loose! For instance, *a solid reinforced back band* extends from one side to the other, which does away with the V-shape vent or buckle strap at the back and *makes ripping out of the question!* Again, Blue Buckles have a solid denim fly *cut into* the overall (not separate and sewed on).

Walk into a store and buy Blue Buckles with the same man-to-man confidence the dealer and the manufacturer sell them to you! It's an even trade—*your money against Blue Buckles*—with a pretty good new slant on clothes-economy!

*Merchants who have not yet had an opportunity to handle Blue Buckle OverAlls should write at once for detailed information. Kindly send jobber's name and address.*

**JOBBERS OVERALL CO., Lynchburg, Va.**

Largest Manufacturers of Union Made Overalls in the World

*Selling Agents:* W. T. Stewart Dept., Leonard Sales Co., 64 Leonard St., N. Y.

# Sense and Nonsense

### Paradise Lost

*WHEN I sat at the wheel of the fire-chief's car*
*I could drive like a streak of light;*
*And not even the traffic cop could bar*
*The course of my headlong flight.*
*For the fire-chief's car had the right of way,*
*And it laughs at the speed laws too;*
*And the motor cops hadn't a word to say*
*When I used to go whooping through.*

*Oh Lord, it was great when my siren sang*
*And the traffic would let me by!*
*And I laughed as I drove with a zip and bang,*
*With the lever locked in high.*
*But now I'm back in a private job,*
*It seems like I have to crawl;*
*And drivin' a car has lost its throb,*
*And it isn't no fun at all.*

*For I've got to stop for the traffic cop;*
*And the motor cop says: "Hey!*
*I'll summons you into court, Old Top,*
*If you hit it up that way!"*
*And I'm blocked by trucks, and by flivvers too;*
*And it sure does rasp and jar*
*On the nerves of a guy who once shot through*
*At the wheel of the fire-chief's car.*

*—Berton Braley.*

### Reproof for the Laggard

A VERMONT husbandman hired as a helper a youth living on the adjoining place. The hand was told to report for duty on the following day.

At his customary rising hour of four A. M. the employer got up, dressed, lit a lantern and went forth to start the chores. He fed the stock; milked three cows, split some wood, and, single-handed, ministered to the chickens, meantime filled with wonder, which turned to disgust, at the unaccountable tardiness of his employee.

At ten minutes after five o'clock, when the first pink streaks of dawn were reddening the eastern sky, the new hand came round the corner of the barn.

The farmer dropped the manure fork he was wielding and stared long and hard at the tardy one.

"Wal," he asked in tones of heavy sarcasm, "whar have you been the hull forenoon?"

### Somebody Shrieked

ONCE upon a time, long years ago, when Ray Brown was city editor of a paper in Chicago, the door of his sanctum was opened and a person unknown to Brown poked his head through the crack.

"Say, boss," he stated without preamble, "who was it shrieked that time when Kosciuszko fell?"

"Freedom!" answered Brown promptly.

"Now don't that beat hell!" lamented the stranger. "I just bet a feller it was this here guy Markos Bozzaris."

### All Things Come to Him Who Waits

A NEW HAMPSHIRE farmer married a woman addicted to fits. At more or less frequent intervals the lady would fall down in a faint. Her husband was warned that, sooner or later, one of these seizures would carry her off.

So whenever his wife had an attack someone would run posthaste for the husband; and he, dropping whatever he was doing, would hurry home at a gallop.

Always on arrival he would find the sufferer rallying from the affliction, and out of danger.

This sort of thing went on for years. Finally one day the farmer was cutting cordwood in his woodlot, nearly a mile from the house, when a messenger arrived, out of breath, to tell him to come quickly—his wife was having one of her fits.

Fifteen minutes later he burst in the kitchen door to find that this time the victim had really succumbed.

As he stood over her lifeless body he remarked:

"Wal, now, this is more like it!"

### Something Worth Seeing

INTO one of those gilded ports of call that will vanish from the street corners of our larger cities should national prohibition prevail, there entered, with proud mien, one of those impressive and important persons who like to tell the barkeeper all about it.

Addressing the white-clad functionary behind the bar, he began, apropos of nothing that had been said before:

"The doctor thinks I oughter go to California this winter; thinks if I traveled round and looked at the sights it might do me good.

"But there's nothing in that—not for me! Why should I travel round looking at things? I've already been everywhere there is to go, and I've seen everything there is to see."

A shaky individual drew near.

"Excuse me," he said, with labored politeness; "but have you ever had the delir'um trimmin's?"

"Certainly not!" said the important citizen.

"Well, then, you poor piker, you ain't been nowheres and you ain't seen nothin'!"

# PATRIOTEERS

(Continued from Page 8)

Wall Street and Broadway and Fifth Avenue
Yielded to Chester what Chester was due.
Cigars,
Movie stars,
Motor cars,
Hotel bars,
Fruit jars,
Ex-Czars,
Toilet sets,
Novelettes,
Suffragettes,
Blooded pets,
Cigarettes—
All were donated on Chester's advice,
With the prospect of selling at double the price.

Mrs. van Jeller and Mrs. de Ploys—
Advertised beauties of national fame—
Planned a sweet booth, selling baskets and toys,
Asking a staggering price for the same.
The Countess Cazink and the Duchess of Yelle
Planned to be costumed as flower girls, and sell
The cute boutonnieres
Which ladies at fairs
Soak you a dollar for—
What do you holler for?
From charity pop, at a quarter a throw,
To raffled pianos, at five bones per go,
The booths were arranged, all prepared for the show.

Mrs. C. Camouflage flew here and there,
Hired twenty limousines—charged to the fair—
Marshaled her forces to suit her design,
Bossy as Hindenburg building his line.
Eighty-eight heiresses,
Two or three peeresses,
Ninety-nine debutantes acted as seeresses,
Palm readers, card tellers, dank crystal gazers;
Gently reared matrons were billed to sell razors,
Groceries, U-wear, pearl pendants and gum
At figures exceeding the rational sum.
Carpenters, scenepainters, smart electricians,
Worked out their marvels like busy magicians;
And a twenty-foot sign blazed with letters of light:
Girl Scouts' Bazaar — Opens Saturday Night!

*IV*

KIND reader, if you are a man—as you are—
You know what they do at a public bazaar;
Peer at you,
Beam at you,
Jeer at you,
Scream at you!
Flat-footed gentlemen, ugly as Hades,
Are suddenly smothered in beautiful ladies.
Each is a peach
With a graft to beseech
You dodge; and you think you are just out of reach


# "Camouflage" or Coal-Saving?

BY AN AMERICAN ENGINEER

WHAT are *you* doing to save coal?

The winning of this World War will finally be decided by one vital factor—the *Coal Supply*.

Our alarming coal shortage cannot be overtaken except by great *curtailment* in our daily coal consumption.

We must save, and *save*, and SAVE. To save Coal, we must save heat. For it is *wasted heat that squanders coal*.

Heat is by nature a runaway. It always seeks cooler temperatures. It never stays where it is needed unless it is *imprisoned*. Metal pipes can't hold it—they leak heat as a sieve leaks water.

That heat-leakage means *coal-wastage*. Do you fully get that?

*Insulation* of pipes and boilers imprisons the heat and saves the coal.

That is where "camouflage" often comes in. There are many kinds of pipe- and boiler-coverings so ineffective as to be as misleading as "camouflage."

For nearly all pipe-coverings look alike, once they are applied. But in spite of their brave whiteness, many of them are not what they seem. They *look* effective, but they let the coal-made heat slip through them instead of making it do its maximum duty.

The steam-pipes of many factories, big hotels, big buildings, of our homes, squander heat from every foot, *because their insulation is poor*.

TION of "85% Magnesia." *Its* superior efficiency and durability are proved by present science and by over a quarter of a century of practical experience on the largest scale.

The real science of Heat-Insulation began with the discovery of the properties of "85% Magnesia," in 1887.

Since then, 85% Magnesia has been accepted by engineers as the Super-Standard of heat-saving efficiency and durability. Its exclusive use by the U. S. Navy, its use on all the powerful locomotives, its use by central stations, by the biggest power-plants, by the mammoth hotels and skyscrapers, by such expert engineering-buildings as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (where 20 miles of it are installed),—these are inductive evidences of how 85% Magnesia is regarded by Master Engineers.

It is a proved fact that 85% Magnesia insulation will save from eight-tenths to nine-tenths of the heat that would waste if the pipes were left bare; it enables one ton almost to do the work of two.

Further, 85% Magnesia saves from three-tenths to five-tenths more heat than if the boiler and pipes were covered with some of the low-grade, inefficient coverings that are often sold as heat-insulation.

Full protection of every steam-pipe and boiler means a *correct thickness* as well as a correct covering.

**This is the kind of Pipe Covering for your cellar**
**Be sure it is 85% Magnesia**

If coal-waste were a crime, a majority of coal-users would be in jail.

For, of all this colossal waste of coal, *a very large proportion is preventable*.

Proper, *efficient* protection of steam-pipes and boilers will reduce the national coal-loss by millions of tons a year. Instead of a shortage, we would have a surplus of coal.

Many thoughtful coal-users are doing this. Others only *think* they are. These have been misled by some poorer pipe-coverings, which "camouflage" the heat-losses. They installed them because they were cheaper.

For many coal-users don't look far ahead. They regard heat-insulation as an expense rather than as an investment. They reckon the cost per piece of covering instead of per ton of coal. They haven't bothered about minimum or maximum efficiency. They haven't figured that the efficiency that saves the most coal also gives the most power.

But far above all those inferior coverings, there is the SUPER-INSULA-

Correctly applied, 85% Magnesia insulation would now mean the difference between coal sufficient for all needs, and a shortage that will continue, more paralyzing, unless checked.

Coal-waste at all times is inexcusable. At the present time, when the Super-Insulation of maximum efficiency,—85% Magnesia,—is available, it is close to crime.

Write us for the illuminating treatise on Heat-Insulation and Heat-Losses, "*Let 85% Magnesia Defend Your Steam*," sent free upon request. Also for the correct application of 85% Magnesia, a Standard Specification, issued by the Magnesia Association, will be sent to any Engineer, Architect, or large user of coal.

**MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA**
703 BULLETIN BLDG., PHILA., PA.

*(The member companies of this Association are contractors to the U. S. Army and Navy and to munition plants.)*

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George D. Crabbs, The Philip Carey Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
Arthur M. Eddy, Eddy Magnesia Mfg. Co., Valley Forge, Pa.
J. R. Smith, The Franklin Mfg. Co., Franklin, Pa.
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ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

# Explosives and Chemicals

## High Explosives

Straight Dynamite — Extra Dynamite
Ditching Explosives — Low Freezers
Gelatin Dynamite — Blasting Gelatin
Quarry Powder — Farm Powder

## Permissible Explosives

(For gassy and dusty coal mines)
Coalite (6 grades) Vigorite (6 grades)
Miners' Friend (6 grades)

## Atlas Blasting Powder

"A" and "B" Blasting in all standard granulations

## Sporting Powder for

Shotguns Rifles Revolvers
Smokeless and Black

## Fireworks Powder

*Also a full line of Blasting Supplies*

## CHEMICALS

Ammonium Nitrate
Sodium Nitrite, 96% Purity
Sulphuric Acid, all strengths up to 40% free SO3
Nitric Acid, all grades
Mixed Acids, containing nitric and sulphuric acids
Nitrocellulose, all grades
Nitro Cake—Lacquers
Leather Cloth

General sales headquarters and mines as above. For further information, Farmers, owners of estates and lumbermen should write for a copy of "Better Farming." Mailed free.

ATLAS POWDER COMPANY
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE SEP-1

Sales Offices: Allentown (Pa.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston, Chicago, Des Moines, Houghton (Mich.), Joplin (Mo.), Kansas City, Kennedale, McAlester (Okla.), Nashville, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg (Kan.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Pottsville (Pa.), St. Louis, Wilkes-Barre

The largest manufacturers of ammonium nitrate in the country.

How About A New Top This Year?

NEVERLEEK TOP MATERIAL

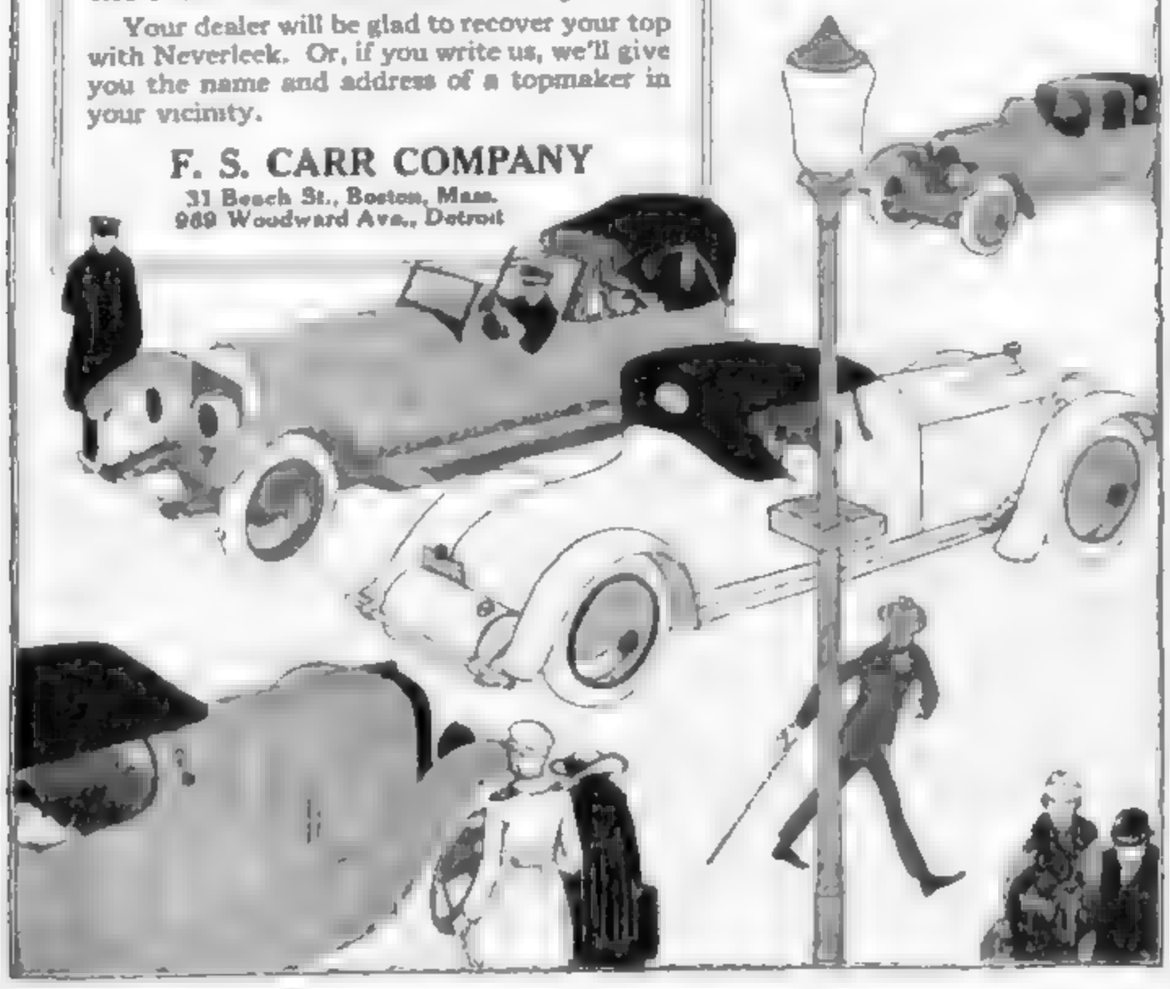
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

That car of yours. Examine it carefully. How about the top? Does it look worn—a little shabby perhaps? A new top of Neverleek would improve its appearance wonderfully—would almost make a new car of it. And re-topped cars will be quite common on the roads and boulevards this year.

Your dealer will be glad to recover your top with Neverleek. Or, if you write us, we'll give you the name and address of a topmaker in your vicinity.

*The standardized top covering, used as regular equipment by nearly fifty leading motor car manufacturers.*

F. S. CARR COMPANY
31 Beach St., Boston, Mass.
989 Woodward Ave., Detroit



When you're grabbed by the girl with the beryl-green eyes—
"Buy a share—win a prize!
Won't you take one from me?"
Thus seized by surprise,
You giggle "te-hee!"
And you're stung fifty cents or two dollars, or three.
Turn around—stung again; this time eyes of blue
Hold you bound while their owner pins tags upon you.
So rollicks the fair
Round in a ring,
From Epstein to Hogan,
Crying the slogan:
"Buzz-buzz!—Sting-sting!"

Mrs. Camouflage Jones' Bazaar, I confess,
Was billed from the start a triumphant success.
She washed up a poet and gave him the task
Of writing a perfectly beautiful masque.
With wonderful costumes to add to her art,
She modestly acted the principal part.
The pageant traced out by symbolic degrees
The birth of girl scouting among the Chinese,
And quickly imparted great credit to her—
The cards of admission were fifty cents per.

She was quite democratic and mixed with the throng
To a certain extent—which was coming it strong.
She sold lollipops,
Cinnamon drops,
Mexican drawn work and gyroscope tops;
Raffled off sapphires and pearls by the pound,
And ballyhooed twice for the merry-go-round.
Her goings and comings in every quarter
Were promptly put down by the social reporter,
And the click of the camera vied on the scene
With the whir of the animate-picture machine.

Booths to the right of them, booths to the left of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Clad as for dress parade, gathered the Bright Brigade,
Noble Four Hundred!

And a cynical Scrooge, as he prayed for protection,
Held onto his dime with this cautious reflection:

"Society fairs, to be sure,
Are something I cannot endure—
These dowager dames
Running panhandle games
And the rich selling things to the poor!"

In the Grecian Buffet
There was chocolate gooey;
In the Chinese Cafe
*Champignons au chop suey:*
In the Swiss Cabaret
A barytone flooey
Sang Farewell, Sweet Day!
In a voice rather stewey.

And Mrs. C. Camouflage Jones here and there
Flitted and bustled, the life of the fair;
At her every appearance the public would clamor "Ah!"
And the movie director would holler out "Camera!"
So great her success that, ere ended the week,
She was cordially greeted by Mrs. van Sleek.
Which event was unique;
For 'tis said a Van Sleek
Had never before been aware of a Jones.
'Twas a Camouflage triumph, as everyone owns;
Like royalty's sword on a commoner's brow—
A Camouflage Jones can go anywhere now.

V

BUT what, in the midst of this soul-stirring task,
Was Chester McShifty performing? you ask.
He had got him an office above the bazaar,
Where he sat very tightly and chewed his cigar.
You could see by his looks
He was keeping the books.

His baby-blue eyes, which could look rather shifty,
Were steadily conning both sides of the fifty.
Was Chester financially able? You've said it;
So well could he shuffle a debit and credit
That expert accountants might labor criss-cross
In fruitless attempts to tell profit from loss.

At times Mrs. Camouflage Jones would unbend
And ask for reports on the business end.
Then Chester would rattle off figures unended,
Until the good lady would gurgle: "How splendid!"
And the nifty McShifty, to banish all doubt,
Would trot his most talented press agent out,
Who would chatter his stuff—
A splendiferous puff
Which tickled her vanity almost enough.

At the end of the week, when the fair closed its doors
And the welkin was shattered with praiseworthy roars,
McShifty retired to a vale of reflection
To balance his books in the proper direction.
At last Mrs. Constantleigh Camouflage Jones
Received a report—
The professional sort,
Where pretty red ink for dull figures atones:

| | |
|---|---|
| Gross receipts for the fair, up to closing—see date | $96,208 |
| Deduction for salaries, lighting, rent due | 22,602 |
| Underhand charges, including the floor | 17,404 |
| Balance obtained when deductions are through | $56,202 |
| My fee—Fifty-Fifty—for services done | 28,101 |

"Your share for the fair, as per voucher—please sign—
Should be, superficially, equal to mine;
But we first must deduct, down to dollars and cents,
Your Ladyship's personal bill for expense.
This includes chartered taxicabs, cinema reels,
Special-priced press agents' salaried spiels,
Actors and sceneshifters hired for your masque—
All gilt-edge people. What more could you ask?

| | |
|---|---|
| "Inclosed, check for profit—net—minus expense | $17.22 |

"Wishing you future success, fifty-fifty,
"Yours very faithfully,
"CHESTER MCSHIFTY."

VI

THE check from McShifty, 'tis fully believed,
Was mailed to Peking and with thanks was received.
*In re* Mrs. Constantleigh Camouflage Jones,
The following patter
Of pure reading matter
The Social Reporter devoutly intones:

"Mrs. Camouflage Jones, whom her friends all beseech
To repeat her Bazaar,
Has toured in her car
For a season of quiet and rest at Palm Beach.
She will ride and play golf till again she feels fit—
She has earned a vacation since doing her bit."

# They Make My Job Easier

*By the Fleet Boss*

"We run this fleet for profit—not for pleasure.

"It's my job to see that every truck starts out every day with plenty of oil and gas, radiator full, grease cups attended to, all nuts and bolts tight and all adjustments right.

"We want that truck to stay on the job and to keep on delivering the goods all day and when necessary all night.

"I don't propose to have delays and breakdowns due to oversight on my part or to faulty construction that could have been remedied.

"Timken Bearings, like other dependable, well built, time tested parts—make my job easier.

"They never give me a minute's worry. I know they won't bring in a bill for repairs or replacements, by wearing loose, because their adjustability enables me to get the jump on the wear.

"So long as they are properly lubricated and adjusted they simply don't wear out, even under the hardest service. Hubs run true and gears are kept in perfect mesh all the time.

"And all I do is give the bearings fresh grease and a part turn of the adjusting nut every few thousand miles.

"Good bearings mean that your running gear and driving mechanism is in good order and safeguarded against wear, and that means daily earning capacity and profits for the truck 'owner'."

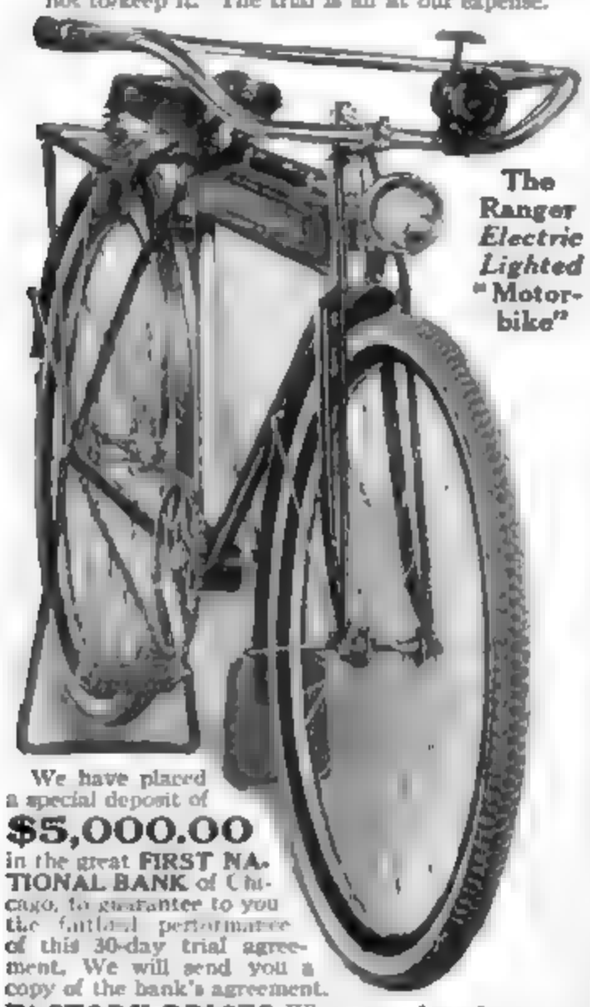
Just by way of checking up on what the fleet boss thinks of Timken Bearings ask any man you know who operates a truck fleet—and write for the booklet B-3, "The Companies Timken Keeps," which will give you an idea of the extent to which Timken Bearings are used on the best known and best built American trucks and passenger cars.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio

# TIMKEN BEARINGS

# 30 Days Trial

Select—from our big FREE catalog—the particular style of a **"RANGER"** bicycle you desire. They are pictured in natural colors with elaborate details of construction and equipment, in **44 styles**, colors and sizes. We will send it from our Chicago Factory, *freight charges paid by us to your town, for* ***Thirty Days' Free Trial.*** We pay return charges if you decide not to keep it. The trial is all at our expense.



**The Ranger *Electric Lighted* "Motorbike"**

We have placed a special deposit of **$5,000.00** in the great **FIRST NATIONAL BANK** of Chicago, to guarantee to you the fulfilment performance of this 30-day trial agreement. We will send you a copy of the bank's agreement.

**FACTORY PRICES** When you buy from us, you profit by our FACTORY-DIRECT-TO-RIDER selling policy and the big savings possible by reason of our great annual output. The *"Ranger"* catalog illustrates the most complete line of bicycles in the world, at prices that will save you money and give you big value. Back of your purchase stands the oldest and most successful bicycle concern in the country.

**PARTS AND REPAIRS** for all kinds of bicycles are accurately pictured and described *in the sundry pages of this catalog*, as well as all the latest domestic and imported bicycle equipment and attachments, tires, lamps, horns, front and rear coaster wheels, etc., etc. In fact, this "Ranger" bicycle catalog is the recognized Buying Guide for bicycles and bicycle sundries.

**RIDER AGENTS WANTED** Everywhere to ride and exhibit "Ranger" bicycles. Select the Motorbike, Superbe, Arch Frame Ranger, Coaster Brake Special, Junior or other style desired and **make money** by taking orders while you ride and exhibit.

**SEND NO MONEY,** but write today for the new 1918 catalog with prices so low they will astonish you, also full particulars of our new offer to send all charges prepaid the "Ranger" bicycle you select *for Thirty Days' Free Trial.* You can't afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without first learning what we can offer you. **Write now.**

**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY** Dept. B-55 Chicago




Don't say that it cannot be done.— Had Mr. Bell said that, there would have been no telephones. I have shown over 300 000 deaf persons that they can hear clearly and I would gladly tell you about them if you will write me. Just send a line and say "I will try the Acousticon." We will immediately send you, charges paid, the new, smaller and better

**1918 Acousticon for No Deposit FREE TRIAL No Expense**

After you have given it any test that you choose, it is entirely for you to say whether you will keep it or return it—at least you will know whether you are among the hundreds of thousands of fortunate ones whom it enables to hear distinctly. And it will have cost you nothing to try—not a cent.

**WARNING!** There is no good reason why everyone should not make as liberal a trial offer as we do, so do not send any money for any instrument for the deaf until you have tried it!

The ACOUSTICON has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated. So no matter what you have tried in the past, send for free trial of the ACOUSTICON and convince yourself—you alone to decide. Address me personally if you prefer. K. M. TURNER, Pres.

**GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 1301 Candler Bldg., New York**
Canadian Address, 621 New Birks Bldg., Montreal


# EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

(Continued from Page 19)

It would seem that the party had started out advantageously enough. Mrs. Langdon and St. Johns had come along at the last moment and joined them—at least they rode a little to the front, talking and calling back, while their groom joined ours. The morning was lovely, the horses not too fresh for Mrs. DeWynt's comfort, and the captain was being quite polite to Marjorie. Mrs. DeWynt felt pleased. Marjorie rode nicely—just as Durlands had taught her; and for once the responsibility of Esmeralda's presence was gone. She fell to thinking of her winter clothes and her Red Cross work, and a suggestion she was going to make about a new sort of carbolic soap for sailors, and of the advisability of inviting those new Crimmins to dinner.

In short, she was peacefully and profitably occupied, when all at once came a thunder of hoofs on the road behind, and a wild shriek—her own, she afterward realized. And there was Esmeralda coming at full clip, the terrible Jeff dog bounding beside her, her red hair flying in the wind. Just before she reached them a wild flower growing by the roadside attracted her eye and, swooping down, she plucked it without pausing. She approached with a confident smile, the horse dancing sidewise in a most alarming manner.

"Hello, folks!" said Esmeralda pleasantly.

"Rippin'!" cried Captain Tugwell excitedly. "Simply rippin'!"

And then Mrs. DeWynt saw the trousers. She confided to me that the shock nearly threw her from Daisy, her reliable old mount. There was, as I have stated, no mistaking the ownership of those amazing nether garments, and it did not at the moment occur to her that the captain might be wholly innocent in the matter. Everyone else was sure to recognize them too. Indeed, almost at once she could see that Marjorie was noticing them—poor Marjorie!—and she as good as engaged to the captain! Mrs. Langdon whispered something to St. Johns and they both laughed. Mrs. DeWynt could feel her cheeks tingle. That this outrageous, uncouth girl should deliberately cause her such mortification and embarrassment! And that wasn't all!

Esmeralda's mount seemed immediately to impart the strangest notions to the other animals. He had a way of prancing diagonally, of rearing, or backing, of displaying an interest in sidehills and running water, which immediately affected his fellows. Even Daisy, Mrs. DeWynt's good old white pony, appeared to shed her years and frisked in a disconcerting manner. Several times Mrs. DeWynt reproved her niece sharply for the way in which she allowed the Kaiser to act, until she was almost obliged to conclude that the girl was doing it on purpose to show her circus-rider tricks. She rode in the worst possible form—not even posting the trot; but, somehow, nothing the horse did annoyed her.

But the same could not be said of the others. For one thing, the Kaiser being very fresh the other horses would insist upon trying to keep up with him. This made pleasant conversation impractical and horsemanship imperative. Then, that common Jeff dog kept running in and out among the horses' feet until poor dear Mrs. DeWynt felt ready to scream—did, indeed.

"Esmeralda Sprunt, make that vile dog keep from under the horses' feet!" she commanded; not wisely, however.

"Very well, Aunt Sally," said Esmeralda. She drew the Kaiser off a bit and gave a call. On the instant the Jeff dog crouched and sprang up on her pommel! A most amazing performance; but that was nothing to what followed. The Kaiser, infuriated at this invasion, began a series of gymnastic performances known in the wilds, I believe, as bucking. I understand the action is a most terrifying one to behold and has a very demoralizing influence on other horses that chance to be in the immediate neighborhood. And that is what occurred upon this occasion. The Kaiser held the center of the road—and a large proportion of it either way. And before his demonstration the other horses fled as shavings in a windstorm—scattering to the right and left, over fences, through underbrush, surmounting anything, crossing anything, to be out of the way of the big gray devil and his rage.

Daisy, poor dear Mrs. DeWynt's mount, insisted upon climbing a sidehill into a cow pasture full of cows, and this at a gait which necessitated the poor lady's grasping her mane with both hands, in a fainting state of terror, owing to the fact that she lost both stirrups at the first plunge up the embankment. And she is not fond of cows; indeed, they fill her with profound distrust—yet Daisy ruthlessly carried her into their very midst.

Mrs. Langdon's horse took her midstream in a shallow but noisy brook, and then started wading up, despite her most violent protests. Marjorie was cantering away up the road, lost in a cloud of dust; and after her went St. Johns, going like the wind. One of the grooms, carried irresistibly into a field, was endeavoring to dissuade his animal from climbing a haystack; while round and round the center of disturbance circled the second groom and Captain Tugwell, each with his mount fairly well in hand, but shouting directions and advice to Esmeralda.

The struggle between girl and horse did not actually take more than five minutes, though my dear patroness assured me that to her, clinging to Daisy there amid those dreadful cows, it seemed interminable. Then all at once the big gray bolted down the road, going at a most alarming pace, but at least on four feet once more; and next, after a breathless moment or two, Esmeralda turned him, and came trotting gently back. Captain Tugwell rode up at once, brimming with congratulations.

"He almost had me going for a minute," said Esmeralda; "but I guess he knows who's boss now. After I ride him a few times more he'll be safe for democracy, all right!"

Captain Tugwell and the grooms were so taken up with this spectacular performance that Mrs. DeWynt actually had to call out before they realized her plight and went to her assistance. Once they had got her off of Daisy and safely out from amid the cows, nothing on earth would induce her to mount again.

"Send for the car!" she commanded, seated on a stone and leaning heavily against Captain Tugwell, while the others crowded solicitously about her. "Send for the car! I am not a circus rider, and I refuse to remain in this Wild West Show another instant! This is not the sort of riding that is done!"

I say that all were crowding round—that is, all save Esmeralda; for such was the amazing fact. That young lady, once assured that her aunt had received no physical injury, set off to look for her Jeff dog, whom she presently discovered a short way back on the road with a broken paw. The creature had been injured when thrown from the gray, and now Esmeralda brought him up, actually expecting compassion for the cause of all the trouble!

"Oh, Aunt Sally," said Esmeralda, "I'm so glad you are going home in the car. You can take poor little Jeff; he's broken his paw."

Mrs. DeWynt glared at her niece in righteous indignation.

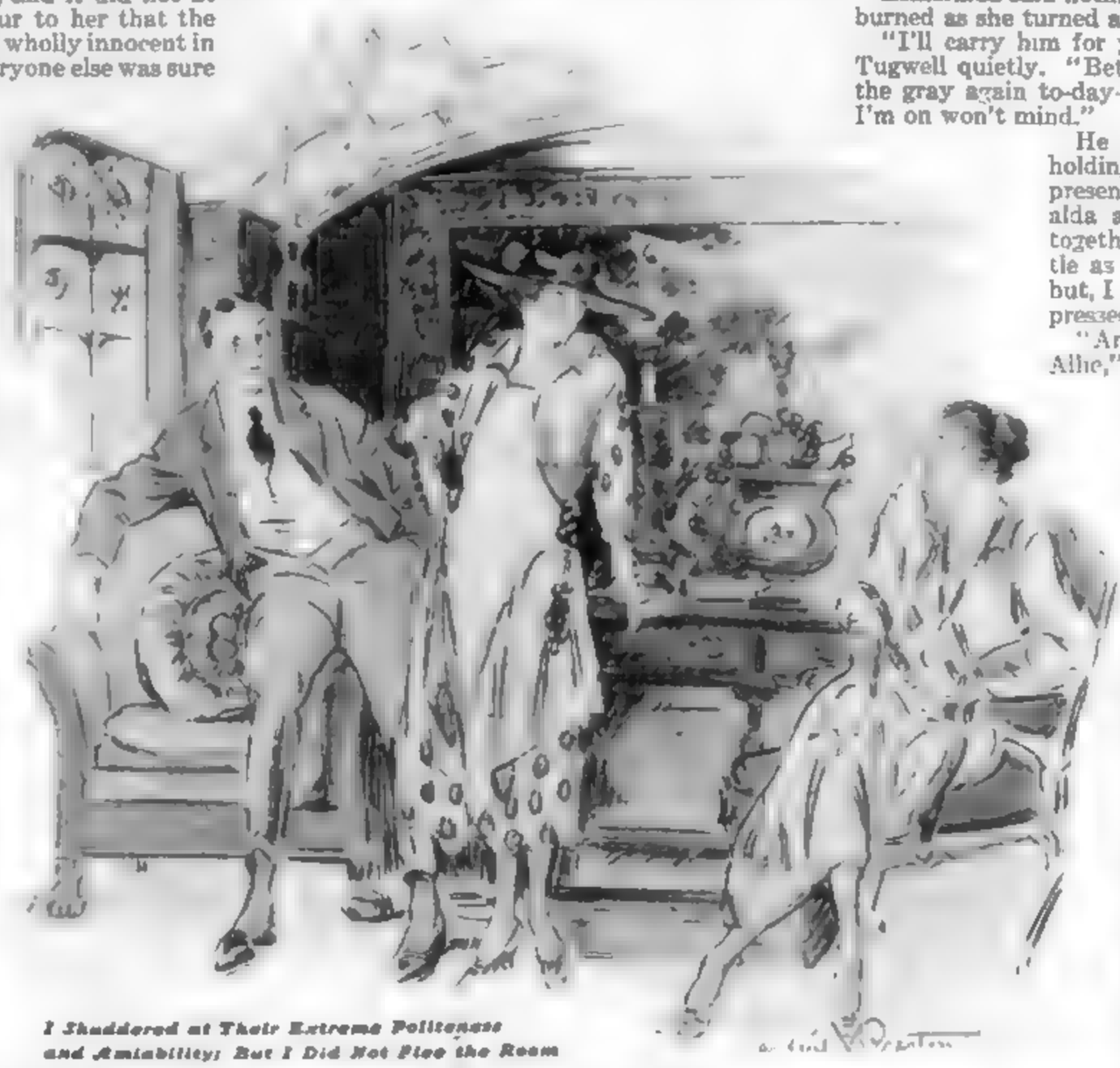
"Ride with that beast!" she exclaimed. "Never!"

Esmeralda said nothing; but her cheeks burned as she turned away.

"I'll carry him for you," said Captain Tugwell quietly. "Better not try him on the gray again to-day—and this old plug I'm on won't mind."

He took the dog over, holding him with care; and presently the two—Esmeralda and he—trotted off together, the gray as gentle as a lamb outwardly, but, I suspect, with a suppressed gleam in his eye.

"And I assure you, Alice," concluded Mrs. DeWynt—"I assure you she never even inquired whether I had sustained any nervous shock!"



*I Shuddered at Their Extreme Politeness and Amiability; But I Did Not Flee the Room*

When unwillingly the same roof shelters two women of very opposite temperaments for any length of time, one can always feel the gathering of an inevitable rupture—a tenseness of atmosphere, as before a thunder and lightning storm; a sort of rolling up of clouds—if you know what I mean; silent at first, then a few warning mutterings; and then, at last, rather to the relief of everyone, comes the interview in which they say what they really think of each other. Ever since Esmeralda's entrance into our so-different world I had felt this crisis impending—had sensed its inevitability, while the, as I may say, humidity increased. Just what would stand revealed when the clouds parted no one could foretell; but at tea time on the afternoon of the momentous ride I saw that things were undoubtedly coming to a head.

Dear Mrs. DeWynt had kept to her room over the luncheon period, and when she reappeared in the afternoon and sent for me, her frame of mind had not been softened by what it had dwelt upon. Nor was it further eased by the news I was obliged to break to her. Hoskins, our butler, had given warning. He had, so he said, been thinking over Miss Esmeralda's

(Continued on Page 62)

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(Continued from Page 60)

suggestion that the trenches were preferable to his present life, provided Mrs. DeWynt would keep his wife on as maid; and he had determined to exchange our house livery for khaki. That phrase of hers about its being a more becoming uniform seemed to have stuck in his mind, and all I could say about his duty to his employer failed to move him.

"If we don't lick them Germans there won't really be no houses where they need a butler in a year or two, sir!" was all he answered; and so I was obliged to inform Mrs. DeWynt.

Of course she was excessively annoyed. Hoskins had been with us five years: a long time as servants go now. She put down Taki and Whaki, with whom she had been solacing herself, and folded her hands in her lap.

"Allie," she said, "send for Esmeralda. This thing has got to stop!"

I did as I was bidden; and after a few moments Esmeralda appeared, ready to go out with Mrs. Ted, whom she was expecting, and looking very chic and pretty in one of the gowns Mrs. DeWynt had given her, and a large black hat, also the gift of that generous lady. As one looked at the girl, so feminine and charming in appearance, it was most difficult to realize the sort of disturbing force she could be. Her aunt beckoned with an imperial gesture, striving hard to maintain control of herself and appear the sweet, dignified matron she knew herself to be.

"Esmeralda, my dear," she began in honeyed accents, "I feel that it is necessary that we have a serious understanding!"

"My dear aunt," exclaimed Esmeralda sweetly; "I am so glad! I quite agree with you."

I shuddered at their extreme politeness and amiability; but I did not flee the room. Something more than mere vulgar curiosity impelled me to stop. I had heard Mrs. DeWynt at it before; but I was anxious to see what Esmeralda would make of the situation.

"Now, my dear," Mrs. DeWynt took up the thread, "I sent for you to come here as my guest—to share our lives—our work ——"

"War work!" put in Esmeralda.

"Yes; our humble bit," her aunt agreed. "And, though I appreciate that your early training, for which you are not to blame, has not perhaps fitted you for what we do, I must insist that, since you refuse to learn, you shall at least conform to our way of living."

"But, dear Aunt Sally," replied Esmeralda, "you yourself find I'm not able to knit, or roll bandages, or ——"

"I confess I am disappointed in your lack of enthusiasm for the womanly things I and my friends are doing," admitted Mrs. DeWynt, "and that I do not care for the tone in which you refer to them. I think it most unmannerly!"

"And I don't think much of the things you do," said Esmeralda with some asperity. "I don't care to learn them, because I don't think they matter a damn!"

"Esmeralda!" cried her aunt. "I forbid you to use such language!"

"Forbid!" said Esmeralda.

"Yes!" said Mrs. DeWynt angrily. "And, my dear niece, while you are here, I must insist that you try to make yourself more like us, and that you endeavor to be useful to me in my war work. Further, I demand that you cease interfering with my servants. I am your aunt, and I am the proper authority as to what you shall and shall not do!"

"You may be my aunt," said Esmeralda slowly; "but you mustn't blame me for that. It's not my fault!"

"Because of your youth and lack of breeding," said Mrs. DeWynt, trembling, "I will overlook that atrocious remark. But we must understand each other clearly. Do I gather that you refuse to comply with my wishes?"

"Aunt Sally," replied Esmeralda, "what about my end of this? Haven't I been cheated, eh?"

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. DeWynt, holding herself in with a mighty effort.

"Well, you want us to have a clear understanding," replied her niece; "and it's pretty plain you're not satisfied with me. Well," her voice grew stronger as she spoke—not loud, but intense—"well, I'm not satisfied, either. I've been cheated. You offered me the chance to do something for my country—you, a rich, influential and powerful woman, who ought to be able to do anything! Of course I accepted; jumped at the chance. And when I get here, what do I find? A crowd of women with a dozen menservants apiece who won't eat the Hoover foodstuffs! And these ladies, instead of firing their help and getting down to brass tacks, knit sweaters! Good heavens! Do you expect to lick the Germans with sweaters? Why don't you send men instead of worsted things? Why don't you save? Why don't you organize for something real? Where's your sacrifice? You make me ashamed, you are so futile with your great luxurious houses, your extravagant amusements, your costly clothes!"

"You're wearing some of those clothes at this minute!" put in her aunt, rising to her feet. "Ungrateful girl! After all I've done for you!"

Esmeralda tore off the great black hat and tossed it on the table in front of her aunt.

"There!" she cried. "Take back that forty-dollar hat that I didn't want, and with the money buy some sweaters that I didn't knit."

"You are very dramatic!" sneered Mrs. DeWynt.

"War is very dramatic!" retorted Esmeralda. "And you people seem to think it's a comic opera! You make me wild! Why don't you stop your silly, easy pretenses, and help?"

"We at least are doing something," replied Mrs. DeWynt with dignity. "It is you who are doing nothing! Why don't you do something besides criticize?"

A light came into Esmeralda's eyes. Plainly an idea had struck her. There was a little pause.

"Is that all?" Esmeralda said sweetly. "Because, Aunt Sally, if you're quite through, I'll go. And, by the way, if it's not interfering with your servants too much I might suggest that you begin knitting a small sweater for Gaston, your chef. I've just been talking to him, and I find he's going to enlist—as a cook."

And then, before we could recover from the shock, Esmeralda was gone. Distantly the front door slammed. Mrs. DeWynt and I looked at each other, speechless.

That evening Captain Tugwell did not return for dinner. Late in the afternoon came a rather incoherent telegram from him, explaining that he had been suddenly called to Washington, and saying nothing about his return. His man also received a wire, upon which he packed up and departed. This was the more annoying, as Marjorie had been invited over especially. But, just as Mrs. DeWynt was debating what to do for another dinner partner, a telephone message came in from Marjorie's father, wanting to know whether she were with us, as she had never returned from her ride. Of course we told him she had left us before luncheon; and he hung up, saying he was going to call the police in aid.

By this time my poor dear patroness was in such a state of collapse that she hardly stirred when, a few moments later, Mrs. Langdon was on the wire asking for St. Johns. It was an amazing thing to ask, for, of course, when anybody wanted St. Johns they always called up Mrs. Langdon. It seemed he had not gone to luncheon at her house, as arranged, and had not been seen since the dénouement of the morning's ride, when Mrs. DeWynt had started for home in her car.

I had great difficulty in assuring her that we knew nothing of the dancer's whereabouts, and when at length she hung up I returned to the drawing-room, where presently Hoskins announced dinner to a party that had become depleted to Mrs. DeWynt and myself. The senator was still away.

"Miss Esmeralda is not down yet," said Mrs. DeWynt. "Will you see that she is called?"

Hoskins, terrifically self-conscious since he had given notice, obeyed, and we went into the dining room without waiting. In a few moments Hoskins returned to say that Miss Esmeralda was not in her room—nor, indeed, in the house, so far as any of the servants knew.

"Find out if she has telephoned," said Mrs. DeWynt impatiently. Really, the girl was too trying!

By the time the kingfish was served, Hoskins was able to report authentically that Miss Esmeralda had not telephoned. Things began to look serious.

"Then telephone to Mrs. Ted Collins!" commanded Mrs. DeWynt, "and find out whether she is there."

(Concluded on Page 65)

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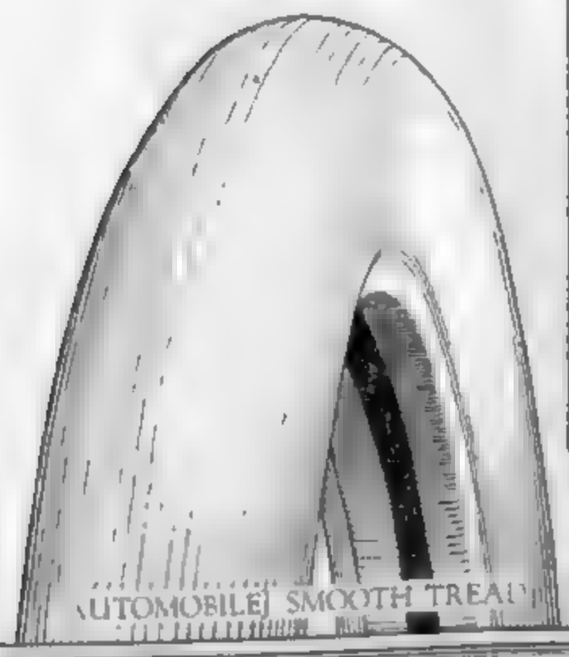

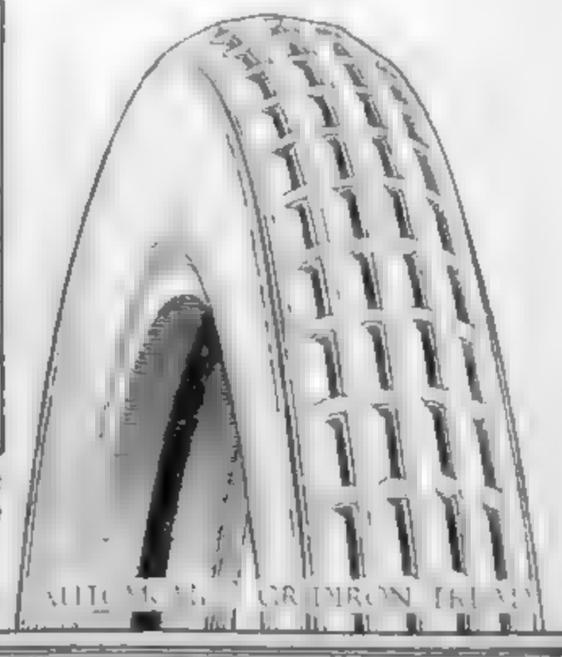

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(Concluded from Page 62)

It was the only possible solution. And when, at the salad, Hoskins reported that not only was Miss Esmeralda not at Mrs. Ted's, but that that lady herself had gone out of town, our alarm became acute.

"Allie," said Mrs. DeWynt, "this is no light matter! It is impossible to guess what that extraordinary young woman may have done. I wish you would go at once to her room and see if you can find any evidence of her actions. I will stay and finish the salad while you do so."

I rose instantly and did as I was told, waving aside Hoskins' offer of assistance. Instinctively I felt that it was best to go alone; and with beating heart I climbed to that portion of the guest-room wing where I knew her chamber to be. I will not easily forget with what trepidation I approached that shrine, or how my pulses hammered as I turned the knob—after knocking and getting no response—and entered.

The room was in darkness, and excitedly I switched on the light and looked about me. At first everything seemed all right, though some confusion reigned, hats and dresses being piled about in tidy heaps, the closet door standing open, the silverware stacked upon the dressing table. In a fashion the place was very eloquent of her, like a glove worn just long enough to take the shape of the hand before being discarded.

Nowhere was there anything that I recognized as her very own, except one of her outrageous silk handkerchiefs, which had evidently been dropped by accident. I picked this up, and crossed the room to examine a slip of paper which had been stuck into a corner of the mirror. At once I recognized the firm handwriting—the signature was not necessary. She had written:

"Good-by, all! Sorry we don't part better friends. I have taken only what I brought.

ESMERALDA."

For a long moment I stood gazing fixedly at the note, something within me going very queer; I can scarcely describe the sensation, except to say that it was as if something within me awoke. Also, something died. I cannot say just what. Hardly conscious of what I did I raised her handkerchief to my lips for an instant, before secreting it in an inner pocket of my coat. Then I took up the note, switched off the light, and descended to face my patroness.

I had scarcely reached the foot of the stairs when Mrs. Langdon brushed past, in a great state of excitement, and reached the drawing-room just ahead of me. There stood Mrs. DeWynt, who had evidently finished the meal without me. Mrs. Langdon flung herself on my dear lady's shoulder without warning and burst into sobs.

"Heavens, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. DeWynt. "What is the matter?"

"They're married!" shrieked Mrs. Langdon. "They are married!"

"Who is married?" demanded Mrs. DeWynt. "Who is married—when?"

"They are, of course—Marjorie and St. Johns!" wailed Mrs. Langdon. "This afternoon; at East Hampton! They rode over on their horses!"

Mrs. DeWynt sat down heavily.

"Marjorie!" said she. "But then she can't marry Captain Tugwell!"

"What do I care about Captain Tugwell?" cried Mrs. Langdon. "Oh, St. Johns—you faithless creature! And I gave him that very horse! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Better call up your lawyer and stop your divorce," advised Mrs. DeWynt tersely. "Then send a groom round for the horse in the morning."

Abruptly she turned to me.

"Well?" she said in a high, sharp key. "You've been gone long enough! Well?"

I showed her the note. My dear Mrs. DeWynt took one look at it, and then gave forth a sound that in any lesser person could only have been called a snort.

"You'll be telling me next that she's married Tugwell!" she said furiously. And at the words I felt myself turning cold.

Of course you all know now that she was right. We ourselves did not know it for two days afterward, when, almost simultaneously, came the announcement in the Times and an early morning visit from Mrs. Ted. That erratic lady sailed in just as Mrs. DeWynt and I were discussing the story in the newspaper; and, at first, Mrs. DeWynt was inclined to be very cross, because of Mrs. Ted's part in the affair. But Mrs. Ted has a cajoling way with her.

"Now, Sarah," she said, "don't be ridiculous with me! The girl came straight to *me*—and you ought to be glad, for she was perfectly capable of going alone. Then she wouldn't let me rest until I promised to go to Washington with her to see Mr. Willy. She'd have gone by herself if I hadn't; so I sacrificed a fitting at the tailor's and went—and you know how disagreeable he will be about it! And Mr. Willy has really given her a splendid job—it's buying horses for the army, you know. And she's so well fitted for it; and it's so real—just like herself!"

"I brought her East to do war work," said Mrs. DeWynt.

"I know you did, Sarah," purred Mrs. Ted. "And now forgive her for marrying Captain Tugwell, who followed us down. It was inevitable from the start—you know it was! Come! Admit you're rather proud of her, and glad she refused to be stuffed with sawdust, like—well, like you and me."

But Mrs. DeWynt was adamant on the question of receiving them; and, I believe, never has given in, though many people blame her, because, after all, he is Lord Castlewing's cousin, you know. But Mrs. DeWynt had decided; and, after all, a little criticism can never harm her! She has never seen her niece since. I have, however.

It was in town, a month after their marriage, and I was walking down the Avenue one sunny morning, when all at once I espied them coming toward me. They seemed radiantly happy; and the Jeff dog was with them, his limp now hardly perceptible. Before I could speak, Esmeralda had rushed up to me and seized me by both hands.

"Why, Penny!" she exclaimed. "You're in khaki! You! How splendid!"

"It's only yeomanry," I answered, blushing under her earnest gaze. "I'm still a little underweight; so I'm doing what I can while striving to acquire the requisite avoirdupois for the Regular Army."

"But how did it happen?" she cried.

"Well," said I, "all the menservants had enlisted, and we couldn't find any more; so Mrs. DeWynt has moved in to the Ritz to economize."

And then, at last, Miss Esmeralda gave my dear patroness her due.

"How fine!" she cried. "Now dear Aunt Sally will have more time in which to do her bit."

# THE AMAZING INTERLUDE

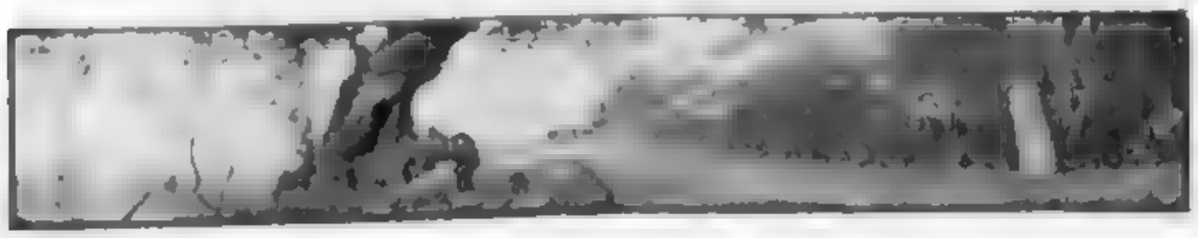
(Continued from Page 5)

of his arms, and that she sought, after he had gone, the haven of her little white room, and closed the door, and had to look rather a long time at his photograph before she was in a properly loving mood again.

That night after his prolonged leave-taking Sara Lee went upstairs to her room and faced the situation.

She was going to marry Harvey. She was committed to that. And she loved him; not as he cared, perhaps, but he was a very definite part of her life. Once or twice when he had been detained by business she had missed him, had put in a lonely and most unhappy evening.

Sara Lee had known comparatively few men. In that small and simple circle of hers, with its tennis court in a vacant lot, its one or two inexpensive cars, its picnics and porch parties, there was none of the usual give and take of more sophisticated circles. Boys and girls paired off rather early, and remained paired by tacit agreement; there was comparatively little shifting. There were few free lances among the



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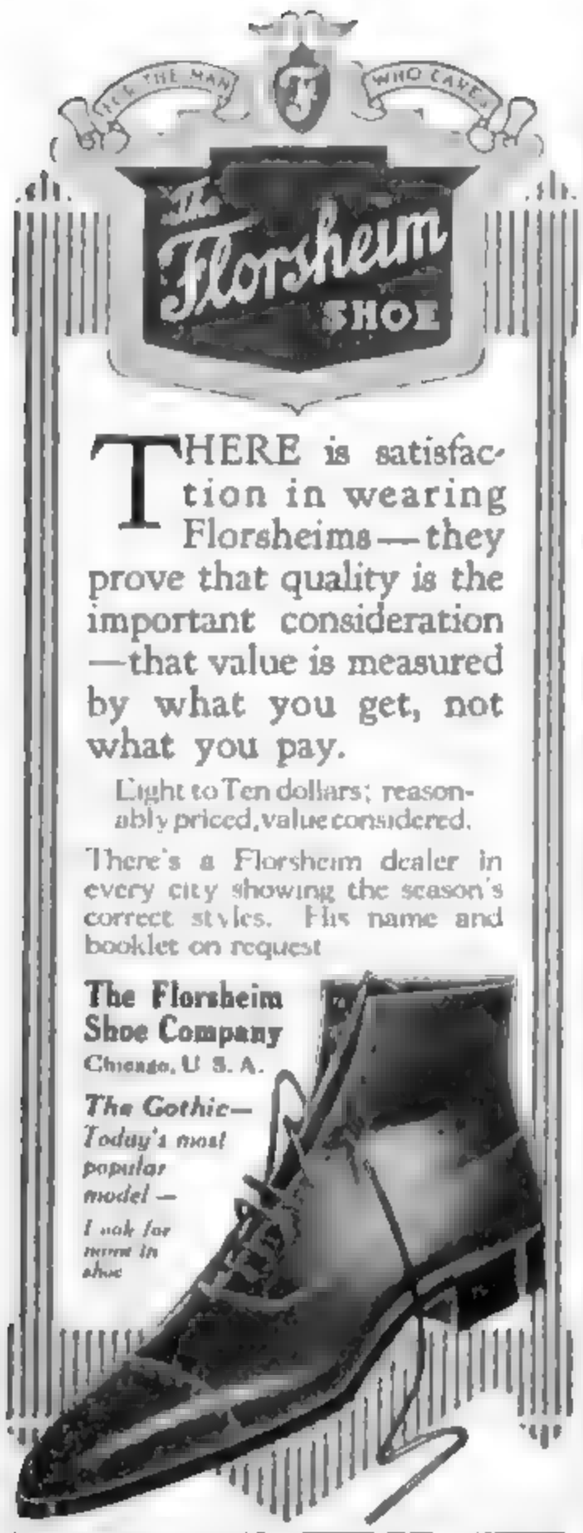


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men, and none among the girls. When she was seventeen Harvey had made it known unmistakably that Sara Lee was his, and no trespassing. And for two years he had, without intentional selfishness, kept Sara Lee for himself.

That was how matters stood that January night when Sara Lee went upstairs after Harvey had gone and reread Mabel's letter, with Harvey's photograph turned to the wall. Under her calm exterior a little flame of rebellion was burning in her. Harvey's perpetual "we," his attitude toward the war, and Mabel's letter, with what it opened before her, had set the match to something in Sara Lee she did not recognize—a strain of the adventurer, a throwback to some wandering ancestor perhaps. But more than anything it had set fire to the something maternal that is in all good women.

Yet, had Aunt Harriet not come in just then, the flame might have died. And had it died a certain small page of the history of this war would never have been written.

Aunt Harriet came in hesitatingly. She wore a black wrapper, and her face, with her hair drawn back for the night, looked tight and old.

"Harvey gone?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I thought I'd better come in. There's something —— I can tell you in the morning if you're tired."

"I'm not tired," said Sara Lee.

Aunt Harriet sat down miserably on a chair.

"I've had a letter from Jennie," she stated. "The girl's gone, and the children have whooping cough. She'd like me to come right away."

"To do the maid's work!" said Sara Lee indignantly. "You mustn't do it, that's all! She can get somebody."

But Aunt Harriet was firm. She was not a fair-weather friend, and since Jennie was good enough to offer her a home she felt she ought to go at once.

"You'll have to get married right away," she finished. "Goodness knows, it's time enough! For two years Harvey has been barking like a watchdog in front of the house and keeping every other young man away."

Sara Lee smiled.

"He's only been lying on the doormat, Aunt Harriet," she observed. "I don't believe he knows how to bark."

"Oh, he's mild enough. He may change after marriage. Some do. But," she added hastily, "he'll be a good husband. He's that sort."

Suddenly something that had been taking shape in Sara Lee's small head, quite unknown to her, developed identity and speech.

"But I'm not going to marry him just yet," she said.

Aunt Harriet's eye fell on the photograph with its face to the wall, and she started.

"You haven't quarreled with him, have you?"

"No, of course not! I have something else I want to do first. That's all. Aunt Harriet, I want to go to France."

Aunt Harriet began to tremble, and Sara Lee went over and put her young arms about her.

"Don't look like that," she said. "It's only for a little while. I've got to go. I just have to, that's all!"

"Go how?" demanded Aunt Harriet.

"I don't know. I'll find some way. I've had a letter from Mabel. Things are awful over there."

"And how will you help them?" Aunt Harriet's face worked nervously. "Is it going to help for you to be shot? Or carried off by the Germans?" The atrocity stories were all that Aunt Harriet knew of the war, and all she could think of now. "You'll come back with your hands cut off."

Sara Lee straightened and looked out where between the white curtains the spire of the Methodist Church marked the east.

"I'm going," she said. And she stood there, already poised for flight.

There was no sleep in the little house that night. Sara Lee could hear the older woman moving about in her lonely bed, where the spring still sagged from Uncle James' heavy form, and at last she went in and crept in beside her. Toward morning Aunt Harriet slept, with the girl's arm across her; and then Sara Lee went back to her room and tried to plan.

She had a little money, and she had heard that living was cheap abroad. She could get across then, and perhaps keep herself. But she must do more than that, to justify her going. She must get money, and then decide how the money was to be spent. If she could only talk it over with Uncle James! Or with Harvey. Harvey knew about business and money.

But she dared not go to Harvey. She was terribly frightened when she even thought of him. There was no hope of making him understand; and no chance of reasoning with him, because, to be frank, she had no reasons. She had only instinct—instinct and a great tenderness toward suffering. No, obviously Harvey must not know until everything was arranged.

That morning the Methodist Church packed a barrel for the Belgians. There was a real rite of placing in it Mrs. Augustus Gregory's old sealskin coat, now a light brown and badly worn, but for years the only one in the neighborhood. Various familiar articles appeared, to be thrust into darkness, and to emerge in surroundings never dreamed of in their better days—the little Howard boy's first trouser suit; the clothing of a baby that had never lived; big Joe Hemmingway's dress suit, the one he was married in and which was now too small for him. And here and there things that could ill be spared, brought in and offered with resolute cheerfulness.

Sara Lee brought some of Uncle James' things, and was at once set to work. The women there called Sara Lee capable, but it was to take other surroundings to bring out her real efficiency.

And it was when bending over a barrel, while round her went on that pitying talk of women about a great calamity, that Sara Lee got her great idea; and later on she made the only speech of her life.

That evening Harvey went home in a quiet glow of happiness. He had had a good day. And he had heard of a little house that would exactly suit Sara Lee and him. He did not notice his sister's silence when he spoke about it. He was absorbed, manlike, in his plans.

"The Leete house," he said in answer to her perfunctory question. "Will Leete has lost his mind and volunteered for the ambulance service in France. Mrs. Leete is going to her mother's."

"Maybe he feels it's his duty. He can drive a car, and they have no children."

"Duty nothing!" He seemed almost unduly irritated. "He's tired of the commission business, that's all. Y'ought to have heard the fellows in the office. Anyhow, they want to sublet the house, and I'm going to take Sara Lee there to-night."

His sister looked at him, and there was in her face something of the expression of the women that day as they packed the barrel. But she said nothing until he was leaving the house that night. Then she put a hand on his arm. She was a weary little woman, older than Harvey, and tired with many children. She had been gathering up small overshoes in the hall and he had stopped to help her.

"You know, Harvey, Sara Lee's not —— I always think she's different, somehow."

"Well, I guess yes! There's nobody like her."

"You can't bully her, you know."

Harvey stared at her with honestly perplexed eyes.

"Bully!" he said. "What on earth makes you say that?"

Then he laughed.

"Don't you worry, Belle," he said. "I know I'm a fierce and domineering person, but if there's any bullying I know who'll do it."

"She's not like the other girls you know," she reiterated rather helplessly.

"Sure she's not! But she's enough like them to need a house to live in. And if she isn't crazy about the Leete place I'll eat it."

He banged out cheerfully, whistling as he went down the street. He stopped whistling, however, at Sara Lee's door. The neighborhood preserved certain traditions as to a house of mourning. It lowered its voice in passing and made its calls of condolence in dark clothes and a general air of gloom.

Pianos near by were played only with the windows closed, and even the milkman leaving his bottles walked on tiptoe and presented his monthly bill solemnly.

So Harvey stopped whistling, rang the bell apologetically, and faced a new and vivid Sara Lee, flushed and with shining eyes, but woefully frightened.

She told him almost at once. He had only reached the dining room of the Leete house, which he was explaining had a white wainscoting, when she interrupted him. The ladies of the Methodist Church were going to collect a certain amount each month to support a soup kitchen as near the Front as possible.

"Good work!" said Harvey heartily. "I suppose they do get hungry, poor devils. Now about the dining room ——"

"Harvey dear," Sara Lee broke in, "I've not finished. I—I'm going over to run it."

"You are not!"

"But I am! It's all arranged. It's my plan. They've all wanted to do something besides giving clothes. They send barrels, and they never hear from them again, and it's hard to keep interested. But with me there, writing home and telling them, 'To-day we served soup to this man, and that man,' perhaps wounded. And—and that sort of thing—don't you see how interested everyone will be?

"Mrs. Gregory has promised twenty-five dollars a month, and ——"

"You're not going," said Harvey in a flat tone. "That's all. Don't talk to me about it."

Sara Lee flushed deeper and started again, but rather hopelessly. There was no converting a man who would not argue or reason, who based everything on flat refusal.

"But somebody must go," she said with a tightening of her voice. "Here's Mabel Andrews' letter. Read it and you will understand."

"I don't want to read it."

Nevertheless he took it and read it. He read slowly. He did nothing quickly except to assert his masculine domination. He had all the faults of his virtues; he was as slow as he was sure, as unimaginative as he was faithful.

He read it and gave it back to her.

"I don't think you mean it," he stated. "I give you credit for too much sense. Maybe someone is needed over there. I guess things are pretty bad. But why should you make it your affair? There are about a million women in this country that haven't got anything else to do. Let them go."

"Some of them will. But they're afraid, mostly."

"Afraid! My God, I should think they would be afraid! And you're asking me to let you go into danger, to put off our wedding while you wander about over there with a million men and no women and ——"

"You're wrong, Harvey dear," said Sara Lee in a low voice. "I am not asking you at all. I am telling you that I am going."

Sara Lee's leaving made an enormous stir in her small community. Opinion was divided. She was right according to some; she was mad according to others. The women of the Methodist Church, finding a real field of activity, stood behind her solidly.

Guaranties of funds came in in a steady flow, though the amounts were small; and, on the word going about that she was to start a soup kitchen for the wounded, housewives sent in directions for making their most cherished soups.

Sara Lee, going to a land where the meat was mostly horse and hare, and where vegetables were scarce and limited to potatoes, Brussels sprouts and cabbage, found herself the possessor of recipes for making such sickroom dainties as mushroom soup, cream of asparagus, clam broth with whipped cream, and—from Mrs. Gregory, the wealthy woman of the church—green turtle and consommé.

She was very busy and rather sad. She was helping Aunt Harriet to close the house and getting her small wardrobe in order. And once a day she went to a school of languages and painfully learned from a fierce and kindly old Frenchman a list of French nouns and prefixes like this: *Le livre, le crayon, la plume, la fenêtre,* and so on. By the end of ten days she could say "*La rose sent-elle bon?*"

Considering that Harvey came every night and ran the gamut of the emotions, from pleading and expostulation at eight o'clock to black fury at ten, when he banged out of the house, Sara Lee was amazingly calm. If she had moments of weakness, when the call from overseas was less insistent than the call for peace and protection; if the nightly drawn picture of the Leete house, with tile mantels and a white bathroom, sometimes obtruded itself as against her approaching homelessness, Sara Lee made no sign.

(Continued on Page 69)

# Hack Saw Efficiency

"HACK SAW EFFICIENCY" is the name of our new book that ought to be in the hands of every user of hack saw blades—especially of machine saws. In this book we show the methods described by the prize winners in our contest on "How to Test and Use Hack Saws," and include our own conclusions of what the standard practice should be, based on our thirty years' experience as specialists. We believe it is the first book of the kind ever published.

Both the book and the contest were the result of our strong conviction that there is a vital need for greater scientific accuracy in hack saw testing and more real efficiency in hack saw use.

Saw blades themselves may represent but a small investment in your tool account, but the part they play directly and indirectly in your manufacturing success undoubtedly involves thousands of dollars in time of men and machines, in output increase and orders filled—and the resultant profits won or profits lost.

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## THE WHITE COMPANY

CLEVELAND

(Continued from Page 66)

She had her photograph taken for her passport, and when Harvey refused one she sent it to him by mail, with the word "Please" in the corner. Harvey groaned over it, and got it out at night and scolded it wildly; and then slept with it under his pillow, when he slept at all.

Not Sara Lee, and certainly not Harvey, knew what was calling her. And even later, when waves of homesickness racked her with wild remorse, she knew that she had had to go and that she could not return until she had done the thing for which she had been sent, whatever that might be.

III

THE first thing that struck Sara Lee was the way she was saying her nightly prayers in all sorts of odd places—in trains and in hotels and, after sufficient interval, in the steamer. She prayed under these novel circumstances to be made a better girl, and to do a lot of good over there, and to be forgiven for hurting Harvey. She did this every night, and then got into her narrow bed and studied French nouns—because she had decided that there was no time for verbs—and numbers, which put her to sleep.

"Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq," Sara Lee would begin; and go on, rocking gently in her berth as the steamer rolled: "Vingt, vingt-et-un, vingt-deux, trente, trente-et-un ——" Her voice would die away. The book on the floor and Harvey's picture on the tiny table, Sara Lee would sleep. And as the ship trembled the light over her head would shine on Harvey's ring, and it glistened like a tear.

One thing surprised her as she gradually met some of her fellow passengers: She was not alone on her errand. Others there were on board, young and old women, and men, too, who had felt the call of mercy and were going, as ignorant as she, to help. As ignorant, but not so friendless. Most of them were accredited somewhere. They had definite objectives. But—what was more alarming—they talked in big figures. Great organizations were behind them. She heard of the rehabilitation of Belgium, and of portable hospitals, and millions of dollars, and Red Cross trains.

Not once did Sara Lee hear of anything so humble as a soup kitchen. The war was a vast thing, they would observe. It could only be touched by great organizations. Individual effort was negligible.

Once she took her courage in her hands.

"But I should think," she said, "that even great organizations depend on the—on individual efforts."

The portable hospital woman turned to her patronizingly.

"Certainly, my dear," she said. "But coördinated—coördinated."

It is hard to say just when the lights went down on Sara Lee's quiet stage and the interlude began. Not on the steamer, for after three days of discouragement and good weather they struck a storm; and Sara Lee's fine frenzy died for a time, of nausea. She did not appear again until the boat entered the Mersey, a pale and shaken angel of mercy, not at all sure of her wings, and most terribly homesick.

That night Sara Lee made a friend, one that Harvey would have approved of, an elderly Englishman named Travers. He was standing by the rail in the rain looking out at the blinking signal lights on both sides of the river. The ship for the first time had abandoned its policy of darkness and the decks were bathed in light.

Overhead the yardarm blinkers were signaling, and directly above Sara Lee's head a great white searchlight swept the water ahead. The wind was blowing a gale, and the red and green lights of the pilot boat swung in sweeping arcs that seemed to touch the waves on either side.

Sara Lee stood beside Mr. Travers, for companionship only. He had preserved a typically British aloofness during the voyage, and he had never spoken to her. But there was something forlorn in Sara Lee that night as she clutched her hat with both hands and stared out at the shore lights. And if he had been silent during the voyage he had not been deaf. So he knew why almost every woman on the ship was making the voyage; but he knew nothing about Sara Lee.

"Bad night," said Mr. Travers.

"I was wondering what they are trying to do with that little boat."

Mr. Travers concealed the surprise of a man who was making his seventy-second voyage.

"That's the pilot boat," he explained. "We are picking up a pilot."

"But," marveled Sara Lee rather breathlessly, "have we come all the way without any pilot?"

He explained that to her, and showed her a few moments later how the pilot came with incredible rapidity up the swaying rope ladder and over the side.

To be honest, he had been watching for the pilot boat, not to see what to Sara Lee was the thrilling progress of the pilot up the ladder but to get the newspapers he would bring on with him. It is perhaps explanatory of the way things went for Sara Lee from that time on that Mr. Travers quite forgot his newspapers.

The chairs were gone from the decks, preparatory to the morning landing, so they walked about and Sara Lee at last told him her story—the ladies of the Methodist Church, and the one hundred dollars a month she was to have, outside of her traveling expenses, to found and keep going a soup kitchen behind the lines.

"A hundred dollars a month," he said. "That's twenty pounds. Humph! Good God!"

But this last was under his breath.

Then she told him of Mabel Andrews' letter, and at last read it to him. He listened attentively. "Of course," she said when she had put the letter back into her bag, "I can't feed a lot, even with soup. But if I only help a few, it's worth doing, isn't it?"

"Very much worth doing," he said gravely. "I suppose you are not, by any chance, going to write a weekly article for one of your newspapers about what you are doing?"

"I hadn't thought of it. Do you think I should?"

Quite unexpectedly Mr. Travers patted her shoulder.

"My dear child," he said, "now and then I find somebody who helps to revive my faith in human nature. Thank you."

Sara Lee did not understand. The touch on the shoulder had made her think suddenly of Uncle James, and her chin quivered.

"I'm just a little frightened," she said in a small voice.

"Twenty pounds!" repeated Mr. Travers to himself. "Twenty pounds!" And aloud: "Of course you speak French?"

"Very little. I've had six lessons, and I can count—some."

The sense of unreality which the twenty pounds had roused in Mr. Travers' cautious British mind grew. No money, no French, no objective, just a great human desire to be useful in her own small way—this was a new type to him. What a sporting chance this frail bit of a girl was taking! And he noticed now something that had escaped him before—a dauntlessness, a courage of the spirit rather than of the body, that was in the very poise of her head.

"I'm not afraid about the language," she was saying. "I have a phrase book. And a hungry man, maybe sick or wounded, can understand a bowl of soup in any language, I should think. And I can cook!"

It was a perplexed and thoughtful Mr. Travers who sipped his Scotch-and-soda in the smoking room before retiring. He took the problem to bed with him and woke up in the night saying "Twenty pounds! Good God!"

In the morning they left the ship. He found Sara Lee among the K's, waiting to have her passport examined, and asked her where she was stopping in London. She had read somewhere of Claridge's—in a novel probably.

"I shouldn't advise Claridge's," he said, reflecting rather grimly on the charges of that very exclusive hotel. "Suppose you let me make a suggestion."

So he wrote out the name of a fine old English house on Trafalgar Square, where she could stay until she went to France. There would be the matter of a passport to cross the Channel. It might take a day or two. Perhaps he could help her. He would give himself the pleasure of calling on her very soon.

Sara Lee got on the train and rode up to London. She said to herself over and over: "This is England. I am really in England."

But it did not remove the sense of unreality. Even the English grass, bright green in midwinter, only added to the sense of unreality.

She tried, sitting in the strange train with its small compartments, to think of Harvey. She looked at her ring and tried


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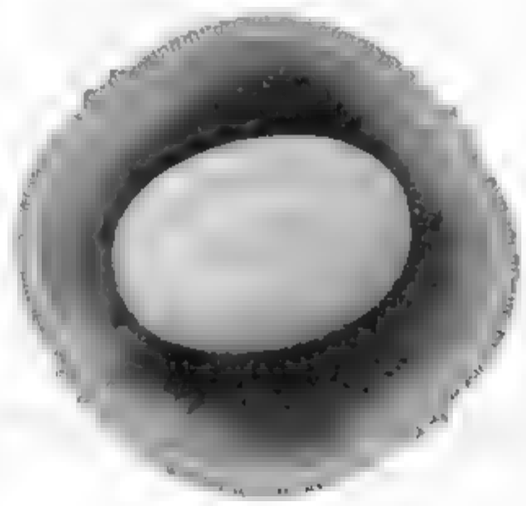

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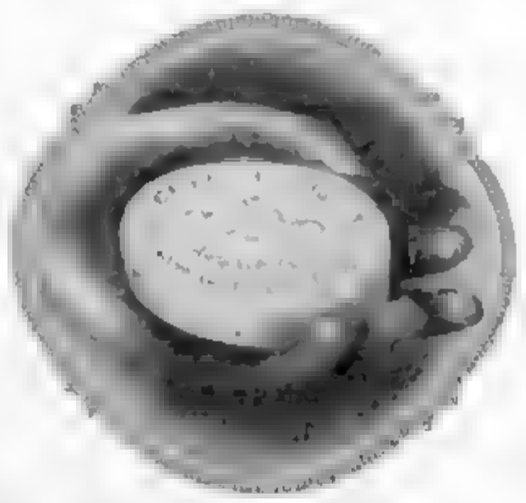

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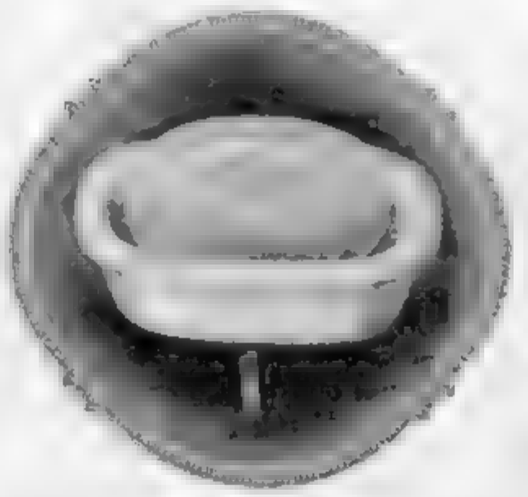

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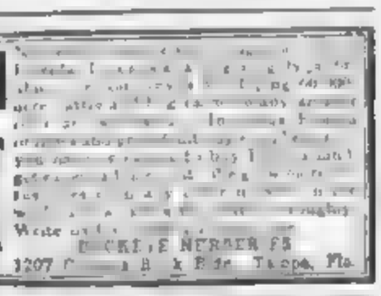

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to recall some of the tender things he had said to her. But Harvey eluded her. She could not hear his voice. And when she tried to see him it was Harvey of the wide face and the angry eyes of the last days that she saw.

Morley's comforted her. The man at the door had been there for forty years, and was beyond surprise. He had her story in twenty-four hours, and in forty-eight he was her slave. The elderly chambermaid mothered her, and failed to report that Sara Lee was doing a small washing in her room and had pasted handkerchiefs over the ancient walnut of her wardrobe.

"Going over, are you?" she said. "Dear me, what courage you've got, miss! They tell me things is horrible over there."

"That's why I'm going," replied Sara Lee, and insisted on helping to make up the bed.

"It's easier when two do it," she said casually.

Mr. Travers put in a fretful twenty-four hours before he came to see her. He lunched at Brooks', and astounded an elderly member of the House by putting her problem to him.

"A young girl!" exclaimed the M. P. "Why, deuce take it, it's no place for a young girl."

"An American," explained Mr. Travers uncomfortably. "She's perfectly able to look after herself."

"Probably a correspondent in disguise. They'll go to any lengths."

"She's not a correspondent."

"Let her stay in Boulogne. There's work there in the hospitals."

"She's not a nurse. She's a—well, she's a cook. Or so she says."

The M. P. stared at Mr. Travers, and Mr. Travers stared back defiantly.

"What in the name of God is she going to cook?"

"Soup," said Mr. Travers in a voice of suppressed irritation. "She's got a little money, and she wants to establish a soup kitchen behind the Belgian trenches on a line of communication. I suppose," he continued testily, "even you will admit that the Belgian Army needs all the soup it can get."

"I don't approve of women near the lines."

"Neither do I. But I'm exceedingly glad that a few of them have the courage to go there."

"What's she going to make soup out of?"

"I'm not a cooking expert. But I know her, and I fancy she'll manage."

It ended by the M. P. agreeing to use his influence with the War Office to get Sara Lee to France. He was very unwilling. The spy question was looming large those days. Even the Red Cross had unwittingly spread its protection over more than one German agent. The lines were being drawn in.

"I may possibly get her to France. I don't know, of course," he said in that ungracious tone in which an Englishman often grants a favor which he will go to any amount of trouble to do. "After that it's up to her."

Mr. Travers reflected rather grimly that after that it was apparently up to him.

Sara Lee sat in her room at Morley's Hotel and looked out at the life of London—policemen with chin straps; schoolboys in high silk hats and Eton suits, the hats generally in disreputable condition; clerks dressed as men at home dressed for Easter Sunday church; and men in uniforms. Only a fair sprinkling of these last, in those early days. On the first afternoon there was a military funeral. A regiment of Scots, in kilts, came swinging down from the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, tall and wonderful men, grave and very sad. Behind them, on a gun carriage, was the body of their officer, with the British flag over the casket and his sword and cap on the top.

Sara Lee cried bitterly. It was not until they had gone that she remembered that Harvey had always called the Scots men in women's petticoats. She felt a thrill of shame for him, and no amount of looking at his picture seemed to help.

Mr. Travers called the second afternoon and was received by August at the door as an old friend.

"She's waiting in there," he said. "Very nice young lady, sir. Very kind to everybody."

Mr. Travers found her by a window looking out. There was a recruiting meeting going on, the speakers standing on the monument. Now and then there was a cheer, and some young fellow sheepishly offered himself. Sara Lee was having a mad desire to go over and offer herself too. Because, she reflected, she had been in London almost two days, and she was as far from France as ever. Not knowing, of course, that three months was a fair time for the slow methods then in vogue.

There was a young man in the room, but Sara Lee had not noticed him. He was a tall, very blond young man, in a dark-blue Belgian uniform with a quaint cap which allowed a gilt tassel to drop over his forehead. He sat on a sofa, curling up the ends of a very small mustache, his legs, in cavalry boots, crossed and extending a surprising distance beyond the sofa.

The lights were up now, beyond the back drop, the stage darkened. A new scene with a vengeance: a scene laid in strange surroundings, with men, whole men and wounded men and spying men—and Sara Lee and this young Belgian, whose name was Henri, and whose other name, because of what he suffered and what he did, we may not know.

### IV

HENRI sat on his sofa and watched Sara Lee. Also he shamelessly listened to the conversation, not because he meant to be an eavesdropper, but because he liked Sara Lee's voice. He had expected a highly inflected British voice, and instead here was something entirely different—that is, Sara Lee's endeavor to reconcile the English "a" with her normal Ohio pronunciation. She did it quite unintentionally, but she had a good ear and it was difficult, for instance, to say "rather" when Mr. Travers said "rawther."

Henri had a good ear too. And the man he was waiting for did not come. Also he had been to school in England and spoke English rather better than most British. So he heard a conversation like this, the gaps being what he lost:

MR. TRAVERS: —— to France, anyhow. After that ——

SARA LEE: Awfully sorry to be —— But what shall I do if I do get over? The chambermaid upstairs —— very difficult.

MR. TRAVERS: The proper and sensible thing is —— home.

SARA LEE: To America? But I haven't done anything yet.

Henri knew then that she was an American. He also realized that she was on the verge of tears. He glared at poor Mr. Travers, who was doing his best, and lighted a French cigarette.

"There must be some way," said Sara Lee. "If they need help—and I have read you Mabel Andrews' letter—then I should think they'd be glad to send me."

"They would be, of course," he said. "But the fact is—there's been some trouble about spies, and ——"

Henri's eyes narrowed.

"Spies! And they think I'm a spy?"

"My dear child," remonstrated Mr. Travers, slightly exasperated, "they're not thinking about you at all. The War Office has never heard of you. It's a general rule."

Sara Lee was not placated.

"Let them cable home and find out about me. I can give them references. Why, all sorts of prominent people are sending me money. They must trust me, or they wouldn't."

There were no gaps for Henri now. Sara Lee did not care who heard her, and even Mr. Travers had slightly raised his voice. Henri was divided between a conviction that he ought to go away and a mad desire to join in the conversation, greatly augmented when Sara Lee went to the window and wiped her eyes.

"If you only spoke French ——" began Mr. Travers.

Sara Lee looked over her shoulder. "But of course I do!" she said. "And German and—and Yiddish, and all sorts of languages. Every spy does."

Henri smiled appreciatively.

It might all have ended there very easily. Sara Lee might have fought the War Office single-handed and won out, but it is extremely unlikely. The chances at that moment were that she would spend endless days and hours in anterooms, and tell her story and make her plea a hundred times. And then—go back home to Harvey and the Leete house, and after a time, like Mrs. Gregory, speak rather too often of "the time I went abroad."

But Sara Lee was to go to France, and even farther, to the fragment of unconquered Belgium that remained. And never, so long as she lived, would she be able to forget those days or to speak of them easily.

So she stood by the window trying not to cry, and a little donkey drawing a coster's cart moved out in front of the traffic and was caught by a motor bus. There was only time for the picture—the tiny beast lying there and her owner wringing his hands. Such of the traffic as could get by swerved and went on. London must move, though a thousand willing little beasts lay dying.

And Sara Lee moved too. One moment she was there by the window; and the next she had given a stifled cry and run out.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Travers, and got up slowly.

Henri was already up and at the window. What he saw was Sara Lee making her way through the stream of vehicles, taking a dozen chances for her life.

Henri waited until he saw her crouched by the donkey, its head on her knee. Then he, too, ran out.

That is how Henri, of no other name that may be given, met Sara Lee Kennedy, of Ohio—under a London motor bus. And that, perhaps, will be the picture he carries of her until he dies, her soft eyes full of pity, utterly regardless of the dirt and the crowd and an expostulating bobby, with that grotesque and agonized head on her knees.

Henri crawled under the bus, though the policeman was extremely anxious to keep him out. And he ran a practiced eye over the injured donkey.

"It's dying," said Sara Lee with white lips.

"It will die," replied Henri; "but how soon? They are very strong, these little beasts."

The conductor of the bus made a suggestion then, one that froze the blood round Sara Lee's heart: "If you'll move away and let us run over it proper it'll be out of its trouble, miss."

Sara Lee raised haggard eyes to Henri.

"Did you hear that?" she said. "They'd do it too!"

The total result of a conference between four policemen, the costermonger and, by that time, Mr. Travers was to draw the animal off the street and into the square. Sara Lee stuck close by. So, naturally, did Henri. And when the hopeless condition of Nellie, as they learned she was named, became increasingly evident, Henri behaved like a man and a soldier.

He got out his revolver and shot her in the brain.

"A kindness," he explained as Sara Lee would have caught his hand. "The only way, mademoiselle."

Mr. Travers had the usual British hatred of a crowd and publicity, coupled with a deadly fear of getting into the papers, except through an occasional letter to the Times. He vanished just before the shot, and might have been seen moving rapidly through the square, turning over in his mind the difficulty of trying to treat young American girls like rational human beings.

But Henri understood. He had had a French mother, and there is a leaven of French blood in the American temperament—old Huguenot, some of it. So Americans love beauty and obey their impulses and find life good to do things rather than to be something or other more or less important. So Henri could quite understand how Sara Lee had forgotten herself when Mr. Travers could not. And he understood, also, when Sara Lee, having composed the little donkey's quiet figure, straightened up with tears in her eyes.

"It was very dear of you to come out," she said. "And—of course it was the best thing."

She held out her hand. The crowd had gone. Traffic was moving again, racing to make up for five lost precious moments. The square was dark, that first darkness of London when air raids were threatened but had not yet taken place. From the top of the Admiralty, near by, a flashlight shot up into the air and began its nightly process of brushing the sky. Henri took her hand and bent over it.

"You are very brave, mademoiselle," he said, and touched her hand with his lips.

The amazing interlude had commenced.

YET for a day nothing much was changed. Mr. Travers sent Sara Lee a note that he was taking up her problem with the

(Continued on Page 73)

Daily Expense Slip
Salesman S. J. Hendrickson
City Detroit Date 7/12/17
Hotel - Number of Days 1 3 00
Meals - B. 75 L. 1.25 D. 1.50 3 50
Telephone Calls .30
Telegrams .65
Cars - Taxis 50 & 10 1.50
Baggage 1.00
Railroad to 12 51
Tips .10 - .20 - .25 .45
Laundry 1 60
Entertainment 1 00
Postage .10
Total 25 57
Unusual expenses should be explained on back of this slip

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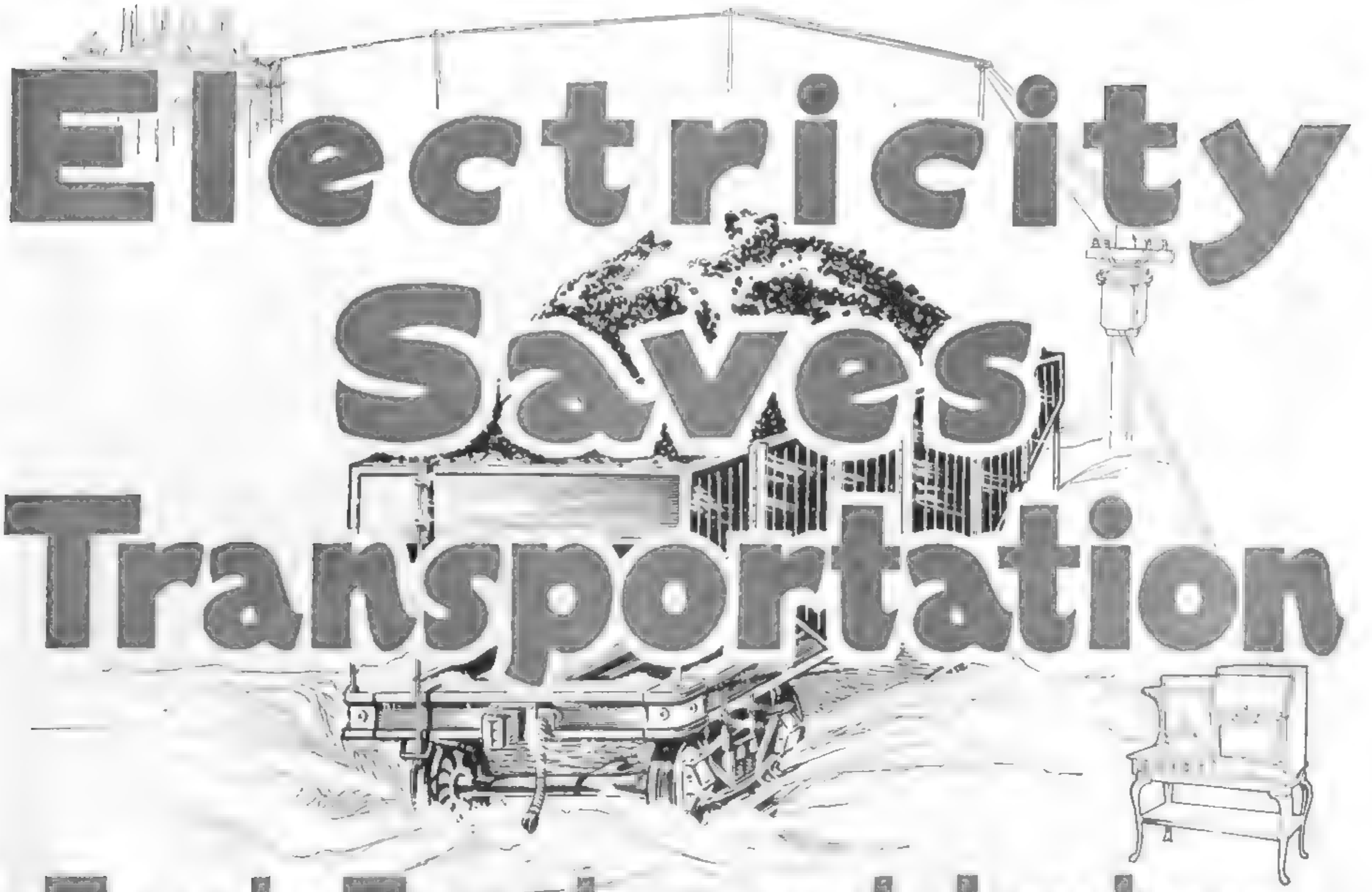

# Electricity Saves Transportation Fuel, Food, and Labor

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Use of coal in kitchen ranges has been one cause of this winter's coal shortage and traffic congestion.

It is estimated that, where the average family consumes 800 pounds of coal monthly for cooking, the central station requires only 262.5 pounds of coal monthly in order to supply this family with ample cooking current.

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*Hotpoint* General Electric Types HUGHES

(Continued from Page 70)

Foreign Office; and he did indeed make an attempt. He also requested his wife to ask Sara Lee to tea.

Sara Lee was extremely nervous when she went. She wore a black jacket suit with a white collar, and she carried Aunt Harriet's mink furs, Aunt Harriet mourning thoroughly and completely in black astrachan. She had the faculty of the young American girl of looking smart without much expense, and she appeared absurdly young.

She followed the neat maid up a wide staircase to a door with a screen just inside, and heard her name announced for the first time in her life. Sara Lee took a long breath and went inside, to a most discouraging half hour.

Mr. Travers was on the hearth rug. Mrs. Travers was in a chair, a portly woman with a not unkindly face, but the brusque manner many Englishwomen acquire after forty. She held Sara Lee's hand and gave her a complete if smiling inspection.

"And it is you who are moving heaven and earth to get to the Front! You—child!"

Sara Lee's heart fell, but she smiled also.

"But I am older than I look," she said. "And I am very strong."

Mrs. Travers looked helplessly at her husband, while she rang the bell for tea. That was another thing Sara Lee had read about but never seen—that ringing for tea. At home no one served afternoon tea; but at a party, when refreshments were coming, the hostess slipped out to the kitchen and gave a whispered order or two.

"I shall be frank with you," said Mrs. Travers. "I think it quite impossible. It is not getting you over. That might be done. And of course there are women over there—young ones too. But the army objects very seriously to their being in danger. And of course one never knows ——" Her voice trailed off vaguely. She implied, however, that what "one never knows" was best unknown.

"I have a niece over there," she said as the tea tray came in. "Her mother was fool enough to let her go. Now they can't get her back."

"Oh, dear!" said Sara Lee. "Can't they find her?"

"She won't come. Little idiot! She's in Paris, however. I dare say she is safe enough."

Mrs. Travers made the tea thoughtfully. So far Mr. Travers had hardly spoken, but he cheered up in true British fashion at the sight of the tea.

Sara Lee, exceedingly curious as to the purpose of a very small stand somewhat resembling a piano stool, which the maid had placed at her knee, learned that it was to hold her muffin plate.

"And now," said Mr. Travers, "suppose we come to the point. There doesn't seem to be a chance to get you over, my child. Same answer everywhere. Place is full of untrained women. Spies have been using Red Cross passes. Result is that all the lines are drawn as tight as possible."

Sara Lee stared at him with wide eyes.

"But I can't go back," she said. "I—well, I just can't. They're raising the money for me, and all sorts of people are giving things. A—a friend of mine is baking cakes and sending on the money. She has three children, and ——"

She gulped.

"I thought everybody wanted to get help to the Belgians," she said.

A slightly grim smile showed itself on Mrs. Travers' face.

"I'm afraid you don't understand. It is you we want to help. Neither Mr. Travers nor I feel that a girl so young as you, and alone, has any place near the firing line. And that, I fancy, is where you wish to go. As to helping the Belgians, we have four in the house now. They do not belong to the same social circles, so they prefer tea in their own rooms. You are quite right about their needing help, too. They cannot even make up their own beds."

"They are not all like that," broke in Mr. Travers hastily.

"Of course not. But I merely think that Miss—er—Kennedy should know both sides of the picture."

Somewhat later Sara Lee was ushered downstairs by the neat maid, who stood on the steps and blew a whistle for a taxi—Sara Lee had come in a bus. She carried in her hand the address of a Belgian commission of relief at the Savoy Hotel, and in her heart, for the first time, a doubt of her errand. She gave the Savoy address mechanically and, huddled in a corner, gave way to wild and fearful misgivings.

Coming up she had sat on top of the bus and watched with wide and curious eyes the strange traffic of London. The park had fascinated her—the little groups of drilling men in khaki, the mellow tones of a bugle, and here and there on bridle paths well-groomed men and women on horseback, as clean-cut as the horses they rode, and on the surface as careless of what was happening across the Channel. But she saw nothing now.

She sat back and twisted Harvey's ring on her finger, and saw herself going back, her work undone, her faith in herself shattered. And—Harvey's arms and the Leete house ready to receive her.

However, a ray of hope opened for her at the Savoy—not much, a prospect.

The Savoy was crowded. Men in uniform, a sprinkling of anxious-faced wives and daughters, and more than a sprinkling of gayly dressed and painted women, filled the lobby or made their way slowly up and down the staircase. It was all so utterly different from what she had expected—so bright, so full of life. These well-fed people—they seemed happy enough. Were they all wrong back home? Was the war the ghastly thing they thought it?

Long months afterward Sara Lee was to learn that the Savoy was not London. She was to learn other things—that America knew more, through a free press, of war conditions than did England. And she was to learn what never ceased to surprise her—the sporting instinct of the British which made their early slogan "Business as usual." Business and pleasure—but only on the surface. Underneath was a dogged and obstinate determination to make up as soon as possible for the humiliation of the early days of the war.

Those were the transition days in England. The people were slowly awaking to the magnitude of the thing that was happening to them. Certain elements of the press, long under political dominion, were preparing to come out for a coalition ministry. The question of high-explosive shells as against shrapnel was being bitterly fought, some of the men at home standing fast for shrapnel, as valuable against German artillery as a garden hose. Men coming back from the Front were pleading for real help, not men only, not Red Cross, not food and supplies, but for something more competent than mere man power to hold back the deluge.

But over it all was that surface cheerfulness, that best-foot-forward attitude of London. And Sara Lee saw only that, and lost faith. She had come far to help. But here were food in plenty and bands playing and smiling men in uniform drinking tea and playing for a little. That, too, Sara Lee was to understand later; but just then she did not. At home there was more surface depression. The atrocities, the plight of the Belgians, the honor list in the Illustrated London News—that was the war to Sara Lee. And here?

But later on, down in a crowded dark little room, things were different. She was one of a long line, all Belgians and mostly women.

They were unhappy and desolate enough, God knows. They sat or stood with a sort of weary resignation. Now and then a short heavy man with an upcurled mustache came out and took in one or two. The door closed. And overhead the band played monotonously.

It was after six when Sara Lee's turn came. The heavy-set man spoke to her in French, but he failed to use a single one of the words she had memorized.

"Don't you speak any English?" she asked helplessly.

"I do; but not much," he replied. Though his French had been rapid he spoke English slowly. "How can we serve you, mademoiselle?"

"I don't want any assistance. I—I want to help, if I can."

"Here?"

"In France. Or Belgium."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"We have many offers of help. What we need, mademoiselle, is not workers. We have, at our base hospital, already many English nurses."

"I am not a nurse."

"I am sorry. The whole world is sorry for Belgium, and many would work. What we need"—he shrugged his shoulders again—"is food, clothing, supplies for our brave little soldiers."

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Sara Lee looked extremely small and young. The Belgian sat down on a chair and surveyed her carefully.

"You English are doing a—a fine work for us," he observed. "We are grateful. But of course the"—he hesitated—"the pulling up of an entire people—it is colossal."

"But I am not English," said Sara Lee. "And I have a little money. I want to make soup for your wounded men at a railway station or any place. I can make good soup. And I shall have money each month to buy what I need."

Only then was Sara Lee admitted to the crowded little room.

Long afterward, when the lights behind the back drop had gone down and Sara Lee was back again in her familiar setting, one of the clearest pictures she retained of that amazing interlude was of that crowded little room in the Savoy, its single littered desk, its two typewriters creating an incredible din, a large gentleman in a dark blue military cape seeming to fill the room. And in corners and off stage, so to speak, perhaps a half dozen men, watching her curiously.

The conversation was in French, and Sara Lee's acquaintance of the passage acted as interpreter. It was only when Sara Lee found that a considerable discussion was going on in which she had no part that she looked round and saw her friend of the night before and of the little donkey. He was watching her intently, and when he caught her eye he bowed.

Now men, in Sara Lee's mind, had until now been divided into the ones at home, one's own kind, the sort who married one's friends or oneself, the kind who called their wives "mother" after the first baby came, and were easily understood, plain men, decent and God-fearing and self-respecting; and the men of that world outside America, who were foreigners. One might like foreigners, but they were outsiders.

So there was no self-consciousness in Sara Lee's bow and smile. Later on Henri was to find that lack of self and sex consciousness one of the maddening mysteries about Sara Lee. Perhaps he never quite understood it. But always he respected it.

More conversation, in an increasing staccato. Short contributions from the men crowded into corners. Frenzied beating of the typewriting machines, and overhead and far away the band. There was no air in the room. Sara Lee was to find out a great deal later on about the contempt of the Belgians for air. She loosened Aunt Harriet's neckpiece.

So far Henri had not joined in the discussion. But now he came forward and spoke. Also, having finished, he interpreted to Sara Lee.

"They are most grateful," he explained. "It is a—a practical idea, mademoiselle. If you were in Belgium"—he smiled rather mirthlessly—"if you were already in the very small part of Belgium remaining to us we could place you very usefully. But—the British War Office is most careful, just now. You understand—there are reasons."

Sara Lee flushed indignantly.

"They can watch me if they want to," she said. "What trouble can I make? I've only just landed. You—you'd have to go a good ways to find anyone who knows less than I do about the war."

"There is no doubt of that," he said, unconscious of offense. "But the War Office ——" He threw out his hands.

Sara Lee, who had already caught the British "a" and was rather overdoing it, had a wild impulse to make the same gesture. It meant so much.

More conversation. Evidently more difficulties—but with Henri now holding the center of the stage and speaking rapidly. The heavy-set man retired and read letters under an electric lamp. The band upstairs was having dinner. And Henri argued and wrangled. He was quite passionate. The man in the military cape listened and smiled. And at last he nodded.

Henri turned to Sara Lee.

"You Americans are all brave," he said. "You like—what is it you say?—taking a chance, I think. Would you care to take such a chance?"

"What sort of a chance?"

"May I visit you this evening at your hotel?"

Just for an instant Sara Lee hesitated. There was Harvey at home. He would not like her receiving a call from any man. And Harvey did not like foreigners. He always said they had no respect for women. It struck her suddenly what Harvey would call Henri's bowing and his kissing her hand, and his passionate gesticulations when he was excited. He would call it all tomfool nonsense.

And she recalled his final words, his arms so close about her that she could hardly breathe, his voice husky with emotion.

"Just let me hear of any of those foreigners bothering you," he said, "and I'll go over and wipe out the whole damned nation."

It had not sounded funny then. It was not funny now.

"Please come," said Sara Lee in a small voice.

The other gentlemen bowed profoundly. Sara Lee, rather at a loss, gave them a friendly smile that included them all. And then she and Henri were walking up the stairs and to the entrance, Henri's tall figure the target for many women's eyes. He, however, saw no one but Sara Lee.

Henri, too, called a taxicab. Everyone in London seemed to ride in taxis. And he bent over her hand, once she was in the car, but he did not kiss it.

"It is very kind of you, what you are doing," he said. "But, then, you Americans are all kind. And wonderful."

Back at Morley's Hotel Sara Lee had a short conversation with Harvey's picture.

"You are entirely wrong, dear," she said. She was brushing her hair at the time, and it is rather a pity that it was a profile picture and that Harvey's pictured eyes were looking off into space—*i. e.*, a piece of white canvas on a frame, used by photographers to reflect the light into the eyes. For Sara Lee with her hair down was even lovelier than with it up. "You were wrong. They are different, but they are kind and polite. And very, very respectful. And he is coming on business."

She intended at first to make no change in her frock. After all, it was not a social call, and if she did not dress it would put things on the right footing.

But slipping along the corridor after her bath, clad in a kimono and slippers and extremely nervous, she encountered a young woman on her way to dinner, and she was dressed in that combination of street skirt and evening blouse that some Englishwomen from the outlying districts still affect. And Sara Lee thereupon decided to dress. She called in the elderly maid, who was already her slave, and together they went over her clothes.

It was the maid perhaps, then, who brought into Sara Lee's life the strange and mad infatuation for her that was gradually to become a dominant issue in the next few months. For the maid chose a white dress, a soft and young affair in which Sara Lee looked like the heart of a rose.

"I always like to see a young lady in white, miss," said the maid. "Especially when there's a healthy skin."

So Sara Lee ate her dinner alone, such a dinner as a healthy skin and body demanded. And she watched tall young Englishwomen with fine shoulders go out with English officers in khaki, and listened to a babel of high English voices, and—felt extremely alone and very subdued.

Henri came rather late. It was one of the things she was to learn about him later—that he was frequently late. It was only long afterward that she realized that such time as he spent with her was gained only at the cost of almost superhuman effort. But that was when she knew Henri's story, and his work. She waited for him in the reception room, where a man and a woman were having coffee and talking in a strange tongue. Henri found her there, at something before nine, rather downcast and worried, and debating about going up to bed. She looked up, to find him bowing before her.

"I thought you were not coming," she said.

"I? Not come? But I had said that I would come, mademoiselle. I may sit down?"

Sara Lee moved over on the velvet sofa, and Henri lowered his long body onto it. Lowered his voice, too, for the man and woman were staring at him.

"I'm afraid I didn't quite understand about this afternoon," began Sara Lee. "You spoke about taking a chance. I am not afraid of danger, if that is what you mean."

"That, and a little more, mademoiselle," said Henri. "But—now that I am here I do not know."

His eyes were keen. Sara Lee had suddenly a strange feeling that he was watching the couple who talked over their coffee, and that, oddly enough, the couple were watching him. Yet he was apparently giving his undivided attention to her.

"Have you walked any to-day?" he asked her unexpectedly.

Sara Lee remembered the bus and, with some bitterness, the two taxis.

"I haven't had a chance to walk," she said.

"But you should walk," he protested. "I—will you walk with me? Just about the square, for air?" And in a lower tone: "It is not necessary that those two should know the plan, mademoiselle."

"I'll get my coat and hat," Sara Lee said, and proceeded to do so in a brisk and businesslike fashion. When she came down Henri was emerging from the telephone booth. His face was impassive. And again, when in time Sara Lee was to know Henri's face better than she had ever known Harvey's, she was to learn that the masklike look he sometimes wore meant danger—for somebody.

They went out without further speech into the clear cold night. Henri, as if from custom, threw his head back and scanned the sky. Then they went on and crossed into the square.

"The plan," Henri began abruptly, "is this: You will be provided to-morrow with a passport to Boulogne. You will, if you agree, take the midnight train for Folkestone. At the railway station here you will be searched. At Folkestone a board, sitting in an office on the quay, will examine your passport."

"Does anyone in Boulogne speak English?" Sara Lee inquired nervously. Somehow that babel of French at the Savoy had frightened her. Her little phrase book seemed pitifully inadequate for the great things in her mind.

"That hardly matters," said Henri, smiling faintly. "Because I think you shall not go to Boulogne."

"Not go!" She stopped dead, under the monument, and looked up at him.

"The place for you to go, to start from, is Calais," Henri explained. He paused, to let pass two lovers, a man in khaki and a girl. "But Calais is difficult. It is under martial law—a closed city. From Boulogne to Calais would be perhaps impossible."

Sara Lee was American and her methods were direct.

"How can I get to Calais?"

"Will you take the chance I spoke of?"

"For goodness' sake," said Sara Lee in an exasperated tone, "how can I tell you until I know what it is?"

Henri told her. He even, standing under a street lamp, drew a small sketch for her, to make it clear.

Sara Lee stood close, watching him, and some of the lines were not so steady as they might have been. And in the midst of it he suddenly stopped.

"Do you know what it means?" he demanded.

"Yes, of course."

"And you know what date this is?"

"The eighteenth of February."

But he saw, after all, that she did not entirely understand.

"To-night, this eighteenth of February, the Germans commence a blockade of this coast. No vessels, if they can prevent them, will leave the harbors; or if they do, none shall reach the other side!"

"Oh!" said Sara Lee blankly.

"We are eager to do as you wish, mademoiselle. But"—he commenced slowly to tear up the sketch—"it is too dangerous. You are too young. If anything should go wrong and I had —— No. We will find another way."

He put the fragments of the sketch in his pocket.

"How long is this blockade to last?" Sara Lee asked out of bitter disappointment.

He shrugged his shoulders.

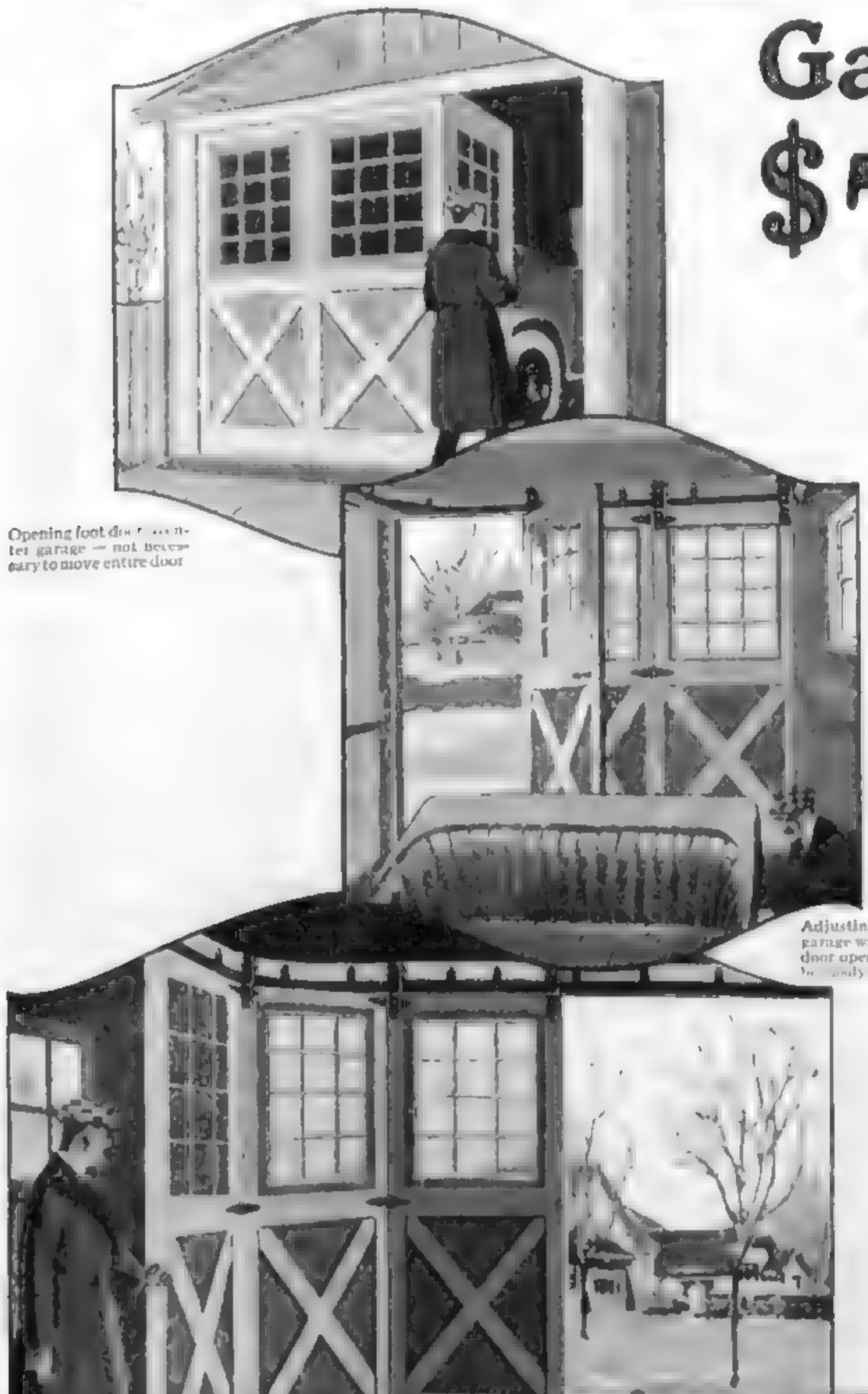
"Who can say? A week! A year! Not at all!"

"Then," said Sara Lee with calm deliberation, "you might as well get out your pencil and draw another picture—because I'm going."

Far enough away now, the little house at home and the peace that dwelt therein; and Harvey; and the small white bedroom; and the daily round of quiet duties. Sara Lee had set her face toward the east, and the land of dying men. And as Henri looked down at her she had again that poised and eager look, almost of flight, that had brought into Harvey's love for her just a touch of fear.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# LOUDEN



Opening foot door to enter garage — not necessary to move entire door

Adjusting car in garage with foot door open. May be easily closed

Opening the entire door. Note how closely it follows the corner—not an inch of space lost.

Garage open. Car ready to enter

## Garage Door Hanger

## $7.50

You are in a hurry to take your car out in the morning. There may be a tire to pump up or some adjustment to make. Then is when you will appreciate the Louden garage door hanger. You enter your garage by the foot door as easily as you enter your home. Leave it open, or if a cold wind is blowing, slam it shut and work in the warm. When ready to go slide the entire door around the corner to the side wall, leaving the whole front end of the garage open. Jump into your car and out you go.

## The Louden Garage Door
### Operates Entirely on the Inside

It is always out of the weather. It is trouble-proof—winter and summer. Roller bearing trolleys make it easy to operate—a child can open or close it.

Your garage need be no wider than the door; no longer than necessary to conveniently hold your car. The Louden door requires no operating space—does not cut off from 3 to 5 feet of car room, like the one-piece sliding door; does not extend several feet inward like the folding door—does away with unsightly posts out in the yard.

The Louden door is built in three sections, strongly hinged together, one section swinging freely as a foot door—an exclusive Louden feature. It hugs the corner closely when moving back and forth; lies flat against the wall when open; fits snug and tight when closed—completely solves your garage door problems. Don't accept anything else.

Available for any size door up to 12 feet. The outfit includes everything but the lumber, with full directions in every package. Price: $7.50; West of Rocky Mountains, $8.25.

For sale by leading dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will ship direct.

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## 1867—The Louden Machinery Company—1918

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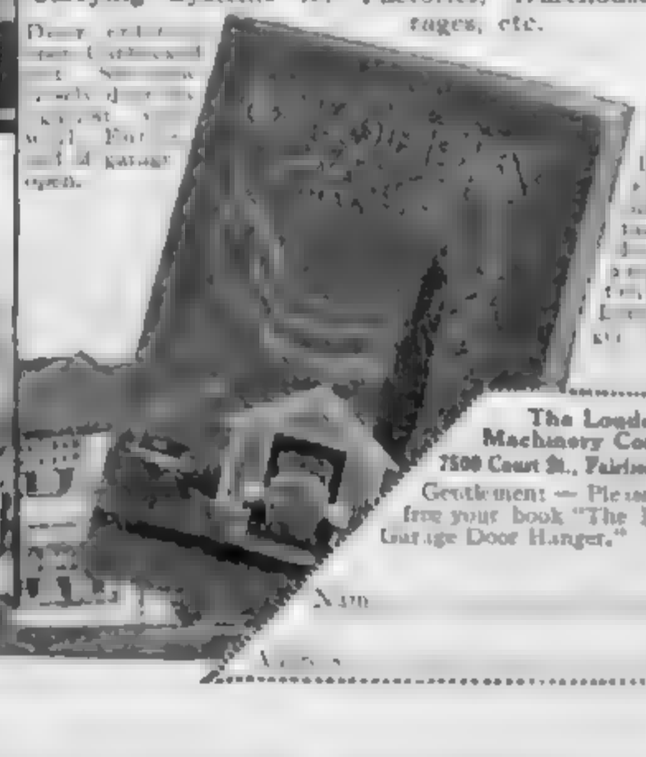

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A-470

Jones wonders why his Ingersoll is 3 minutes off

Throws it on chair and forgets to wind it—
P.M.
—finds watch rundown and winds it too tight—
A.M.
—oils it himself
—tosses it on desk at office
—drops it while at his afternoon golf—
—and then he wonders why it's three minutes slow!

# Take Care of Your Ingersoll

## A War Conservation Request

IN the face of an extraordinary demand from mechanics, soldiers and sailors, here and in the Allied countries, for watches sturdy enough to endure war service and low enough in price to meet such needs, *there are not enough Ingersolls to go around.* And there are not enough men and machines available to turn out the desired quantities.

Wage earners and men in the service should come first; wage earners, so that industry will not be hampered; and soldiers, so that military discipline will not suffer.

So, since enough watches cannot be produced, we *request owners of Ingersoll watches to take good care of the watches they already have.* The cartoonist offers suggestions.

Remember, too, that it is harder to give quick repair service these days. Parts are difficult to get without cutting down needed new production; many of our men have joined the colors; transportation is slow and uncertain.

The three Radiolite day-and-night watches shown below (luminosity guaranteed for the life of the watch) make fine gifts for men in the service. The dealer is supplied with them — for soldiers and civilians too.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

RADIOLITE
Regular Ingersoll with luminous dial. $2.25
Canada, $2.50

WATERBURY WRIST RADIOLITE
$5.50
Canada, $5.50

Illustrations three-fifths actual size.

WATERBURY RADIOLITE
Jewelled, small, sturdy, $4.50. Canada, $4.50.

# SAWDUST AND SALT

(Continued from Page 12)

It is very interesting in this connection to note what effect the scarcity of food is having upon the patriotism of the people. About a year ago there was organized a bureau for "Hindenburg contributions" of fats for the hard-working people. The idea was that every farmer, when he killed a pig or any of his stock, saved a few pounds of the fat as a Hindenburg contribution. When the campaign was organized thousands of pounds of fat were given to the bureau and from there it was sent to the industrial centers for the workers. It was considered a tremendous success and showed the power of the name "Hindenburg."

On December 17, 1917, nearly twelve months after the bureau was started, this notice appeared: "It is to be regretted that the Hindenburg-Spende for Neukoeln has fallen very much below the requirements." Then the notice explained that because the workers were accustomed to the extra fat the city authorities had to go "into foreign countries" and purchase fats at between 12 and 15 marks per pound.

According to a writer in the Cologne Gazette, Germany in normal times could supply about 85 per cent of her inhabitants with food from her own resources, but he admits that at present this is impossible. His reasons are: The requisitions of sugar by the military authorities; the lack of farm labor; the shortage of fertilizer; and the number of prisoners to be fed. He makes the important statement, too, that the German armies are being fed entirely by supplies obtained in the occupied territories. In conclusion he estimates that Germany can supply 80 per cent of her needs, and that the remaining 20 per cent must be made good by economies and organization.

### *The Contents of the German Larder*

This writer has probably exaggerated Germany's ability to take care of her own needs, because the German people to-day are certainly not receiving 80 per cent of the food they obtained in peacetimes. It is possible that this article was written to boost the spirits of the people and to impress the Allies with Germany's ability to withstand the pressure of the blockade. From time to time such articles appear in the leading German papers as camouflage. Every time there is grumbling in Austria, for instance, about the food shortages, the newspapers print long dispatches which pretend to give in detail the quantities of food being shipped from Rumania.

To-day there are, nevertheless, grave food shortages in the large cities; especially in Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Dresden, Frankfort, Cologne, Düsseldorf and Stettin. This is due to the stoppage of large quantities of supplies from the neighboring neutrals and to the low crop yield in North and East Germany. Frosts were reported in East Prussia as late as May, and unfavorable climatic conditions made the crops generally unsatisfactory. In Bavaria and Southwest Germany, however, a good cereal crop is reported and an excellent late-potato crop.

The beet-sugar crop was only a fraction below the normal peacetime yield, but observers do not expect the sugar ration to be increased but rather decreased because of the great demands of the military authorities, who use sugar to make glycerin. The fruit crop is the only one which was reported as being above expectations and above the average. According to press reports five million hundredweight was sent to preserving factories, instead of three millions, which was expected, while more than four million hundredweight was sent to the open market. The carrot crop was reported as being successful, but it is believed that by far the greater part of this foodstuff will be used to feed the cattle because of the poor fodder yield. Of vegetables in general one-third was sent to the army and navy, one-third to the drying factories and one-third to the open market.

Thus on the whole Germany's 1917 crop, which must last until the fall of this year, is far below what Germany needed. The storage of feed for animals will, according to the Tageblatt, seriously affect the meat supply unless Denmark, also because of a lack of fodder, is compelled to slaughter a great deal of livestock. If this happens Germany will be temporarily benefited. Denmark, because of a lack of tonnage, will not be able to ship much of this surplus to Great Britain, and in order to avoid wastage and loss the meat will go to the enemy.

As for eggs, they are the pearls of the food world. The high prices which the rich are willing to pay for chickens has ruined the egg market, and only egg substitutes can be had. And these near eggs are far from being like the real article. The Mannheimer Volksstimme, on November 9, 1917, printed the following notice under the title Good Appetite:

"We find the following notice in a Heidelberg Zeitung:

"'VERY APPETIZING PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE

"'The firm of Wilhelm Friedrich, manufacturers of foodstuffs in Eppingen, made baking powder and egg substitutes in large quantities. The recipes for both were exactly the same, except that the egg substitute was dyed yellow. One third of the mass was carbonate of lime. The cream of tartar compound used in the mass was rather lumpy.

"'Inasmuch as the factory girls in pulverizing the mass with wooden clubs were provoked to sneezing and did constantly sneeze into the mass the clever manufacturer conceived the idea of having the women stamp the mass with their bare feet.'

"It is to be hoped," added the Mannheimer Volksstimme—Voice of the People—"that this 'foodstuff manufacturer' will soon be forced to close his place."

It is very probable, however, that the people outside of Mannheim and Heidelberg will not see this notice and that the great body of Germans who buy egg substitutes will continue in their ignorance and believe, when they are eating a cream of tartar omelet—if such are made—that "it is wonderful what Germany has been able to substitute for food."

But the most serious days are ahead of the German people. Notices are appearing in the newspapers already to the effect that officers and soldiers will not be able to send such large quantities of food from the occupied territories to their homes. Where there was once the greatest of plenty on the Front, shortages are appearing. A German officer arriving in Switzerland not long ago said the soldier's food ration was as follows:

Breakfast: Coffee or a substitute, with dry bread.

Lunch: Soup with occasional small pieces of meat; vegetables and bread.

Supper: Bread and marmalade.

In all, one pound of war bread is given each soldier daily.

### *Drooping Spirits*

This is probably an exaggerated case. Though it is possible that the soldiers along quiet sectors of the Western Front receive such food allowances from the army commissary they have means of getting extras from the civilian population and from the farms. In Russia and Rumania, especially in the latter, there were last year large herds of livestock; and it is doubtful whether Germany or her allies have been able to export all of this stock. Thus the soldiers in these occupied countries would be able to have better food. But the interesting and important facts remain that the soldiers and officers cannot send so much food to their families from the occupied territories as formerly, and that there is to-day a great deal of complaint because of army shortages.

It is curious to observe the psychological changes which have taken place in Germany since the beginning of the war—changes due entirely to the food problem. In 1914 when the army left for the Front the morale of all the people was very high. There was enthusiasm everywhere. Then, during the first reverses at the Marne and at Ypres, there was a slight fall in the morale of the troops; but the homefolks were not touched and they together with the Hindenburg victories in East Prussia brought the morale of the troops again to a high point. I speak of the morale of the people and the army, having in mind a sort of barometer which measures the patriotism, the determination and the optimism of the nation.

As food shortages began to develop at home the soldiers sent packages two or

# Two cheer-up Cigars
## — — *both dependable*

And here is why we can guarantee in OWL and WHITE OWL a rare dependability of fragrance.

We constantly maintain for OWL and WHITE OWL a great store of choice leaf. Constantly this leaf mellows and cures, watched over by experts.

As portions of their hoarded treasure reach the apex of mellow fragrance, these guardians pass it on to the OWL and WHITE OWL cigar makers. But seldom is the OWL standard of curing attained in less than 18 months.

And never do the demands of OWL and WHITE OWL dependability require less than a $1,000,000 investment in idle leaf. At some seasons $2,000,000 worth.

OWL 6¢

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DEALERS: If your distributor does not sell these dependable cigars, write us.

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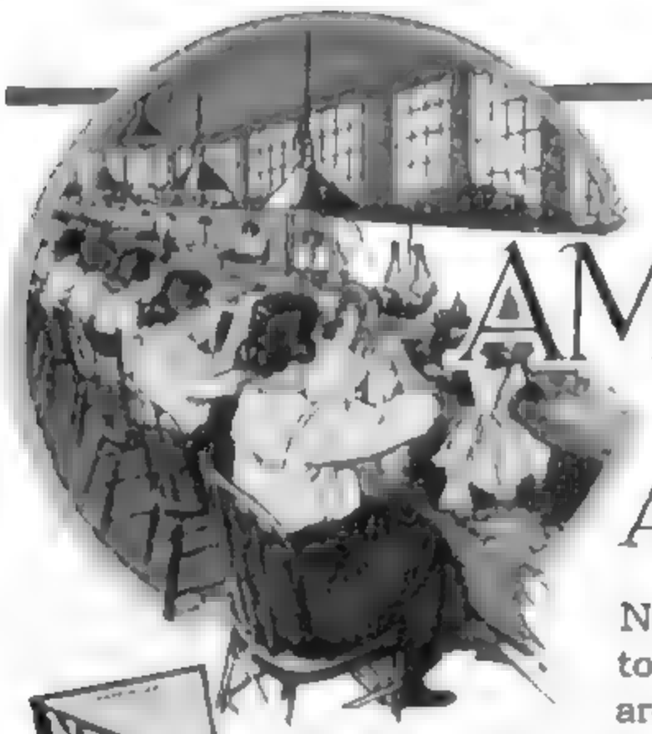
THE MILLION DOLLAR CIGARS



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Notaseme Hosiery is helping to prove that American ways are best, and that the Notaseme method of manufacture is the best American way. Happy, healthy work-people produce better merchandise.

In making hosiery we subtract the seam, but we add quality. The saving in manufacture permits finer quality materials at the price.

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**For Men, Women and Children**
**30c to $1.50**

*All Notaseme is seamless, but not all seamless is Notaseme*

is knitted to exact size and shape; it clings perfectly to the foot and leg. There are no seams to rip or cause discomfort. And the unusual durability of the 4-ply heels and toes makes Notaseme economical to wear every day.

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## The Scientific Garter

No haphazard or guesswork in the construction of every part of the Ivory Garter is made on scientific lines—with a practical idea behind it. Note the button clasp; simple, strong, easily fastened and unfastened; the harder the pull the firmer the hold

## Ivory Garter

REGISTERED U. S. & FOREIGN

Light weight trimmings that are strong and durable; they'll bend but not break. No metal to rust; no pad; no chafing. The best webbing, light, flexible but of extra strength and durability. The Ivory Garter fits automatically and comfortably without binding anywhere;—and it "stays put."

**Prices: 50c, 35c, 25c**

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three times a week from the Front. The army had plenty of food, and the army encouraged the friends and relatives by sending them supplies. A year ago that was the situation in Germany. The army was holding up the faltering morale of the people. To-day with shortages at the Front as well as at home the morale at both points is weakening. It seems certain that the only things preventing a break in the morale of the German nation to-day are the peace discussions with Russia and the frequently expressed view in the press that these discussions are the beginning of peace with all the Allies.

In Germany there are certain periods when food shortages are the greatest and gravest. The worst months are given as from January to May, with a probability that March is the month of the most suffering.

As this is written the new year is about to dawn. The crisis in the food situation is just beginning in the land of the enemy. As 1918 appears one finds the press, the people and the government authorities already at odds over the mismanagement and poor distribution of food. Charges and counter-attacks are being made. Between Bavaria, Prussia and Austria there is a food feud which is greater than the military disagreements between Austria and Hungary have ever been. On December nineteenth Korrespondenz Hoffmann, the official news agency of the Bavarian Government, had to announce that the economic agreement between Germany, Austria and Hungary had not been signed and that the "entire Bavarian State Government would decisively protest against any agreement for the purpose of taking away the tariff which protects the Bavarian farmers."

A report had been spread among the Bavarian people that Germany, Austria and Hungary had agreed to merge food supplies, so that there might be throughout Central Europe an equal distribution of essential foodstuffs. But the Hoffmann bureau declares that there was absolutely no possibility that the Bavarian farmers would be sacrificed.

Thus from day to day the food fight within the Kaiserized Middle Europe grows bitterer and more decisive. But from the standpoint of the United States and the Allies the German food controversies are interesting and important only as they affect the progress of the war. The food situation of the enemy must be viewed from two angles:

Their effect upon the German military plans and the morale of the people; and the effect upon the policies and war tactics of the Allies.

### *At the Turning Point*

Germany to-day is at the turning point in the war. Either Germany must defeat the Allies in 1918 by military operations or Germany must make a separate peace with Russia, which will guarantee to Germany sufficient food to carry the nation through another year of war. If Germany fails in one or the other of these the war is lost to her because the people are too undernourished and the morale is too low to withstand a longer campaign.

This is not an opinion based entirely upon the views of observers in Switzerland who are watching developments in Germany. It is a belief that is held within the enemy lines and that finds expression in news dispatches and editorials in the press. The Berlin Vossische Zeitung, which has good sources of information and often defies the censors by printing short news items about government plans, announced in December that one of the first delegates Germany sent to the peace conference at Brest-Litovsk was Dr. Clemens Delbrück, former Secretary of the Interior and now professor of economics at the University of Jena. Delbrück is perhaps the most reactionary and cold-blooded of all the German economists. His appointment as a peace commissioner indicates that the government is willing to intrust the food negotiations with Russia to the man who is as ruthless in his line of work as Grand Admiral von Tirpitz is in the submarine world. Delbrück can be depended upon to squeeze every possible pound of food from the poor Russians. And as Hindenburg plans his campaign in the west Delbrück will be planning the invasion of Russia in the east.

Already, as this is written, though peace has not been signed between the Russian Government and the rulers of the Central Powers, the soldiers and officers along the Eastern Front are "exchanging" food and manufactured articles. There have been frequent notices in the press to the effect that the German soldiers were "exchanging" with their "comrades" articles manufactured in Germany for Russian food. The German war food bureau has already invaded the occupied territory, and one of the seven departments of the food administration has charge of food importations from Poland. Since the armistice has been signed German agents have been through various sections of Russia locating the food depots.

They may be expected to report to Delbrück at Brest-Litovsk.

The appointment of Delbrück, however, will scarcely satisfy the German people. They know his record as a food administrator because of the mistakes he made when he was Secretary of the Interior and Vice Chancellor before the war-food bureau was created. He is the man who permitted the farmers to feed sugar to the hogs. He is the official who, when he saw the sugar and fodder crops decreasing, ordered the killing of all pigs.

In his new position, however, Delbrück has an opportunity to gain the respect of the people. If he arranges with Russia for sufficient food to replace the shortages in Germany he can become the Food Hindenburg of Germany. But this is not likely!

Observers differ as to how much food Germany will be able to get from Russia and as to Germany's ability to ship it into her own country. Some Germans are maintaining that a separate peace with Russia will nullify the effects of the Allied and American blockade. Others are not so optimistic.

They know the disorganized state of the Russian transportation system and they believe that it will be many months, perhaps a year, before Germany can reorganize the railroads and insure regular food importations.

### *Barmecide Feasts*

At present it is impossible to forecast what may happen in the Russo-German food negotiations. Germany will make every effort to get food from Russia. Whether she succeeds depends upon the conditions within Russia this year, 1918, and the state of the German railroad system. If Germany is occupied in great military operations on the Western Front it will be very difficult for her to free a sufficient number of freight cars for use in Russia. And if Germany cannot transport the food she is as helpless as she was in Rumania, where it took about nine months to get even a few hundred thousand tons of food out of the country.

Finally, from the standpoint of the effect of the German food shortages upon the policies of the United States and the Allies, it is apparent that the blockade plans have been very effective.

By stopping and checking exports to neutral countries surrounding Germany a rich source of supply of Central Europe has been shut off. The blockade has brought about the food crisis that exists in the land of the enemy to-day.

Sawdust and salt are not good substitutes for food. Neither are government promises of better supplies accepted confidently as in the past. Germany and her allies are not united on the food question. And the suffering people are beginning to demand something more than victories for their daily sustenance. The German menu in reality contains but one pièce de résistance—success.

For breakfast the pièce de résistance is a submarine victory and the sinking of at least ten thousand tons of enemy ships; for lunch there is a raid on London; for dinner an attack in Italy or on the Western Front.

But when this pièce de résistance is withdrawn from the German people a mental and physical collapse may be expected, for there is no nourishment in the food itself.

Simplicissimus, that most ruthless of all German comic newspapers, published on November thirteenth a cartoon entitled The Steeplechase of the Golden Calf. In it the cartoonist pictured the bankers, the manufacturers of war materials, the food barons, the farmers and the old women storekeepers astride their own golden calves, engaged in a mad race. In the center of the racetrack sat the female emblem of Justice—asleep.

Upon seeing it I asked myself: Will the Allies or the German people awaken her?

# AFTER THE DAY'S WORK — HOME!

THE MOST productive, the most efficient and the most contented workman is the workman who has a cozy, comfortable home to which to go after the day's work. That workman best serves his country, his employer and himself who can enjoy the wholesome rest and recreation afforded by the home.

In this day of phenomenal industrial activity and good wages, the workman may well supplement the contemplated work of the National Government and municipal organizations in relieving the imperative need for more homes for workers. It costs no more to build a home than to rent one. Money paid on a home is money saved—money paid out in rent is money gone. The earnest, capable workman, putting in every working hour of every working day to serve his country, may well begin the purchase of a home of his own while buying his share of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Certificates.

And in any building he may undertake, the workman may well follow the wartime example of the Government and build with that most dependable, durable, adaptable and economical material—

## *SOUTHERN PINE*

*"The Wood of Service"*

For the same reasons that Southern Pine is now housing hundreds of thousands of Uncle Sam's soldiers it may well shelter hundreds of thousands of the Nation's industrial workers. It is perfectly adapted to every need in homebuilding. It is the most available high-class material on the market today. It costs less than any other material of anything like its value.



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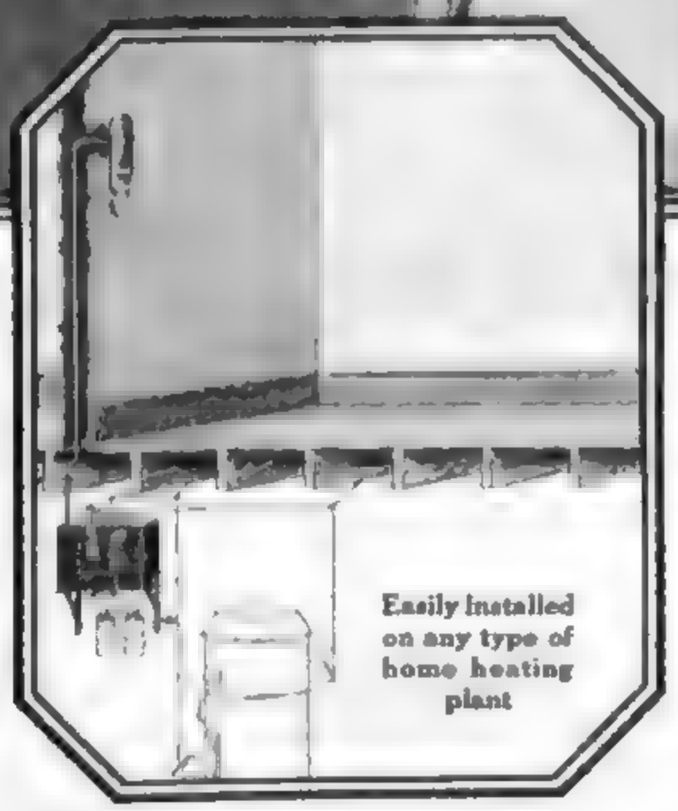


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# *Western Electric*
# Heat Regulator

***It replaces the human element in heat regulation—makes it electrical, automatic and helps you co-operate with the United States Fuel Administrator***

### Coal Saving

Now, when the drafts are opened, your home is over-heated, and your fuel wasted. This means a trip to the cellar. Then when the house cools, another trip. Time, fuel and energy all wasted.

You do not need more than 68 degrees—any higher temperature wastes coal. This heat regulator automatically adjusts the dampers for an even temperature *all day long*. A variation of one degree in the room temperature regulates the drafts, giving you comfort and a saving of considerably more than the asked-for shovelful each day.

### Morning Comfort

Install one of these heat regulators, and set the clock at night; then your home will be warm—but not over-heated, when you awaken. The dampers open automatically. No more shivering trips to the cellar to coax heat from a low fire.

The No. 100 outfit has a spring motor and costs $38.50; the No. 200 outfit has an electric motor and costs $55.00. (Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.) Buy from your electrical contractor; he will install it in a few hours' time, at a reasonable cost.

*Write for your copy of the new booklet No. 71 Q, "Temperature—As You Like It."*

**WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY**
INCORPORATED

New York Atlanta Chicago St. Louis Kansas City Dallas Minneapolis San Francisco Seattle

*Houses in all Principal Cities*

# LIBERTY À LA RUSSE

(Continued from Page 13)

to the crowd-will, are not the most effective aids to justice. I have seen a prisoner in custody arguing with his soldier captors and making speeches to the crowd—his fate apparently dependent upon popular favor.

Back of all Russian life since the revolution is rule by committee. Every city, every village, every railway station, every industrial establishment is governed by a committee. Sometimes a man of force and ability will dominate the committee; oftener it is but the representative of the average mind. I have met with committees, notably that one in charge of the Tiflis railway station, which represented a lower order of intelligence and efficiency than any group of American schoolboys. They showed only good will to me, but I confess that in the back of my mind there echoed "bandar-log." How these supreme committees of workmen and soldiers have humbled the officials of the old régime is apparent; generals and governors and superintendents and directors and all sorts of other functionaries have had to learn to walk softly before men who formerly could not approach unto even their outermost offices. Commanding officers have been subject to the veto of the committees of privates. Men unable to read or write have thus been exalted into high judicial and administrative positions.

### The Reign of Ignorance

Industry in Russia is practically paralyzed by this system of committees. The head of the largest textile mill in all Europe told me that his plant's production has been reduced more than fifty per cent since committee control came into existence; and he himself had fled from Russia for his life. At the same time the cost has leaped to several times the old figures. Literally, every day the workers make new demands, and on some days as high as thirty specific requests—all having to do with the creation of a new social order. Whenever the men hear of a demand that has been made by the workers in another mill they straightway put it forward, regardless of its propriety; as, for example, asking for company schools for their children when such schools were already in existence in this particular establishment. They want not only free medical service for themselves but also for all their relatives. Only the British conscience of the firm kept the committee from ignorantly appointing as government inspector of the establishment's output one of the mill's own men. That same head of the firm has been vainly entreating the committee not to let government cloth, bought and paid for, lie in great heaps out in the open in the courtyard of a government building, rapidly rotting, when the firm was willing to supply free warehousing. This cloth, by the way, was for the shivering soldiers at the Front.

One frequently hears stories in Russia of manufacturers and merchants who, unable to pay the increased wages under conditions of diminished labor, have turned over their businesses to the committees, though in some cases the workmen have refused to permit this, insisting that the owner retain all financial responsibilty! It is no uncommon experience for a committee, given complete control, to run a business until all capital and credit are exhausted, and then to demand that the ousted owners shall produce further capital for the continuance of the establishment. Such is their well-nigh incredible childishness. The men simply have not the experience or the sagacity for executive work. Nowhere have I been able to learn of a single instance of the successful operation of a *soviet*, or committee of workmen and soldiers. From the Smolny Institute, which is the seat of the Bolshevik Government in Petrograd, down to the smallest workshop, the attempt has registered disorganization and inefficiency and failure.

Provincialism marks committee rule. The men cannot see things in the large. That is why each group and each community is for itself as against the whole. Villages and provinces and cities which have grain hoard it, and refuse to let it cross their borders. Passengers from the Ciscaucasian wheat belt have their luggage examined lest they should be taking white flour or other foodstuffs to hungry Petrograd.

This unsocialism of Russian socialism is self-convicting. Individually the people are kindly and generous. As communities, however, they have exhibited since the revolution a selfishness and an intolerance that would make impossible the maintenance of any general government. That is the tremendous corollary of recent events. New Russia has collapsed because socialism is not a strong enough tie to bind it together. The decrees of Petrograd have latterly been obeyed only as far as they could be enforced by soldiers. Rural regions refused to accept the arbitrarily fixed price of foodstuffs or to take the depreciated ruble as currency. They reverted to the ancient principle of barter, offering wheat and other provisions in exchange for boots and clothes and leather and oil. Under socialism red, raw, ruthless selfishness has come to the surface. "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" has grown to be the rule. All sense of general welfare seems to have been numbed.

Who can explain or justify the destruction of standing fields of grain, after strictly local needs had been met, in order that the "bourgeois" of the cities might not benefit by the crop? Estates of landlords went up in flames, not because of individual animosity but simply as an expression of class resentment. Coming up from Kieff the conductor of the car on which I rode showed me the fragments that were left of the electric-light motor; all else had been made away with by the soldiers, who really wanted only the leather belt. The destruction of railway rolling stock was under way before I got out of Russia; the tearing up of rails was expected to follow. A passion for the devastation of property seems suddenly to have possessed the people, who have newly come to a sense of their power, without anything resembling what William Penn called "a public mind."

This point of the effect of Russia's radicalism upon her railways needs to be stressed, since it is one of the first particulars to come under the German eye. Fritz knows good railways. His own cars are clean, well-kept, carefully administered and run on time. As he looks upon the deteriorated Russian railway system he finds the cars filthy, stinking and vermin filled. Oftener than not, even in the first-class carriages, there is an entire absence of lights and water, for all purposes, not to mention linen. No trains are on time. Soldiers frequently take actual possession of a train, running it to suit their whims, and throwing out the civilian passengers. Beneath the onrush of soldiers hastening home and from the battlefront—a headless, heedless mob—the transportation system of Russia has collapsed.

### The World's Worst Trains

Chinese trains are careless—to speak euphemistically—in the matter of cleanliness and punctuality; and the Turkish trains on the Mecca railway seemed to me the uttermost limit of congestion and insanitary conditions; but in these matters both China and Turkey must take the sidetrack for Russia.

Let me cite a typical instance: Through cars run from Tabriz, Persia, to Tiflis, Caucasus. A little company of Americans boarded one marked Tiflis at a station near Mount Ararat. Because they were Americans they were given a compartment, which they held against almost continual assaults from the crowded corridor. About midnight the train reached Alexandropol, where all the cars were summarily emptied, for no known reason. Similar processes had been executed upon other trains, for, the station itself being crowded until it could hold no more, the platform was covered with waiting men and women and children, cowering in the bitter cold. A remarkable sight was that, but not a pretty one. Clusters of persons—families, friends or fellow travelers—to the number of five, ten, fifteen or twenty, hunkered close together for mutual warmth, with quilts drawn up over collective heads so that they looked like giant toadstools. Mothers held their babies inside their own clothing. Persians, Armenians, Georgians, Russians or other Orientals—they made a pictorial spectacle; but all sense of the curiousness of it was lost in compassion for the shivering sufferers from the bone-shaking cold. Meanwhile, members of the *soviet* in charge of the transportation at this important junction warmed themselves or slept in a little office. Late the next morning those same cars were made up again to continue the journey, after a wait that extended well into the day. Such is the condition of transportation where the extremest form of socialism has full sway.

City street-car lines are in an equal or worse mess, with their overjammed platforms, and women conductors who start the cars without looking to see whether passengers have got on or off. A motion picture of the Nevskii Prospekt would be a comforting revelation to the strap hangers of America.

### A Strangled Press

Fritz also sees that radicalism has ruined the press. Historic dailies, with national circulations, like the Novoe Vremya, of Petrograd, and the Russki Slovoe, of Moscow, have been summarily suppressed by Bolsheviks with guns, and in their place appear small sheets that are merely bulletins of the *soviets*, filled with proclamations instead of news. The thing that Bolshevikism can do best is to issue manifestoes. Also they show a startling aptitude for faking, as, for example, reporting revolutions and uprisings in other lands, after the example of Russia. As the wires and post are now in the hands of the Petrograd extremists the liberty of the press and all free interchange of opinion have been summarily throttled. Neither the Czar nor the Kaiser would dare go this far. As for advertising, that has been made, overnight, a state monopoly.

The jaunty manner in which the Bolsheviks take hold of private business is well illustrated by the decrees which wipe out an infant industry:

DECREE OF STATE MONOPOLY ON ADVERTISEMENTS

1. The printing of advertisements in periodicals, pamphlets and posters, as well as the issuing of advertisements to kiosks, offices, etc., is now a monopoly of the state.

2. Only publications of the present government in Petrograd, and of the local *soviets*, have the right to publish advertisements. Other newspapers printing advertisements will be suppressed.

3. Directors of advertising offices, as well as all their employees, must continue working until the business is delivered up to the state. They are responsible for preserving the sequence of their work and for delivering to the *soviet* newspapers all private advertisements, all sums paid for such and full accounts thereof.

4. All directors and employees of advertising offices must immediately organize Town Unions and All-Russian Unions to facilitate the reprinting of private advertisements in the *soviet* publications.

5. The property of persons found guilty of concealing *dossiers* or funds, or of sabotage, as mentioned in Paragraphs 3 and 4, will be confiscated, and the owners will be imprisoned for a period not exceeding three years.

6. Insertion of advertisements in private publications and in bulletins is also punishable.

7. All advertising offices will be confiscated by the government, and their proprietors will receive a temporary remuneration. To shareholders and proprietors of small advertising offices funds paid in by them will be returned in full.

All firms publishing advertisements must send full particulars or address to the *soviet*, under the risk of punishment, as stated in Paragraph 5.

THE PEOPLE'S COMMISSARY OF THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION,
V. ULIANOFF [LENIN.].
A. V. LUNACHARSKY.
N. GORBUNOFF, *Secretary*.

A little thing like taking possession of the private banks, after confiscating the funds of the state bank, may not seem serious to the group of Maximalists temporarily in power, but to Fritz it looks anything but reassuring. In the same vein, he is not made enthusiastic by the entire absence of metal money and the unlimited issue of a paper currency which any second-rate printer with a job press can duplicate. I do not wonder that banks outside of Russia refuse to accept this money made since the revolution.

Not being oversqueamish himself in any financial operations necessary to put *Deutschland über Alles*, Fritz understands

**Keeps Old Razors Keen**

This scientific super-hone and a good old-fashioned razor are all any man needs for a perfect shave. The patented cup-shaped holes "velvet-edge" your razor in a few easy strokes. No chance to run out of blades.

The Hone-Your-Own RAZOR-HONE

Trims off the rough "wire edge" that makes your razor scratch or "pull." So simple you can't overhone. Any novice can hone his old razor perfectly no matter how dull. Hundreds of thousands in home use. If it doesn't give you the finest head barber shave you ever had we'll gladly refund your money. Ask your druggist or hardware dealer or order direct by mail.

*Every Soldier Will Prize One*

Perforated Hone Company — Detroit Michigan Walkerville, Ont.

*Fifty* — The Hone with holes — *Cents*

**Camouflaged Furniture**

is usually made of a cheap wood that warps or shrinks out of shape very soon. "Mahoganized" furniture is the name which disguises many an inferior wood made to look like mahogany. Solid Honduras mahogany is known to have stood the test of ages and grows richer in color year by year. Most well furnished homes have a great deal of solid mahogany furniture, as it harmonizes with almost any color scheme and is always in style. That is why substitutions have sprung up. When buying solid mahogany furniture ask the dealer to guarantee it as such.

LEPAGE'S GLUE — WILL MEND IT

*Made and guaranteed by the same Company*

SIGNET — THE PERMANENT — INK

**Any Spare Time?**

If you will have any spare time this winter, we will buy it and pay you liberally in salary and commission. Many Curtis representatives average a *dollar* an *hour*. Let us explain our offer.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
271 Independence Square, Philada., Pa.

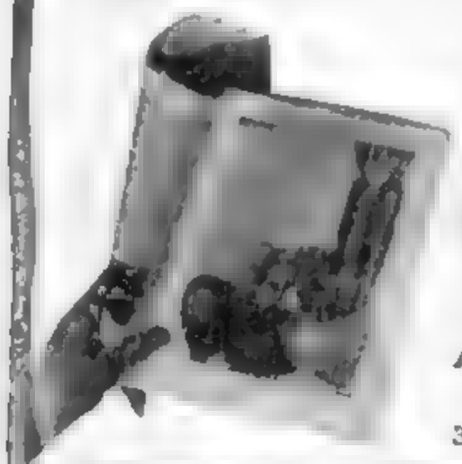
The Pakro Package

PAKRO SEEDTAPE AND SEEDS
For Better Gardens

# An Easy Way of Planting

Your garden will be easier to plant if you use Pakro Seedtape this year. Pakro Seedtape eliminates, as far as possible, all uncertainty in garden growing. Just make a trench according to instructions on each package and plant a whole row at a time. Quick—clean—easy. Your garden will have a much more even stand and luxurious growth. The paper tape absorbs and holds the moisture around the seed—giving a higher percentage of germination and plant life.

Pakro Seedtape contains just exactly the right number of seeds scientifically spaced. It assures an even distribution of fine, healthy plants. No thinning with Seedtape! Every seed is thoroughly tested and selected from the very best stock. Good seed, properly planted, insures abundant flowers and delicious vegetables.



Write today for the handsome catalog of Pakro Seedtape and Seeds. The illustrations are from actual photographs and reproduced in actual colors. It shows how a million garden owners saved time and work and money last season in planting their gardens. This catalog will be sent you immediately upon your request without charge and prepaid.

*Look for the beautiful Pakro display in your dealer's store*

AMERICAN SEEDTAPE COMPANY
Pakro Building
369 Ogden Street Newark, New Jersey



Save Gasoline—Increase Mileage

[illegible] guaranteed to save [illegible]

United Manufacturing Co., 305 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.



WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted and $1,000,000 in Prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

## Everything Fits in the FITALL

This practical toilet kit is different from the old fashioned cases. It's a flat, convenient carry-all for the toilet articles you already own and use—or any new ones you want.

**FITALLS have patented adjustable spaces and self-locking straps** which readily permit changing of toilet articles as desired, and hold everything securely and compactly, without an extra ounce of weight or inch of wasted space.

MILITARY FITALLS, designed for army and navy, are also just the thing for motorists, [illegible] and anybody desiring an exceptionally light, compact kit.

FITALLS are for men or women and are made in flexible leathers and attractive waterproof fabrics. Prices from $1.50 up. Be sure you see the FITALL label—refuse imitations.

Your dealer should have FITALLS. If not—send for descriptive booklet.

EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, Ekco Bldg., Chicago

*Patented U. S. and Foreign Countries* Fitall Manufacturers of EKCO Make Leather Goods


full well that bribery did not go out of fashion in Russia with Czarism. An American banker tried to effect a great piece of service for the Petrograd Government, insisting only that he and his bank should not receive any profit from the transaction. He was driven well-nigh to desperation by the determination of the Russians, a cabinet minister chief among them, that he should exact a fifteen per cent commission, to be split with them. Another business man complained to me that whereas under the old régime it took a bribe of ten rubles to get a freight car it now takes as high as a thousand. There is nothing in this sort of thing to appeal to Fritz.

Freedom to work or to loaf, as one pleases, high wages making the latter possible, does not strike Fritz as an admirable concomitant of the golden age. He rather likes to work. Sheer idleness, as a goal, does not dazzle his industrious spirit. And when he sees the inflated income of the workman rousing the jealousy of and provoking reprisals from the peasant, even his thick-walled head receives light upon the vaunted solidarity of the proletariat.

More moving yet is the apparent fact that "the people's" control of government and industry does not provide bread. Fritz' frau is patient, but she would never be content to stand in line, like these Russian women, for half a day at a stretch for an inadequate portion of sour, indigestible black bread. By the time a housewife has made the rounds of the bread line, the milk line, the kerosene line, the vegetable line, and occasionally the meat and egg lines, she has scant time left for household duties. Add to this the necessity for spending all night in line for a pair of shoes or a new coat, and the social wastefulness of this sort of administration becomes apparent. Russia sorely needs shoes to-day; so is it any wonder that Fritz should have "cold feet" concerning the efficiency of Bolshevikism?

In the matter of fuel, too, the big cities are cruelly off this winter, though Russia has timber in plenty. It was estimated that the supply of wood, which is the common fuel, cut and delivered to Petrograd and Moscow for this season is only one-half the needed supply. Remembering how long and hard are the winters of Russia, with snow lasting for five months, so that it will not be easy for the cold-crazed mobs of Petrograd to tear up the wooden paving blocks to use in their stoves, this dearth of fuel assumes large significance. All mankind is tethered by a short rope to the primal needs of the body. So, shivering, Fritz would turn from Petrograd to his own better-ordered land, where he would write a long and stupid treatise upon the nonuse of resources.

To the practical mind of the Teuton this is Russia's crowning proof of ineffectiveness. The country is one of the few self-contained nations on earth. It has everything that man needs, from food in unlimited variety to material for clothes—from fur caps to leather boots, with woolens and cottons in between. Wood and coal and iron and precious stones and metals abound. All the supplies that Germany so sorely needs are normally plentiful in Russia. How her hands have itched to get hold of those fat whaleback wheat barges on the Dnieper, the Dniester and the Don, all so easily accessible from the Black Sea and Constantinople. The inability of Russia to utilize her resources is an old story, but to-day she is worse off in this respect than ever before.

Radicalism has not produced a single man with a large grasp of administration or of national service. With food abundant in spots, people in other parts of Russia are to-day starving. While wood in immeasurable quantities is found at short distances from the great cities, people have perished of cold. In all the clamant socialism of recent days there has been no effective common mind for the common weal. Russia is at her lowest ebb of national and popular well-being. There has been a torrent of talk submerging the whole land, but no march or even drift toward a concerted social service of all and by all.

Now Fritz is a nationalist, an ardent devotee of the Fatherland. In his opinion if there be such an offense as the unpardonable sin it is that which the Russian masses so blackly commit—disloyalty to their country. They have no real sense of their wholeness as a people, with a common mission and destiny; that idea went out with the Czar and the church. As a substitute the Bolshevik Government has proposed that any unit or race or section of Russia might have its separate identity and independence for the asking. Disintegration is thus officially proposed from headquarters, with never a care for the grave administrative consequences involved. The cities, like Saratoff and Tsaritzin and Astrakhan, which set themselves up as separate republics, were entirely logical in their conclusions concerning the outworking of the revolution. So no comment is roused by the reported secession of Siberia and Turkestan and the Caucasus units, as well as Finland and Ukrainia. Broadly speaking, Russia to-day is without any loyalty except loyalty to class, and that is strangely expressed.

Fritz may be slow-witted, but he is no fool. Above all else he is a pragmatist. He is for the thing that works. He has no ideals whatsoever which do not become mere scraps of paper in the presence of what he believes to be practical necessity. Intellectually he has long inclined to theoretical socialism. But if this Russian chaos be socialism then he is for absolutism, with the Kaiser and God on a joint throne. Instead of converting him to Bolshevikism the pathetic, pitiable and tragic conditions in the land of the Slav turn him from all such theories. For he sees that from top to bottom the Russian people are unhappy and dissatisfied. He does not want his Germany to become a land of complete disorganization and disorder and disloyalty. Empty stores, empty fuel bins, empty larders and empty stomachs are not attractive to Fritz, who would rather be cared for by any kind of absolutism than enjoy this sort of "liberty."

One passion only fills the breast of Fritz as he contemplates demoralized and helpless Russia, with her soldiers fleeing from the Front, her mobs burning cities as well as estates, her uttermost borders filled with rioting, her people in a jangle of petty wrangling and self-seeking politics, her food supply selfishly hoarded by one group while another starves, her credit gone, her newspapers suppressed, her transportation collapsed, her real leaders in hiding or fleeing for their lives, and her prestige among the nations vanished utterly—that passion is a desire to lay the strong hand of Prussia upon this poor, helpless nation. He knows that his Emperor and he could quickly bring the Russian people to heel. They would be taught to march the goose step in every department of their existence by a corps of German drillmasters. All the splendid raw material of life and of things would be run through the hopper of German efficiency. Or again, to change the figure, if guided by an iron hand in a velvet glove these volatile big children could be gentled to docile greatness—at the cost, it is true, of losing their souls. Instead of socialism there would be an intensified Prussianism, with no tarrying at the happy mean of democracy. Rather than let Russia blunder through to self-realization and to the fulfillment of the great dreams that stir within her, Fritz would quickly transform her into the mightiest of instruments for the complete Prussianization of the world.

## SAMUEL CREWS' DILEMMA

(Continued from Page 18)

since he had exhibited the details of his affairs even to his wife. Time was when they had studied the little balance sheet together, planning how much they could spend. But for many years the golden flood had seemed so ample that there was no use in discussing details.

"My income last year," he said, "was two million seven hundred and forty-odd thousand dollars. It's been more than two million dollars for the last ten years, mostly from old C. S. M."

That was his way of referring to the Crews Shoe Machines Company. It was the source of his fortune; but for a dozen years he had paid only perfunctory attention to it. It was a finished thing; "Done" was written upon it; there was no longer any outlet for his restless energy in it. He must have something new, something in the making to work at. He must always be adventuring, striking out. Once old C. S. M. had been the grand adventure—when he

(Continued on Page 85)

UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL
Burns Natural or Artificial Gas and Coal or Wood ····
No Parts to Change
A Twist of the Wrist Changes from Gas to Coal.

# "Come In and See My Remarkable New Combination Range"

"Notice how warm the kitchen is on this cold day. I'm burning coal now. When it's warmer I can use gas and keep the kitchen cool. Or I can use both coal and gas at the same time if I want to or wood instead of coal.

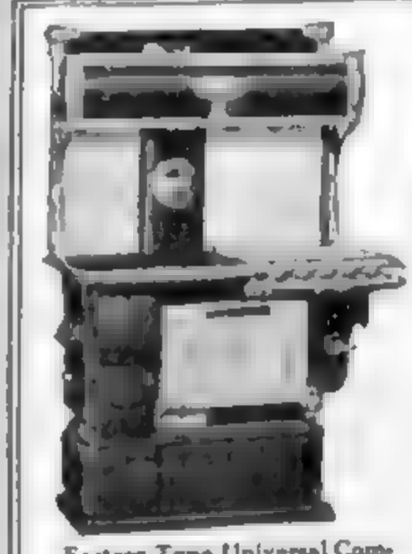
"It's simply wonderful the way the range works. There are no parts to change as in ordinary combination ranges. I just turn the key that Dorothy has hold of and the oven is ready for baking with gas. I turn it back for coal. I can't make a mistake when changing fuels, because I have only to turn the key. That's all.

"And such baking! My biscuits and pies and cakes are the finest you ever ate! And my roasts so juicy and tender and brown. That's because now I can use the fuel best suited to the food I am cooking."

Thousands of other housewives have had the same experience with the

# UNIVERSAL COMBINATION RANGE

(U. S. Pat. Issued Dec. 4, 1917)



Eastern Type Universal Combination Range

Right or left hand oven shown at the floor [illegible] nickel trimmed with black UNIVIT enamel

Its fame is national. Marion Harris Neil, M. C. A., former Cooking Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and National Culinary Expert recommends it very highly. It is "starred" by Good Housekeeping Institute. Because of its superior features it is the largest selling combination range on the market.

The Universal Combination Range is also the most economical range to buy and to operate. Costs only a little more than a gas range and about the same as a coal range. You get both for practically the price of one.

Because you can use gas, coal or wood to suit weather and cooking conditions it helps the Government conserve coal and **lessens your fuel bills. Because it bakes under most difficult conditions, it keeps servants** contented and gives universal satisfaction to the whole family.

Sold for cash or on easy payments by leading dealers everywhere. Made in plain or nickel trim, and black or blue UNIVIT enamel.

We also manufacture a full line of Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces. Ask your dealer. Low cost. Easy terms.

## Write for FREE Book

which pictures and describes the wonderful Combination Range, and other stoves in the Universal line. Sent postpaid on request, also name of nearest dealer. Write today.

## Cribben & Sexton Company

**594-704 Sacramento Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILL.**

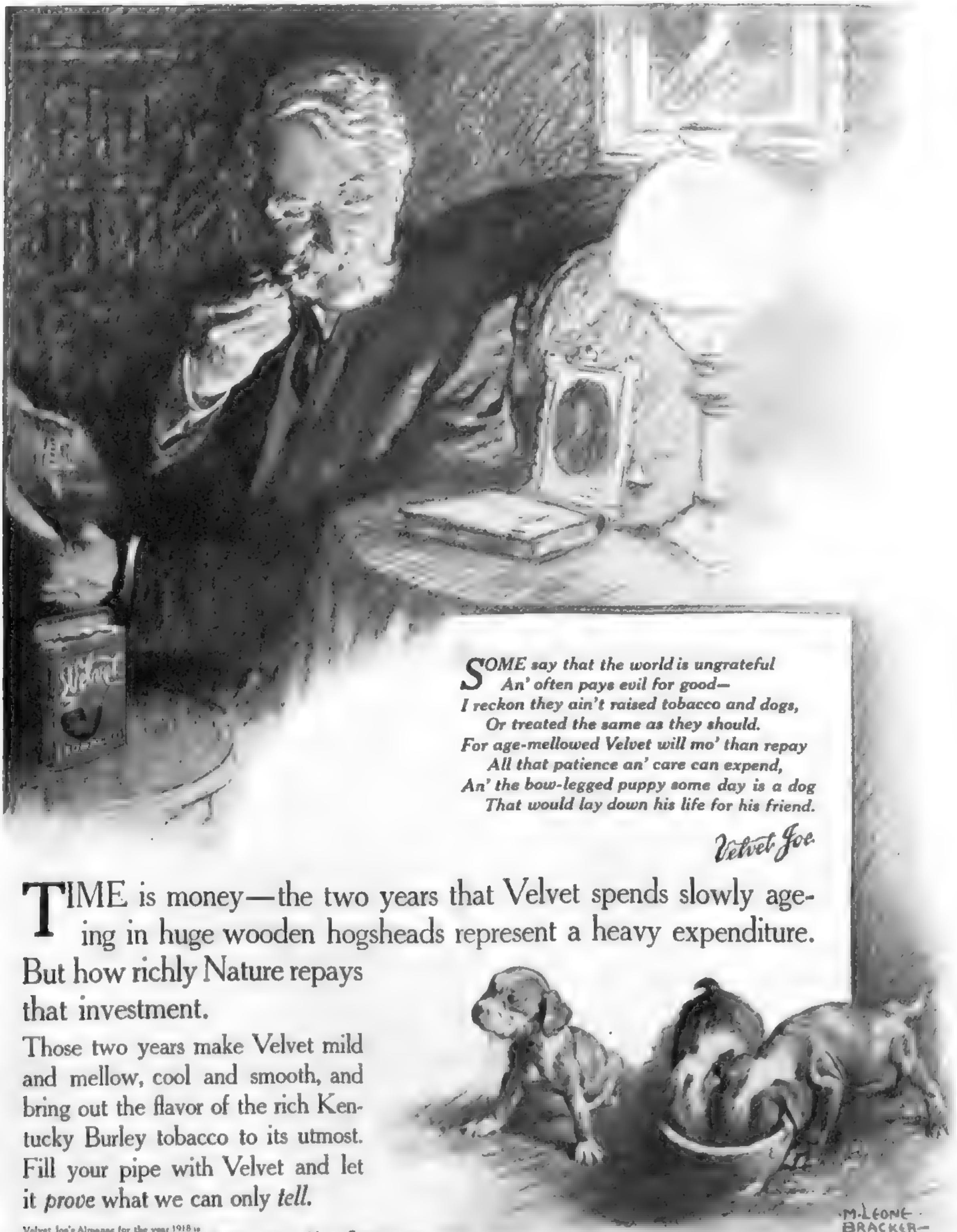
DENVER MINNEAPOLIS PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO

**DEALERS**—Great demand for Universal Combination Ranges, Stoves, Furnaces, makes agency most desirable in the field. Write for our unusual Sales Plan.

**UNIVIT · PORCELAIN · ENAMEL**

A splendid, vitreous, porcelain enamel possessing chemical strength, durability and glaze. As far ahead of ordinary stove finishes as the porcelain enamel bathtub is over the old iron tub. Look for the trade mark UNIVIT stamped on enamel before you buy. Comes in black, blue or white.

UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL · UNIVERSAL



*SOME say that the world is ungrateful*
*An' often pays evil for good—*
*I reckon they ain't raised tobacco and dogs,*
*Or treated the same as they should.*
*For age-mellowed Velvet will mo' than repay*
*All that patience an' care can expend,*
*An' the bow-legged puppy some day is a dog*
*That would lay down his life for his friend.*

*Velvet Joe.*

TIME is money—the two years that Velvet spends slowly aging in huge wooden hogsheads represent a heavy expenditure. But how richly Nature repays that investment.

Those two years make Velvet mild and mellow, cool and smooth, and bring out the flavor of the rich Kentucky Burley tobacco to its utmost. Fill your pipe with Velvet and let it *prove* what we can only *tell*.

Velvet Joe's Almanac for the year 1918 is now ready and if you want a copy write to him at 4241 Folsom Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, and he will mail it to you.

© Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

M. LEONE BRACKER

(Continued from Page 82)

was foreman of the little machine shop at Lynn, with his head full of the stitching machine. Often it would be one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock in the morning before his coaxing wife could drag him away from the rude model in the shed adjoining the kitchen and get him to bed. Many a time as he lay awake at night thinking about it he would slip stealthily from bed, so as not to wake her, tiptoe to the kitchen, light a kerosene hand lamp and sneak into the shed. There he would sit, humped in a kitchen chair, with an overcoat over his shoulders if it was cold, staring at the rude model which had cost him infinite pains and made ruthless inroads on his twenty dollars a week. He couldn't merely lie abed thinking about it; the urge to see it and touch it was too strong. He must have the veritable thing under his eyes. He would sit pouring his mind at it, in still, passionate grapple, as though he could tear out the baffling secret by main force. But it was all done now; with humorous disrespect he referred to it as old C. S. M.

"In 1916," he continued, "that shebang earned four million seven hundred and odd thousand dollars net. The auditor's preliminary report shows it will earn substantially the same in 1917. I own one per cent more than half of it, you know."

After he got the secret there remained the hardly less difficult matter of enlisting capital for its exploitation and fighting some long lawsuits over the patents—with the result that the inventor owned fifty-one per cent of the company, and his backers forty-nine per cent.

"Last year my dividend from C.S.M. was two million three hundred thousand dollars. For a good many years I've had a lot bigger income than any man ought to spend; bigger, I believe, than any man in the United States does spend, as a matter of fact. There was a good fat surplus every year. Maybe I've been more or less of a fool about that surplus; but swapping good live money for dead old pieces of paper—bonds and mortgages—to bury in a safe-deposit vault never appealed very much to me. I like to have my money where I can get action on it myself—put it into something that I can have a hand in managing. I'm never content just to be a passenger; I want to help drive. I buy a bunch of railroad bonds, but that gives me nothing to do with running the railroads. I simply clip the coupons. Other fellows have all the fun of running the railroad. I don't like that. Business is the greatest game in the world. Planting an idea and watching it grow beats mother's amateur gardening a mile.

"I've gone into several things that didn't pan out. I dropped a million in that synthetic rubber lark before I could make up my mind to quit. But somebody's got to try experiments or we'll never know which are the good ones. I never lost any sleep over it. I took up a ramshackle old gas plant here at Banning a dozen years ago. Naturally, that ran into electric light and street railroad. That's the kind of thing I like, you see—something under my own eyes and hands. It's about the best plant in New England now, if I do say so. First and last I've put something more than four millions into it. Last year it paid me five per cent—six per cent before that, but five last year. Here it is on my sheet."

He put a finger on the item: "'Banning Gas and Electric, $200,000.' But I've been canny too. I've salted down five million dollars in prime railroad bonds that average me four and a half per cent. Here it is, 'Bonds, $225,000.' Add the street-railroad dividend and old C.S.M. and you get two million seven hundred and forty-odd thousand dollars—my income in 1916, as I told you."

He took another sheet from his sheaf and continued: "But this year it's some different. The Shoe Machines Company is one of those unlucky concerns whose profits come from patent rights more than from invested capital, and Congress says you're entitled to earn only nine per cent on your actual money investment. So this new war-profits tax takes forty-six per cent of our net profits. My income from that source is cut practically in half. The auditor figures it will be a million two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

"Then here's Banning Gas, Electric Light and Street Railway. I told you the dividend last year was only five per cent. That was because, with these war prices for materials and labor, our operating cost was climbing hand over fist, and you see we can't raise the price of our product correspondingly because the price we charge for gas, electric light and street-car fares is fixed by law; in fact we should have cut the dividend to three per cent instead of five last year. This year the price of everything we buy, including labor, has gone out of sight. There won't by any dividend at all. My railroad bonds will pay the same return as last year, two hundred and twenty-five thousand. That, with C. S. M . gives me an income of a million and a half. If you look over this new war-income tax you'll find that an income of a million and a half is taxed fifty-three and thirty-four one-hundredths per cent, or a trifle over eight hundred thousand dollars. So after I pay my tax I'll have seven hundred thousand dollars left."

He referred to the sheet he had first examined, and smiled.

"That certainly sounds like plenty of money. Looks as though a modest family like ours, that doesn't go in for showy society and polo stables and things of that sort, ought to worry along on it very comfortably. But here's the other side of the ledger." He looked round at his wife.

"You remember, mother, a long while ago you told me that any man with an income of a million dollars ought to give fifteen per cent of it to charity, and I agreed with you. I've done that for a good many years; in fact, counting the hospital as charity—which it is—I've been doing a little better than that. The hospital, with the new wards, the free dispensary, the visiting nurses and this research work cost me a little better than three hundred thousand last year. Then here's your list: Fifty thousand to Associated Charities in New York, twenty-five thousand to United Charities in Boston; fifteen thousand to the Adirondacks tubercular camp; five thousand to the summer camp for mothers and children. I don't need to read it all. We've both investigated all of 'em. We know they're good things—doing good work—necessary work. What can we cut out there?"

"We've been contributing to some of those twenty years, Sam," said his wife. "All of them have got in the way of counting on us for so much every year. Some way this war stirs up people's emotions more than poverty at home does. With all the money that's going into Red Cross and other war things, some of our home charities are having a harder time than ever to meet the bills. All of those charities depend on us. We must stand by them now."

"Well, there you are," Crews replied. "As your mother says, these charities and the poor people whom they help depend on us. We've got them into the habit of depending on us. They've got a regular vested interest in me. I've made 'em a fixed charge against my income. How can I cut them off now? How can I shut up the hospital?"

"You can't," said his wife promptly.

Crews glanced over the sheet a moment and observed impatiently: "Those chaps at Washington talk about a big income as though it was something a man could do as he pleased with. That would be true of a fellow who discovered a gold mine and so came into a big income overnight. But I don't care how big the income is, if a man's had it for some time a hundred and one claims grow on it as naturally as acorns grow on trees.

"Maybe it would be a good thing if nobody had a big income. But as far back as I've ever heard any reports from, people have had surplus income and the public has looked to them to do certain things. Last half dozen years or more Flora and Arthur here have been drilling it into my nut that art's mighty important. They say it's the flower of life. I guess a whole lot of the leaves would wither right up if robbers with the dough stopped nourishing 'em. Where's there a gallery of painting and sculpture that public enemies with fat bank accounts haven't set up and maintained? Where would the orchestras and opera get off? How much of a market would painters and architects and sculptors find if they were paid only out of taxes?

"Charity? I suppose for every public dollar that goes to relieve helpless want there must be twenty private dollars—maybe fifty. A very big chunk of our so-called higher education comes out of plutocratic wads. Shoes are better and cheaper in the United States because of some ideas that I dug out of the top of my head. When I knew I had my machine so it would work I couldn't have gone to the county

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treasurer and got a red cent to demonstrate it with. I had to go to John Farson and old Ezra Stiles and convince 'em they could afford to gamble fifty thousand dollars on it.

"Maybe it would be nicer if nobody had any surplus money. But we've built the whole contraption on another plan. We've fixed it so it won't work without surplus individual income. Practically every man with a surplus income finds it mortgaged to something or other. The bigger the income the more mortgages.

"I've got to keep the hospital going. That's three hundred thousand. Here's this other list—charities which, as your mother says, depend on us. If I cut anything off that list it probably means that some poor devil—maybe a child—gets a kick in the face. That list is a hundred and fifty thousand. Here's the institute. Flora says I'd be cheating the youngsters down there if I turned them out of doors.

"Here's Stony Brook Farm. Probably I've been more or less of a fool about that. It amused me to take this stony, worn-out old soil and show what money and energy and science could do with it. I averaged thirty-one bushels of wheat to the acre this year and sixty-four bushels of corn. I'll back my peaches against the world.

"Probably I ought to have stopped just with the practical farming. But I had the money—two and a half millions a year or better. If horticulture amused me and your mother got dotty about flowers, why shouldn't we have gone in for 'em! We both got the idea of a park to be given to Banning when we're through. We thought that would be a nicer monument than a great chunk of cold granite sticking up to the sky. I really don't know what it's all cost—the planting and gardening and greenhouses and all that—and I don't care. Maybe it's a selfish pleasure, but it's open to the public Saturday afternoons and Sundays all summer. Suppose I just cut it off—fire everybody and shut the shop. Two big greenhouses full of rare plants will die overnight. All the rare shrubbery—the whole thing, in fact—will go to pot in one season.

"It's like everything else—once you start it you can't quit. I've got to keep it going or all the toil and skill and money that's gone into it so far will go to waste. Instead of three hundred acres of as lovely park as ever lay outdoors, with about every tree and shrub and flower that will grow in this soil and climate, you'll soon have nothing but a cow pasture in poor condition.

"There's hospital, charities, institute, Stony Brook. They take six hundred and seventy thousand dollars—not what you could call really extravagant out of an income of two million seven hundred thousand. But when you cut the income down to seven hundred thousand it looks different. That leaves thirty thousand dollars. There are eight grown people down here and eight children upstairs. Of course we can get by on that; in fact, mere living expenses simply don't count in this game. Anybody can cut his mere living expenses to a certain extent. It's a question of proportions. A man on two thousand a year thinks five thousand is riotous living; but I suppose a family that's been brought up to spend a hundred thousand a year would go to the poorhouse on five thousand. They wouldn't know how to use it right. All their money would be spent before anybody thought to order a barrel of flour and a few bushels of potatoes. Your mother and I lived on eighteen dollars a week once. We could do it again. The whole family can live all right on thirty thousand. But there really isn't any thirty thousand to live on. We've left Stephen out."

He turned to his younger son—tall, like himself, though not so heavy across the shoulders, and with a forceful face. Stephen was thirty now, and for five years he had been a pride and comfort to his parents. For seven years before that, it seemed as though Stephen had fairly made up his mind not to do anything a boy ought to do—and to do everything else. Flora, after all, had been only the mettlesome colt that needs breaking. One feels its underlying tractableness. It may kick over the shaft or gallop through the flower beds—to come back presently and eat sugar out of one's hand and rub its nozzle against one's sleeve. But this Stephen—there had been a wilder, more ominous energy in him. Crews had doubted whether it wasn't himself rather than the colt that was going to be broken.

Finally—where Crews himself seemed to have failed—it had been just this red-bearded, partly bald associate professor of chemistry who had turned the trick. He had got Stephen really interested in something. That was the whole secret. The youngster had been an engine running wild. School hadn't interested him; college hadn't interested him—though he had interested it sufficiently to get expelled with expressions of warm indignation. His brother-in-law had interested him in a commercial application of chemistry, and Stephen had simply taken off his coat and gone to work as though he never had an idea of doing anything else. He and Bevans went abroad on a voyage of exploration and discovery in furtherance of their project.

When the European war broke out, shutting off the supply of German dyes, Bevans—and Stephen—saw a great opportunity. Crews saw it too. It was just the kind of thing that would excite him—a big industry to be made out of hand. He went at it with his usual expansive energy. The result was the Columbia Dyestuffs Corporation—now building at Banning.

"Foolish about that, too, I suppose," Crews observed. "But I saw it as a great big new thing—a big new industry to be established here that would make the United States independent of foreign dyes. If I couldn't have seen it as a big thing I wouldn't have been much interested. I didn't want any penny-whistle dye shop, creeping along on all fours until in four or five years it could toddle a bit. I had plenty of money to put into it. We planned big and went at it with our heads down. You and Arthur know something about how much hard work has gone into it the last three years. I can tell you how much money it has taken. The last two years all my surplus income has gone that way. That's the way I want my surplus income to go—into planting and watering a big idea; something I can see growing and flourishing under my hand. It's been a life-saver for me. Probably I was getting soft and old when it came along and made me take off my coat again.

"If we hadn't planned big it wouldn't have taken so much time. Plenty of other fellows have hopped in. But I wanted it right, so when we start we'll be started for all time to come. You know it's going—it's going to go big. We're far enough along to be sure of that. But it ain't over the top yet. Best we can do, I calculate it will take a million fresh money this coming year.

"Banning Gas, Electric Light and Street Railway will need some money, too; and as I'm the chief stockholder and chairman of the board and as there's no going to the public with a bond issue now, probably they'll be looking to me to finance it. See? If you start a thing you've got to see it through; and unless you're a bonehead you're always starting something or other. Your income isn't yours at all. There are a hundred and one claims on it. You've got to put it into charity. You've got to put it into business. The whole game is organized to depend on surplus individual income.

"I've just shown you an income of more than two million dollars. You can't cut ten per cent off it without drawing blood. Talk about pruning living expenses! Why, without leaving anything for living expenses, I'm pruned from the crown of my hat to the soles of my shoes and then six feet under ground. I've got to find a million and three quarters this coming year, say nothing of living expenses, and I've got an income of seven hundred thousand dollars to find it in. Not very promising fishing, that."

"But what can you do, Sam?" Mrs. Crews asked in a tone of dismay.

"Why," he replied, "I can borrow the money—just borrow the money—hock my railroad bonds. There's nothing else to do—outside of the Arabian Nights, where you get money by rubbing a lamp. I wanted to explain to you that this family will be living on borrowed money the coming year—so don't throw any of it out of the window. We've all got to live as economically as we know how."

Mrs. Crews' usually placid brows gathered in an anxious wrinkle and she stirred uneasily in her chair. It shocked her plain old-fashioned sense of honorable economy.

"Living on borrowed money!" she murmured. "It sounds awfully—reckless. I never could bear being in debt."

"I don't fancy it very much myself," Crews replied thoughtfully. "But I'm getting used to it. I owe my New York bank two hundred and fifty thousand dollars now—on Liberty Bonds. I felt as though I ought to subscribe something. War is certainly—inconvenient."

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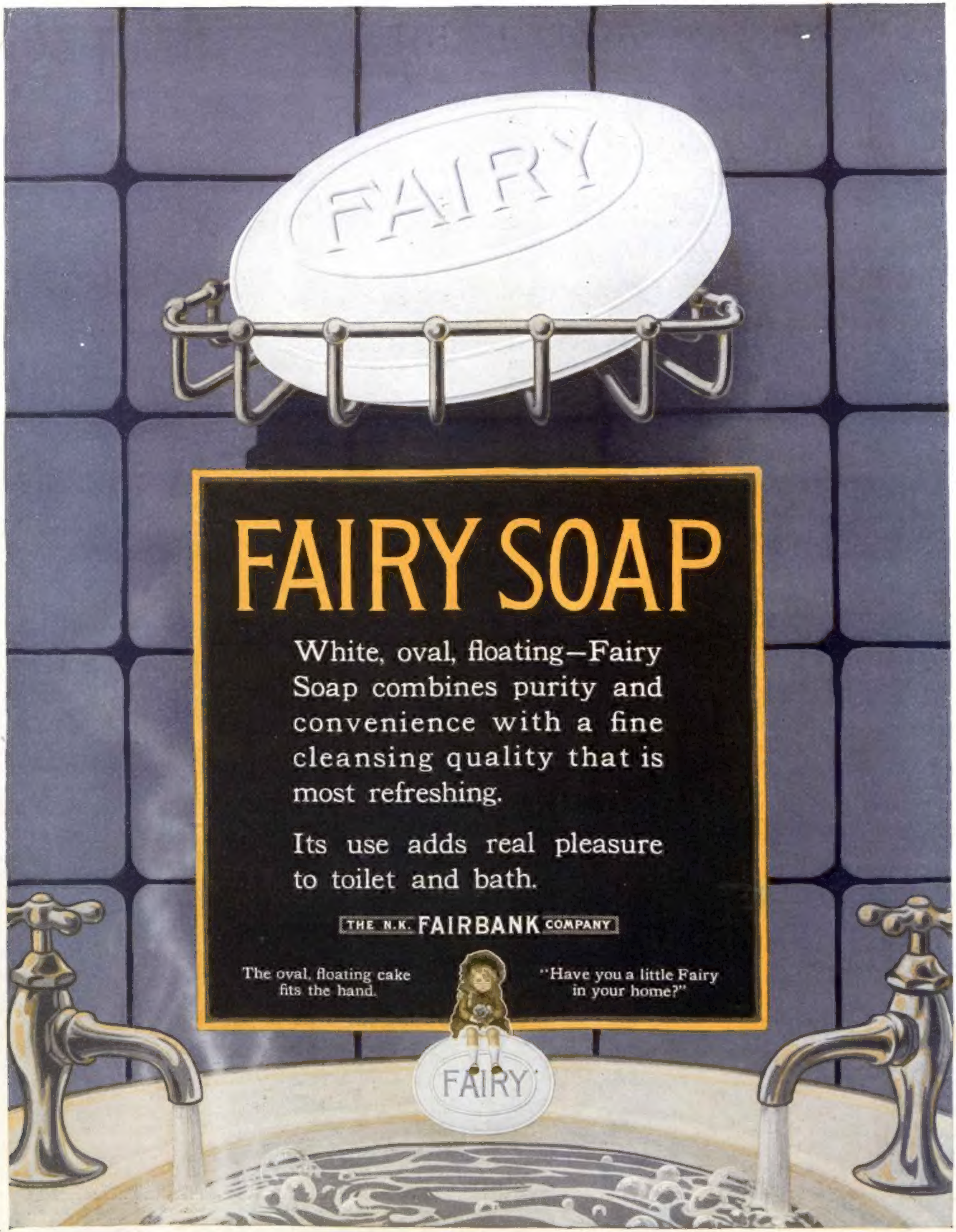
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